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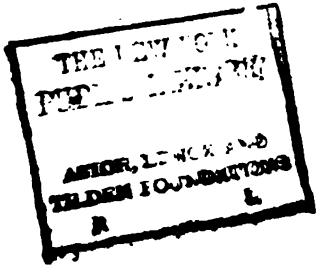
MORGAN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LADY MORGAN.

FRANCE

IN 1829—30

BY LADY MORGAN

AUTHOR OF "FRANCE" (IN 1816,) "ITALY," "LIFE AND TIMES OF SALVATOR ROSA,"

&c. &c. &c.

"France is acquainted with her rights, and well knows how to defend them."—LAFAYETTE.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET

1830

739

LONDON:

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

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TO THE

GENERAL COMMANDANT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD,

TO

GENERAL LAFAYETTE,

THE FOLLOWING SKETCH OF

THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN FRANCE,

A CONDITION, IN PART THE RESULT OF HIS OWN GREAT EXAMPLE AND NATIONAL INFLUENCE;

AND

WITH WHICH HIS ILLUSTRIOUS NAME WILL BE ASSOCIATED TO THE LATEST POSTERITY,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE following pages are transcribed from a journal, circumstantially kept, during a visit to France. In most instances, the original entries have been retained, in all their first freshness and integrity. In a few, the importance of the subject has required a more reflected consideration, and has obtained it. In all, the impressions have been preserved, as they were received: not an item has been changed in the inventory since it was drawn, though some of the articles may have been polished for public exhibition.

Having left Ireland in the dark moment which preceded the bright rising of her great political day,—after lingering there, till hope delayed had made the heart sick,—we went abroad in search of sensations of a more gracious nature than those presented by the condition of society at home. It matters not whether any pre-conceived intentions of authorship influenced the journey; a second work on France can be alone justified, by the novelty of its matter, or by the merit of its execution.

It may serve, however, as an excuse, and an authentication of the attempt, that I was called to the task by some of the most influential organs of public opinion, in that great country. They relied upon my impartiality; (for I had proved it, at the expense of proscription abroad, and persecution at home;) and, desiring only to be represented

as they are, they deemed even my humble talents not wholly inadequate to an enterprize, whose first requisite was the honesty that tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This I have done to the full extent of my own convictions, and to the utmost limit of the sphere of my observation: I answer for no more.

I am indebted to Sir C. Morgan for the articles on Philosophy, the Public Journals, Primogeniture, and Public Opinion.

S. M.

Dublin, June, 1830.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

	PAGE
Nôtre Dame de Calais	1
L'Auberge	11
Pas de Calais	14
Barrière de la Villette	21
The Rue Rivoli—Hôtel de la Terrasse	28
Our first days in Paris—Old friends	37
Old and New Paris	48
General Lafayette	61
Anglomania	102
Royalism (in 1829)	116
The "Congregation"	123
Perfumery—Magazin de Felix Houbigant—Chardin	128
The Count de Tracy	135

PAGE

Ball at the English Embassy 149
The Count de Segur 155
Romanticists and Classicists 167
Modern Literature 225
French Philosophy 271
French Sculpture 298
Mornings at Paris 315
Le Fèvre 341
The Protestant Pope 352
Madame Jacotot 361
Furniture 367
Au Grand Voltaire 372
Readers and Authors 377
French Dandies 385
Tortoni's 394
Public Opinion in 1829 404
The Giraffe 454
Gerard—Le Sacra du Roi Charles X. . . 460
Société Philotechnique 467
Beranger—Visit to La Force 482
Private Collections 501
Society—Exclusives 513
Horticultural Institutions—Fromont . . 516

FRANCE,

&c.

NÔTRE DAME DE CALAIS.

Oh! the delicious burst of agreeable sensations! It was for this, a Roman emperor, in the plenitude of his power, offered a premium, and offered it in vain. Were I to write a receipt for its acquirement, it should run thus:—

First, take up your residence, for any given time, in "the most unhappy country that is under heaven;" then devote to its interests all your sympathies, to its cause all your talents; draw upon yourself the persecution of one party,

without securing the protection of another; get sick of exhaustless discussions upon long-exhausted subjects; get satiated with party watch-words, applied to the purposes of personal pre-eminence; become disgusted, or indignant (according to your temperament) with petty intrigues and semi-civilized views; and when the horizon looks darkest, and the storm rages loudest; when the vessel you have seen nearly within hail of port, seems suddenly dashed back among the breakers, leaving hope forlorn, and exertion without farther motive, then—"cut the painter," escape as you may, upon raft or hen-coop, reach, as fast as you can, a foreign shore, and mingle with another population, congregated under other institutions. Be the transition rapid, the contrast striking—site, scene, and climate, all novel and opposed—change the bitter *bise* of a northern spring, for the heavens all blue, and air all balm, of a southern region. In a word, leave Ireland in its worst of times and worst of weather, and get to France

in the happiest epoch of both, when the season and the people (alike fresh from the touch of regeneration) give the best aspect of the moral and the natural world; and then, (*probatum est*,) you will enjoy that new pleasure, for which imperial magnificence offered its reward, and offered it without success.

This delicious burst of sensation I am now enjoying, in the first flutter of an escape from Ireland, and arrival in Calais. What a delightful place (by the bye) this Calais is! (for I take it for granted, that I am not mistaking internal disposition for external objects. "After Calais," says Horace Walpole, while writing from Italy, "nothing surprises me." Calais surprised Doctor Johnson too! The genial Yoricks, and the saturnine Smell-funguses have alike paid their tribute, and lighted a taper, at the shrine of Nôtre Dame de Calais; and all British travellers, who for the first time have left their boxes of brick, and faces of phlegm, to see houses that are not boxes, and faces that are not phlegmatic,

have never failed to be astonished, if they have refused to be pleased. But that *I* should be delighted, and for the fifth time! and with Calais too!—the limbo of British insolvency in feeling and in fortune—the asylum of worn-out passions and exhausted purses—the last retreat of dandies who are done up, and of millionnaires in misery,—the *lascia-speranza* of beaux and beauties, where B——s go to vegetate, and Hamiltons to die!* But there is no mistaking the evidence of sensation; and so here I am surprised and delighted with Calais all over again; just as I was when I reached it, for the first time, in 1816, and stood entranced before the gold earrings and three-cocked hats of the most awful

* Here also died the beautiful and too-celebrated Duchess of Kingston. She had purchased some property in Calais, which she was desirous of bequeathing to her friend the commandant of the town; but by the wording of the will, she left it to the officer, and not to the man; and the military commander of Calais, for the time being, enjoys her legacy unto this day.

of custom-house officers. *Apropos*, these officers are more civil, without being less strict than they used to be. There is less of that ruffianly display of power, which all the familiars of office in France exhibited, on the first reaction of the restoration, to prove their questionable fidelity, and dubious adhesion to the new order of things. The zeal of *girouettism* is now probably falling into disuse, with the costume of the old *régime;* for one of the *douaniers*, instead of the customary cocked hat, actually wore that *bonnet du petit caporal*,* which fourteen years ago was a badge of disloyalty, and something like a signal for proscription.

As we walked from the custom-house to our inn, we had to stem the full tide of the female population of the town; so, instead of running against it, we did more wisely than we ever did before—we turned with it. It brought us to

* So called, from being occasionally worn by Napoleon in his campaigns.

the church of Our Lady of Calais. The vesper bell was tolling, the vesper hymn was commencing, and the vesper toilette was in full requisition and perfect uniformity. All the fair pilgrims were dressed in the conventional costume of blue ribbons and black mantles; *tournure* French; petticoats, short; heads, high; a missal in every hand, and a rosary on every arm. All talked loud, and even "the little children talked French," to the surprise of some of our party, as of Doctor Johnson; but French, "*où il n'-y-avoit mot de Dieu.*"* Nothing appeared less devotional, than the mood of these votaries.

As we drew aside the heavy curtain of the portals of this ancient pile, the spectacle was very striking, imposing, and picturesque. The sun poured a shower of many-coloured lights through the fine, painted casements; and shrines, altars, and candelabras, shone in the bright reflection

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* Where there was no word of Heaven.—*Madame de Sévigné.*

of their vivid tints. The deep peal of the organ was rolling through the vastness of the edifice. The atmosphere was still breathing of incense; the officiating ministers, with their white-robed attendants, were moving solemnly and mysteriously, with frequent genuflexions, in front of the great altar, which terminated the perspective. The awe and surprise of our Irish footman, (a worthy son of his church,) who walked after us, was very obvious. How imposing the first view of a catholic temple, in a catholic country, must be, to a poor Irish papist, who knows nothing of the exterior splendours of his religion, beyond the tarnished stole of its laborious priest, and the tawdry ornaments that deck the rude altars of some mud cabin, consecrated by the cross stuck in the thatch!

The abbey-church of Nôtre Dame de Calais was crowded to its choir, with a female congregation, coming in and going out, and scattering round the holy water, with fingers as careless as their looks. The *élite*, more composed, (as the *élite* should be,) occupied chairs, which they rocked

to and fro, with a vibratory motion of their smart heads, and a wandering glance of their bright eyes, which, truth to tell, were fixed upon every object in turn, save the book they held in their hands. We came in for our share of looks, and smiles, and whisperings; while the Swiss, (just as I left him fourteen years ago,) all pomp and importance, *baudrier** and buttons, cocked hat

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* To the unlearned in such matters, it may be necessary to explain, that the rigorous costume of a French church-beadle is of more ancient date, than the "plain, honest, homely, industrious, wholesome, brown" or blue habiliments, of the protestant functionary of the same denomination; so formidable in the eyes of our parish urchins. The "*Suisse,*" as he is called, derives his outward man, very probably, from the time when the sons of Helvetia were first appointed to guard the gates of the French nobility. His coat is of the oldest cut of livery, and garnished with its full compliment of worsted lace; over which is passed, "garter-wise," a broad embroidered sword-belt, (the above-mentioned *baudrier,*) of sufficient length to suspend a slight fencing sword transversely across the calf of his leg. What a strange animal is man!—to think that this preposterous mascarade should have survived the storms of the

and gold-headed cane, at once "marked us for his own," and, with his wand of office, beckoned us to approach. Solemnly applying his keys to the door of a lateral chapel, he began his office of cicerone, by pointing to a flaring, staring picture, for which he bespoke our admiration, by the assurance that it was a Coreggio. "A Coreggio!" I reiterated, with a foolish face of praise, "I should have taken it for a Raphael."

"*Coreggio, ou Raphael,*" he replied, "*c'est égale,* 'tis equally a fine picture." A group of smiling, arch girls, who sat near to where we stood, burst into an ill-stifled titter, of which the Swiss and ourselves were the evident objects.

"*C'est un beau saint, Madame, que voilà,*" muttered one of the joyous band, as we passed.

"And are all your saints as handsome as that, Mademoiselle?" I asked.

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revolution, in which the tithes were swamped; and that beadles should have exhibited a greater tenacity of life, than mitred abbots and feudal chiefs!

" *Mais tous; tous,*" replied the group, eagerly, and laughing; " *demandez à Monsieur le Suisse.*"

Monsieur le Suisse extended his staff, with a " *silence, Mesdemoiselles,*" and motioned us on, to other *chef d'œuvres* of equal value and equal authenticity.

What particularly struck me in the congregation was, that, with the exception of a few old men, who looked either poor or infirm, it was so exclusively female. I remarked the circumstance, afterwards, to a gentleman of the town, who replied, with an ironical smile, " *Madame, nous sommes indignes, nous autres.*"*

" But I remember (I said) seeing the military, the authorities, and many others of the male population, assisting at vespers, when I first visited Calais."

" And when was that, Madame?"

" In 1816."

" *A la bonne heure!* But we are not now in 1816. This is the year 1829."

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* " We men are unworthy."

L'AUBERGE.

On the first view of our hotel, I exclaimed, "How French!" There were the court and its treillage, its vine and its libernum, and its kitchen on the ground-floor, with its bright *batterie* shining through the scarlet geraniums of its open windows. There were the black eyes and white caps, popping in and out of its many doors; and the ruins of an old diligence, with its tackle of ropes, *en flute*, under the old *remise;* and the good-humoured host, with his military air, and the graceful hostess, with the manners of a well-bred lady, (for in France the men are

all gentlemen, and the women all ladies,—the universal courtesy incidental to a genial temperament).

This was my first impression: my second extorted the exclamation of "How English!" Not a sanded floor, nor a sullied parquet are now visible. Nothing but English carpets, and English cleanliness; English delf and English damask; not a rag of the old huckaback left, which seemed formerly to serve the double purposes of bed and table. The ostler, too, speaks English to our servant, with all the classic slang of "Lad-lane," or the "Golden Cross." The *garçon* cries, "coming up;" and the tea and muffins are worthy of the Talbot at Shrewsbury. An horn, too! not the "crack, crack, crack!" of old associations, but a "reg'lar" mail-coach horn; the "Bang-up," from Boulogne, cantering into the yard, with horses curvetting, and not a hair turned—a whip, that "tips the silk" like a feather—"ribbons," not ropes—a coachman, all capes and castor—a guard that cries "all right"—and the whole

" turn out," worthy of the four-in-hand club! Not a jack-boot, not a *queue*, not a powdered *toupée* left; nothing to ridicule, nothing to blame. " *Il-n'y-a plus de Pyrenées!*" The age of tourists and of chivalry is alike over. What luck to have written *my* France, while France was still so French!

PAS DE CALAIS.

BUT, for the Napoleon column to the left, (a monument of recollections, beyond the parallel of all former records of history,) one might take the route between Calais and Boulogne, particularly as the latter town is approached, for the road between London and Brighton. A number of youths of both sexes, galloping their horses along the strand, in the cavalry costume of Hyde Park, recalled, by force of contrast, a Picardy lady, whom I once saw riding out from the upper town, (like the picture of Madame de Montespan going to a *rendezvous de chasse*,

dressed *en cavalière*,) and her groom with a cocked hat and jack-boots beside her; but this was in 1816. Then, what smart gigs, and natty dennets come rolling on! an Irish jaunting-car! (This is really "too bad.") A barouche full of mothers, children, and nursery-maids—"a terrible sight" in any country, and in France an anomaly. A baker's taxed cart gives the go-by to a *désobligeant* with three coronets, the "*avant, pendant*, and *après*," distinctions of some official of the arrondissement, who is taking his morning's drive, in all the pomp and circumstance of successful *ratting*. In the environs of Boulogne, "cottages of gentility," with white walls, and green shutters, and neat offices (opening to the road, in all the glitter of brass harnesses, and highly-varnished equipages,) rival the diversified orders of the Wyatvilles of Islington and Highgate. English neatness and propriety prevail on every side; as if the isle, "frightened from its propriety" at home, had come to recover it here. Is there nothing French, then, out of London,

where every shop is a "*magasin*," and every article labelled by the vocabulary of the *Rue Vivienne?* Yes; here is the old fortified town of France, with its once impregnable walls, and picturesque towers; and in the remotest distance, beyond the dark woods, are the gleaming turrets of former feudality. The sharp, pure air, too, is French, and the bright blue sky, without a cloud to dim its lustre, save one long line of dense, dark vapour, hovering over the waveless sea, and marking the track of a vessel, which, without wind or tide, gallantly enters the port, while hundreds of spectators stand watching and hailing its expected arrival, at the given hour.

In this vessel lies the secret of much of the change and improvement visible on the threshold of France, as it is in most parts of Europe. Facility of communication, safety, certainty, the mastery over space and time, (that glorious consequence of science,) unimpeded by the superstition that once made the discovery of a truth the signal for persecution, and the happiness of

the many subservient to the unrestricted power of the few,—these are the regenerators, the great conciliators between free England and liberal France, the bonds of union between nations, which defeat and neutralize unholy alliances of conspiring despots. How I longed, in the impetuosity of my Irish feelings, to fling a stone, and raise a cromlech on the spot, where impressions of such happy augury for the happiness of mankind were awakened! But the only elevated spot, suited to such a monument, was already occupied. It lay to the left, where an artificial mound was crowned by a gigantic crucifix, wreathed and garlanded with withered flowers, the limbs transfixed with nails, the breast laid open, and a bleeding heart, anatomically faithful in its delineation, all exposed, to scare the eye, and to sink the spirit of the spectator.*

* This is not to be confounded with the ordinary emblem of Christianity in Catholic countries. It is the symbol of jesuitism, the engine of religious fraud, and of political tyranny.

This token of the revived worship of the "*sacré cœur*," the signal of the resuscitated order of the teachers of bad faith,* seemed like a finger-post erected by the "powers that be," to point out their intention of restoring that state of things which it has cost millions of lives to destroy. What a contrast! On one side, the nineteenth century, with all its glorious conquests over error and ignorance, its triumphant progress towards the improvement of the species. On the other, the dark ages of suffering and of superstition, when the wheel was raised, and the fagot lighted, to punish truth and to repress amelioration; when science pined in its dungeon for denying the movement of the sun, and philosophy was chained to the galleys for doubting of the categories of Aristotle.†

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* The jesuits of St. Acheul have set up this monstrous image in almost every village in their neighbourhood.

† Much more recently, a Baron de Zuch was arrested, tried, and executed at Turin, for having published that the

This spectacle, which to us seemed fitted to seize on the imagination and "grieve the heart," produced not any apparent effect upon the natives. Pedestrians and horsemen, comers and goers, all passed on with outward indifference—heedless of the fate of La Barre.* Not a knee bowed, not a hat moved, not a sign was made in token of recognition. All eyes, all heads were turned to the shore, and followed the vessel, which without sail or oar, won its mysterious

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earth moves round the sun. At the present day, efforts are still made in Rome to prevent the teaching, either verbally or in print, of the Copernican doctrine. Little did the good people of England think, when they were scattering their millions in the war against Napoleon, that they were fighting for the restoration of Ptolemy, and the downfall of Newton; yet so it was!

* The Chevalier La Barre, a minor, executed for an imputed insult offered to the crucifix. For the particulars of this judicial murder, which among the many items of priestly atrocity, was the one that, at the time, made the deepest impression on the public, see *Grimm*, vol. iii. p. 1.

way through the waters, with all the punctuality of the post; triumphing over the caprice of tides, for which no man now waits, as *they* wait for no man. We took these contrasted incidents, on the first stage of our journey, as omens of good augury:—*nous verrons*.

BARRIÈRE DE LA VILETTE.

WHAT, not enter Paris by the Port St. Denis! Break up all our old associations, disappoint all reminiscences and original impressions! "*Helas!*" said the witty Vicomte de Ségur, apropos to the revolutionary abandonment of *petits soupers*, "*On m'a gâté mon Paris.*"* This *barrière de la Vilette* was formerly a terra incognita to us "posters by the sea and land." *La Rue Charles X.* spick and span new, looks like a fragment of Regent Street, sent over by Mr. Nash, as a specimen of the domestic architec-

* "They have spoiled my Paris."

ture of a free country. The houses are small enough for exclusive proprietors—the homes of constitutional citizenship, not the old hotels of despotic rule, vast and comfortless as eastern caravanserais, and destined pretty much to the same purposes of lodging prince and pauper under the same roof, with all the intermediate grades of various privileges and *no* rights. *Trottoirs*, too! to preserve the lives and limbs of humble pedestrians; and a space between, for three carriages abreast! This is not the Paris described by Voltaire to the King of Prussia, when the limbs and lives of the lower orders were of no account. Still less does it recall the Paris of the *beau siècle* of Louis the Fourteenth, when the meeting of two carriages in its narrow, tortuous lanes was wont to cost the lives of the parties who came into collision.* *Les Boule-*

* "Au mois de janvier 1654, les carrosses du Duc d'Epernon et du Sieur de Tilladet s'étant entreheurtés, les pages et laquais de ce duc descendirent, et s'avancèrent pour tuer le cocher: le Sieur de Tilladet veut les en empêcher, et

vards Italiens more brilliant and fantastic than ever! How delighted I was to see them, with their old air of a Venetian carnival! The pedestrians however are fewer, even at this hour, when grisettes, with their smart *chaussure* and cumbrous *cartons*, " most do congregate." But vehicles of all sorts have multiplied, new fashioned, odd, and amusing—vast and commodious as moving houses;—Omnibuses, Dames blanches, Cittadines, teeming with their temporary tenants, and so clean, so well appointed! the coachmen like members of the whip club, and smart little guards, hung, as it were, at the open door, full of jests and bon mots, as the *compère* of punch. These street stages are in perpetual movement, plying from *barrière* to *barrière*, and circulating the population with convenience and dispatch, through every quarter; punctual as clock-work; and so cheap, that for

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sauver son domestique, il est tué par les laquais du duc."—*Esprit de Guy Patin*, p. 21.

a trifle which humble industry might bestow on mendicancy, the weary are spared further fatigue, and the busy economise their time.

The discovery of the value of time, (the estate of the laborious, and almost their only property,) is of modern date. In encouraging speculation to provide for the comfort of the humble, and demonstrating to the industrious the utility of avoiding unnecessary exertion, and of making the most of minutes, it has added to the duration of life, and increased the productive energies of the species. In the good old times, the idle and the worthless only rode in carriages. What a comment on the improved state of Paris (the epitome of the nation) these street diligences afford;—a comment which they who run, as I do, may mark, learn, and inwardly digest! What an interval in the moral and physical state of the country since the reign of Henri III. when some clever man, who had got the start of his age, set up a sort of waggon, called a "*coche*," for wading through the mud of the streets! The

innovation caused a rising *en masse* of all the lovers of social order, who, accustomed to see the people up to their knees in dirt, and the nobility going to court on mules and horses, appealed to the wisdom of their ancestors against the daring novelty. The presidents and counsellors of parliament petitioned the king to prohibit the use of this vehicle within the city.* With this petition the king complied; and the strangest part of the edict is, that the compliance was not destitute of humanity. For the greater number of the streets of Paris, even to the time of Louis the Fourteenth, were so narrow, that wheel coaches could not circulate with safety, except in the then modern quarter. Henry the Fourth had only one carriage (the immortal "*mon carroese*") which he lent occasionally to "his wife," good man; and his rival and favourite, Bassompierre, is quoted as the inventor of a

* "De ne donner dispense à personne, et de défendre l'usage des coches par cette ville."

glass window in the panel of *his* carriage, at a time when, to possess such an equipage at all, was a mark of opulence and extravagance, and almost a royal prerogative. The manner in which Anne of Austria used to pack her whole court and furniture, her live and dead stock, into one vehicle, shews that carriages were rare in the early part of Louis the Fourteenth's reign. The royal family evidently drove in a sort of curtained waggon, without springs, or other machinery, to break the dislocating jolts of such ponderous vehicles, over the rude pavements laid down by the slaves of the *corvée*, the Macadams of the ancient régime, "*taillables et corvéables à merci et à misericorde.*"

It strikes me that the modern Omnibuses are terrible obstacles to the return of the said "old times," so often invoked. The poorest Parisian workman and his family ride more luxuriantly now, than that great king—"*roi, le plus roi qui onques fût,*"—ever rode in *his* day; and the *soubrette*, carrying the modes of the Fau-

bourg St. Honoré to that of Les Invalides, drives more rapidly in her elegant Zoe, or Gondola, with its cushion of down or of iron, than the ambulatory seraglio of Versailles, when royal mothers, mistresses, wives, favourites, and children, legitimate and illegitimate, followed the camp of the *grande monarque*, all stuffed pell mell, in the *carrosse du Roi*. These physical comforts will not easily be given up; for they inspire the possessors with a sense of the personal dignity of man, and of his value (so to speak) in the market, which gives despotism an infinity of trouble. It is naked, unaccommodated, ignorant man, that constitutes the especial raw material of unlimited sway; and, to confound the diffusion of civilized convenience with the enervating luxury of overgrown, isolated wealth, as a cause of the decline of states and of general servility, is an error, which the slightest reflection should dissipate. So, let the Faubourg St. Germaine look to it.

THE RUE DE RIVOLI.

Poets may talk of the Alhambra of the Moors, with its orange vales and jasper palaces; of the sublimity of the Andes, the grandeur of the Alps, or the beauties of the Lakes of Killarney; but give me the Rue de Rivoli, with its life, intellectual and physical. "The nation with which one loves to live," says Catherine Vade,* "is that which merits the preference;" and it is with localities as with nations. Their merit lies in the esteem of the occupant, and in their adaptation to his tastes and fancies. I am at this moment lodged on the place upon earth where I should

* Voltaire.

prefer my dwelling. On my first arrival in France, thirteen years ago, every thing struck me by its originality: now, every thing strikes me by its change, and by the force of contrast with former impressions. As we drove under the *porte cochère* of the Hôtel de la Terrasse, it thus recalled my still fresh remembrance of our former arrival at our old Hôtel d'Orleans, in the Rue Petits Augustins, in the Faubourg St. Germaine. There was the difference of a century. The old, aristocratical faubourg, with its narrow streets and lofty edifices, is not more different from the brilliant quarter of the *Tuileries* than their respective inhabitants. I remember, on driving into the paved court of the Hôtel d'Orleans, the appearance of an elderly gentleman, sitting under the shelter of a vine, and looking like a specimen of the restored emigration. His white hair, powdered and dressed "*à l'oiseau royale*;" his Persian slippers and robe de chambre, "*à grand ramage*," spoke of principles as old as his toilet. He was reading

too, a loyal paper, (loyal, at least, in those days,) the *Journal des Debats*. Bowing, as we passed, he consigned us, with a graceful wave of the hand, to the care of Pierre, the *frotteur*. I took him for some fragment of a *duc et pair* of the old school; but, on putting the question to the *frotteur* (who, himself, might have passed for a figurante at the opera), he informed us that he was "*nôtre bourgeois*," (the Master of the hotel.)

Proceeding to inspect the apartments offered to our choice, Pierre threw back the folding doors of the salon, as if in announcing a duchess; and, opening the shutters of the windows, which had been closed, probably, since the departure of the last occupant, he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air, "*Voilà le salon de madame.*" It was a large, dreary room. The touch of the chilly *parquet** was like stone.

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* "An inlaid floor,"—universal in the best apartments of a French house.

There was not a scrap of rug, or carpet, to shield the feet from its contact. A regiment of grenadier chairs were ranged along the old fashioned walls; which, with dim mirrors and dingy girandoles, (every glass drop as large as a crown piece,) two great chairs (the *bergères* of ceremony) on either side the cavernous chimney, a heavy pendule on the high mantelpiece, and a table in the centre, on which the revocation of the Edict of Nantz might have been signed, (for, precious relic! it was of the age, and might have been in the cabinet of Mad. de Maintenon,) —composed all that was useful or ornamental in this type of the vignettes to Marmontel's Tales.

I sighed and shuddered, and asked for a *femme de chambre* to show me to the bed-rooms. Pierre threw open another folding door, and did the honours of a whole nest of rooms, which had each a little camp-like bed in it.

"But there are no toilets," I said. The term, misapplied to a dressing table, was not in Pierre's vocabulary. I explained; and he pointed

to a fine old, dusky mirror, over the lofty chimney-piece, with an antique, embroidered pincushion dangling from a candle-branch; and then, to a buhl commode, on the marble slab of which was deposited a small delf salad dish, and a pint *carafe* of muddy water, (the only preparations for dress in the suite); "*Voilà*," he said, "*tout ce qu'il faut pour la toilette de madame.*"*

I at last begged a carpet.

"*Un tapis! Seigneur Dieu!* a carpet to hide out this beautiful *parquet!* Does Madame know why the English use carpets?—Because they have no *parquets!*"

"If you have no carpets," I replied, "we cannot stay with you."

"*Ah! c'est une autre chose*," said Pierre; and flying out with incredible celerity, returned with an ancient piece of tapestry, which represented the faded loves of Telemachus and

* "Here is every thing necessary for your toilet."

Eucharis, and which, having served the purposes of a century of *fêtes-dieu*, was now destined to serve mine.

"*Voilà*," said Pierre, as he unrolled its dustiness at my feet, "*voilà, madame, votre affaire.*"

As a last effort at comfort, we requested a fire. Pierre opened his great black eyes, as much as to say, "a fire in the month of April! and the sun shining in the court below!" We insisted. "But," said Pierre, "there is not a spark in the hotel."

"*C'est égale*," I said, "you must procure a spark elsewhere."

"Pardon me, it is the business of your *valet de place*," replied Pierre.

The self-hired valet, who had made our acquaintance as we alighted, and had followed us up stairs, produced a list as long as Leporello's catalogue of Don Juan's mistresses, of the materials necessary for the purpose; *braise, briquets, fagots, bois*, &c. &c. &c.

" Then," I said, " we shan't have a fire for a week."

" *Pardonnez moi,*" replied the valet, " you shall have one by to-morrow."

In short, we found that our *hôtel garni* was *dégarni* of every thing in the way of comfort, to which English people are accustomed; and that we were lodged pretty much as in a Spanish inn, where nothing is to be found produced by art or nature, but shelter and sunshine.

Such was our arrival in 1816. *Per contra;* on driving into our hotel in 1829, we were received by a smart, dapper, English-innkeeper-looking landlord,—his black crop, frock coat, and russia ducks, all in harmony with his busy, bustling, officious activity. I looked round for Pierre, the *frotteur*, and found myself in the midst of a bevy of tight, neat chambermaids, who, but for their French accents and French aprons, might have passed for the handmaids of " the *Ship*," at Dover. The apartments, to

which we were conducted by "mine host" and his attendants, were a box of boudoirs, as compact as a Chinese toy. There were fires in every room, carpets on every floor, chairs that were moveable, mirrors that reflected, sofas to sink on, footstools to stumble over; in a word, all the comfortable lumber, and incommodious commodities of my own cabin in Kildare Street. The dressing rooms, too, were complete, and supplied for all the "ablutions of oriental scrupulosity," with basins to swim in, water to float a jolly boat, tables to dress at, and Psyches to flatter, as elegant as their name; and all this within view of the limes and horse chestnuts of the Tuileries, with a moving scene before the windows, in itself worth the journey;—royal carriages, with their inmates, driving abreast with omnibuses and *velocifères*;—cabs and caleshes drawn up at the garden gates, to await for the English dandies and French *merveilleux*, who owned them;—diligences arriving and departing with all the bustle of Piccadilly, and all

the noise of the Toledo;*—and last, but not least, the whole mass of equipages, which the *Chaussée d'Antin* rolls along the Boulevards, to take the air in the Champs Elysées, and the Bois de Boulogne. Within half an hour of our arrival we had made our toilet, and were seated (though at the exorbitant hour of eight, when every furnace in Paris is usually cold) round as comfortable a dinner, as if it had been high change among the restaurateurs.

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* One of the most remarkable changes which has taken place in French life, is indicated by the increase of intercourse between the capital and the villages in its environs. Where one short stage plied at the time of our first residence in Paris, there are now, at least, twenty.

OUR FIRST DAYS IN PARIS—OLD FRIENDS.

YEARS and hours are no certain measures of the duration of life. A long life is that in which we live every hour, and feel that we do so. It is a life made up of vivid, rapid, and varied sensations, the parents of lasting impressions, and of prolific combinations of ideas; a life in which the feelings are preserved fresh by past associations, and the fancy exercised by a quick succession of images; a life which, whether it makes us feel the blessings or the burthen of existence, still gives the full consciousness that we do "live, breathe, and have a being."

All that is not this, is nothing,—or at best the raw material of life, unworked and unenjoyed: it is the charcoal and oyster shell, substantially identical with the diamond and the pearl, but wanting in the lustre and polish which confer on them their rarity and value.

The quantity of sensations and ideas we have crowded into a petty space of time, since our arrival in Paris, is well worth twenty years of ordinary existence. The old friendships revived, the new ones founded, and the changes impressed on every object and institution of taste, feeling, and opinion, during the interval of our absence, have left no breathing time for reflection. I have not yet found leisure to register a single impression for my own amusement, or haply for that of a world, which, it must be allowed, is not very difficult to amuse.

Still the bright Aurora of my return to the land of my predilection has not risen cloudless: a mist has passed across the glow of its horizon; and the light of the brilliant welcome, which has

been given me in this capital of European intellect, (like the sunshine of the month that brought me here,) has been sullied by a tear, which no sunshine can dry at its source, or restrain from falling.

The morning of my arrival, I took up my old Paris visiting book for 1818, to look for addresses, to dispatch cards to old acquaintances, and notes to friends, after the Parisian fashion. The first name that met my eye was one which made me shudder, and feel, as I had felt when I broke the black seal of the letter which so unexpectedly announced the decease of its owner. Well might that distinguished name present itself the first upon the list. The first hand that was wont to hail our return to France, was Denon's; the first cordial smile that gave us the warm assurance of a welcome was his. Other hands were now extended, other smiles beamed now as brightly; but his were dimmed for ever!

The brightest aspect of the national character,

in other times, and under other institutions, was preserved and presented in the person of Denon. Kind, courteous, cordial, gay, witty, and learned, he was not only the most agreeable and instructive of companions, but the most obliging and serviceable of friends. His brilliant and varied conversation "was a book in which men might read strange things." The page, minister, and *gentilhomme de la chambre* of Louis the Fifteenth, the friend of Voltaire, the intimate of Napoleon, the traveller and historian of modern Egypt, the director of the *Musée* of France, when Paris was the museum of the world,—as courtier, diplomatist, author, artist, antiquarian, he had passed the ordeal of the greatest changes, the most violent transitions, the world had ever seen; and he had passed them with principles unshaken and feelings unworn. All this was Denon; but though he were not all, or any of this, still he suited *me*—*I* suited him. The same follies made us laugh, the same crimes made us sad. There was between us that sympathy, in spite of the

disparity of years and talents, which, whether in trifles or essentials,—between the frivolous or the profound,—makes the true basis of those ties, so sweet to bind, so bitter to break! As I drew my pen across his precious and historical name, I felt as if I was throwing earth on his grave!

The next came my old and kind friend, Madame de Vilette, the "*belle et bonne*" of Voltaire; to me, the link between the last age and the present; she, too, was gone, for ever! and then came Ginguené, Talma, Langlois, Lanjuinais,—but I closed the book; and with the feelings with which Macbeth flings away the magic mirror, involuntarily exclaimed, "I'll see no more." So, closing my eyes, as I might, upon the past, and giving myself up to the hope of the future, under the influence of a climate which developes a sensibility prompt, not deep, I threw open the window to the sunshine and fresh air, which poured in with a burst of light and odour. I thought of all that death had left me, of the

" greater still behind;" for Lafayette, and many other illustrious friends, whom time has spared for the benefit and glory of their nation, still live,—each in his way, a specimen of that genius and virtue which, in all regions, and in all ages, make the *ne plus ultra* of human excellence.

OLD AND NEW PARIS.

MUCH may be seen in a great capital, before a stranger is supposed to have seen any thing. Much may be inferred from the outline and surface, before time and opportunity are afforded for analyzing elements, or sounding depths. To day, the exigencies and incidents of my manifold little businesses, pleasures, duties, and amusements, seconded by French job horses, whose patient endurance of fatigue approaches to the impassibility of a steam-engine, carried me nearly through all Paris. The charming city! Every house is a monument; every quarter has

its annals, where the very stones furnish memoirs, as those of Rome are said to embody histories; and where the names of the streets point to the leading epochs of time, when bigotry destroyed, or philosophy benefitted mankind. In the narrow avenues and gloomy edifices of the ancient *quartiers*, what food for meditation! Plague, pestilence, and sudden death, seem to lurk in their ill ventilated and uncleansed thoroughfares. The faithful descriptions of Old Paris are not to be perused without a sensation of horror.* The very enumeration of its localities betrays a moral state as baleful as the physical. The "*Rue Mal-voisin*," leading to the "*Rue Coupe-gorge*," and the "*Val de Misère*," running parallel to the "*Rue Coupe-gousset*,"

* "Des rues étroites et torteuses telles qu'on en voit encore dans les plus anciens quartiers de cette ville, et notamment dans celui qui est au nord de Nôtre Dame, bordées (si l'on excepte les édifices publiques) de tristes chaumières; les rues dénuées de pavé, pleines d'immondices, jamais nettoyées, bourbeuses, malsaines, &c. &c. &c."—*Delaure.*

indicate the insecurity and the suffering of a barbarous and an undisciplined people. In great and crowded cities, nothing favours crime more than the existence of such obscure shelters for the degraded and the vicious. Filth and offence, darkness and outrage, go but too well together. The axiom of Comus, that "'Tis only day-light that makes sin," though good poetry, is but indifferent philosophy. Day-light reveals, and by revealing, abashes and baffles crime. When all Paris was, what some of its oldest quarters still are, every species of violence was publicly committed in its streets. "*Chose étrange*," exclaims the *naïve* L'Estoile, the annalist of Henry the Fourth,—"*chose étrange de dire, que dans une ville telle que Paris, se commettent avec impunité des villainies et brigandages, tout ainsi que dans une pleine forêt.*"* Down to the end of the seventeenth century, organized

* "'Tis a strange thing to tell, that in a city like Paris, all sorts of villainies and robberies are committed, with im-

bandittis patrolled the streets, who, equipped with masks and daggers, stabbed and robbed passengers, pillaged houses in open day, plundered passage-boats on the Seine, under the windows of the royal palace, and retired, unmolested by the authorities, to their dens, in the desolate suburbs, beyond the walls; where none had the courage to pursue them. Such were the well-known band, who, by the name of the "*mauvais garçons*," set an example of successful rapacity,* which even princes, instead of punish-

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punity; as if it were in the midst of a forest." Thus also the Homer of Cartouche sings:—

"Dans Paris, ce beau lieu, toujours si fréquenté,
Personne ne pouvoit marcher en sureté;
Cartouche et ses supôts, de richesses avides,
Remplissoient la cité de vols et d'homicides;
Les archers les plus fiers, et les plus valeureux,
Abatus, consternés, n'osoient marcher contre eux."

* "Le 12 août, 1659, le procureur général se plaint au parlement que des soldats débandés de l'armée du roi, joints à des vagabonds, s'étaient rendus à Paris, et d'accord avec

ing, imitated for the purposes of their own vengeance, or of amusement.

In the light, airy, and spacious streets of modern Paris, the chances of concealment and impunity are infinitely lessened: nor is the benefit of modern philosophy less apparent in destroying the physical causes of crime, by bettering the condition of the people, improving their security and health, and raising them above the

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les filous ordinaires de cette ville, commettaient plusieurs vols tant de jour que de nuit."—*Registres du Parlement.*

This lawless condition of the lower classes, was encouraged by the example of the privileged nobles; the king himself authorizing them in their frequent assassinations, by the pardons he so unworthily bestowed. In the year 1656 René de L'Hôpital murdered a clergyman for the sake of his benefice, together with a procureur fiscal, who was travelling in the unfortunate man's company; but he was pardoned, because he was the son of the Maréchal de L'Hôpital, who was the friend of Mazarin. "*Il y a bien d'autres exemples,*" says a modern historian, "*de pareils attentats contre l'ordre civil et moral, dont on peut accuser la mémoire de Louis XIV.*"

temptations to criminality, than in amending the laws, and rendering them more efficient safeguards of the citizen, from the violence and injustice of both great and little offenders.

In the Augustan age of Louis the Fourteenth, when poets were pensioned, and "*la langue fut fixée*," as modern classicists have it, (that is, when the king set bounds alike to the capital and to the intellect of his people) such was the ignorance of the sovereign and his ministers, that an attempt to enlarge the limits of the crowded metropolis, was deemed an invasion of the royal prerogative. The seventeenth century but quoted precedents for the propagation of pestilence, from the 16th and 15th; for Henry the Second, in 1548, issued an edict to prevent the enlargement of the city, by building beyond the wall; Louis the Thirteenth passed a similar law in 1638; and Louis the Fourteenth in council decreed, that a "statement should be drawn up of the boundaries of Paris, and of the houses which had been built beyond them." By another act, he declared that the

government would permit the proprietors of such houses to retain their buildings, as they were, on paying a tax of about one-tenth of the value; but ordered the demolition of those houses, whose owners should neglect to pay the prescribed sum within a certain limited time: yet in this day, the inhabitants were lodged even on the bridges, and under the very roofs of the houses. When it is remembered that the immense number of convents, founded within the walls of Paris by Louis the Fourteenth, by his mother, wife, and mistresses—all large edifices with spacious courts and gardens—entrenched on the ground assigned for the residence of the citizens;—that the court drew to the capital all the ambition, wealth, and luxury of the provinces;—that the parliaments and tribunals filled the city with pleaders, their clients, and witnesses;—that the academies and libraries made it the centre of literature and the sciences;—that the increase of public amusements, and the splendour exhibited by the nobility, all contributed to draw

strangers to the metropolis, to quadruple its population, and to make it "*deborder de son enceinte*," —it seems scarcely credible that the government should have passed such ill-conceived laws, and mistaken its own most obvious necessities. Yet this is the age, quoted as, *par excellence*, intellectual. A tragedy of Racine, or a sermon by Bossuet, was deemed the proof of a condition beyond which human genius could never reach.

All the edifices raised in this gorgeous reign,* are so many monuments of the insatiable pride and personal vanity of him, who gave the age its character. Even the opening of the *Rue de la Ferronnière*, which by its narrowness had assisted in causing the death of Henry the Fourth, was made conducive to the gratification of this

* "Les maisons semblent ici bâties par des philosophes, plutôt que par des architectes, tant elles sont grossières en dehors; mais elles sont bien ornées en dedans. Cependant elles n'ont rien de rare, que la magnificence des tapisseries, dont les murailles sont couvertes."—*Character of Paris in the 17th Century*, by an Italian Traveller.

weakness; and exhibited at one of its corners the royal bust, dressed in the accustomed voluminous peruke. All improvement was made with reference to the king and his nobility, who, secluded and sheltered in their palaces, surrounded by spacious courts and gardens, felt not the misery of the citizens, shut up in their narrow streets and filthy habitations, exposed to the inundations of the Seine (which frequently swept away the houses from the bridges and banks,) and to the devastations of pestilence, which under various forms, filled those hospitals, the glories of a monarch, whose bad laws and bad police had rendered them so necessary.

In the improvements of Paris with which I was so much struck in the course of my morning's drive,* the greater part is for the advan-

* A copious memoir has been drawn up by the Comte de Chabrol with great ability, on the ameliorations and embellishments of which Paris is still susceptible, and which it is proposed progressively to execute—the enlargement and making straight of the streets, the improvement of

tage of the people, rather than for the honour of the privileged. Old streets have been opened, and new ones laid down, of sufficient width. Arcades give shelter, and passages afford facility of communication. Trottoirs are every where in the course of formation; in the new streets continuously, and in the old by patches.*

It is remarkable, that while the scale of domestic architecture in Paris is diminishing, in order to provide the comforts of individual proprietorship for householders of small fortunes, the dwellings

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communications, increased salubrity, the removal of nuisances, &c. &c. &c. The execution of these plans will increase the superficies of the streets of Paris 396,481 square metres, that of the Quais 21,516, and that of the "Places" 16,012.

* In the old streets, time was allowed for the inhabitants to lay down the trottoirs: I believe, three years. In this operation, the individuals and the government each contribute half of the expense; and as the period has not yet expired within which the whole is to be completed, the existing state of the pavement shews the relative degree of enterprize and activity of each householder.

of the citizens of London are in their way also considerably improved. This demand for space and air is not more a result of police regulation, than of what may be considered almost a new sense in the inhabitants. The wealthy merchants of London will no longer consent to dwell, as their ancestors did, in the narrow, stifling courts and alleys in which their counting-houses stand, but have emigrated westward, to tenant the numerous squares, the peculiar ornament of the modern capital. The opening of Regent Street, and the other similar improvements now going on in the metropolis, are in strict accordance with public opinion, with the wants and wishes of the people, to whom these changes are an act of deference. In both countries the *tiers état* are rising in importance; and an attention to their health and comfort is forced upon the government. It is lamentable, however, to be obliged to add, that the influence of excessive taxation shews itself in England under a thousand forms of suffering and annoyance, to

which Frenchmen are less exposed. To this cause must be attributed the Lilliputian scale on which the houses of our artisans are still built; and what is worse, the insufficient and perilous manner in which they are put together. The consequence is the almost daily occurrence of fires, attended but too frequently by loss of life. From the narrow scantling of the timbers, rendered thin as laths, to meet the imposts upon the article, a modern tenement of this class may be considered as a box of matches, or rather as a pile constructed for the express purpose of being involved in flames, in the shortest possible time after applying the spark. The quantity of wealth thus annually destroyed is out of all proportion to the value of the duty, and is, therefore, most burthensome and wasteful to the nation. But the fiscal dæmon is a blind and uncalculating spirit, which requires the frequent intervention of the schoolmaster to exorcise it, and keep its activity within decent bounds.

The splendid Rue de Rivoli is a monument

justifying in itself the revolution, and typifying, in its actual state, as contrasted with what has preceded it, the immense benefits which that calumniated event has showered on the human species. In the reign of Henri III., the ground on which the Rue de Rivoli now stands, was principally occupied by one of the most celebrated and wealthy monasteries of the powerful order of Capuchins.* Towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the progress of the reformation gave new alarm to the intriguing courts of Rome and Spain, they resolved on reinforcing the cohorts of the teachers and ministers of catholicism, by the establishment of an order which should obtain the same influence over the consciences of the people which the more learned and astute jesuits possessed over the courts and aristocracies of Europe. The bigoted and profligate Henri III., to whom every vice was

* Here also was the monastery of the Feuillans, from which one of the terraces of the Tuileries takes its name.

familiar, and by whom every superstitious rite was practised, lent himself to the schemes of the Vatican and Escurial, which ended in his own assassination by one of their agents. The order of Capuchins, thus introduced into France, was nobly endowed, and taken under the "especial protection and safeguard of the king." Their convent, situated in the Rue St. Honoré, with its courts, gardens, and church, extended to the very walls of the royal palace of the Tuileries, and constituted the most considerable and magnificent of all the *Capucinières* of the kingdom. An hundred and twenty monks, with their numerous train of followers, lived there, like princes, and ruled like despots, beyond the power both of the law and the sovereign. The consumption of their table, as registered in their own books, exceeds belief; and their *quêteurs*, who daily scoured the streets of Paris, and beset the citizens, levied contributions, which were an exorbitant tax on the industry of the city.

The power and influence of these monks was

first invaded, and the dark holds of their crimes first broken in upon, by the dawning illumination of an age, whose fulness will dispel every ancient error and delusion. In the year 1764 the vices and the quarrels of the brotherhood, and the scandalous scenes to which they gave rise, produced a public prosecution. The attention of the nation thus awakened, led to still further inquiries. The trial brought to light unguessed-at enormities. Crimes were proved, horrors revealed, and the establishment became a bye-word of popular dislike. At the breaking out of the revolution it was the first devoted to public execration; and in the year 1790, the national assembly charged the municipality of Paris to cause the building to be evacuated and cleared out, for the purpose of establishing the public offices on the site of this vast and once impenetrable hold.

In the reign of Louis XVI., that reign of feebleness and procrastination, of projects wisely conceived and indolently adjourned, the opening of the

capital had become a subject of discussion, but of discussion only. In the first epochs of the revolution there was neither money nor leisure to devote to such a purpose. The revenues of the nation were all required to purchase those victories, which were necessary to its very existence. The ruins of the Capuchin monastery, therefore, continued to present a mass of rubbish, intersected with rude walls, and hovels built up to the very gates of the Tuileries, which it required means to clear away, not possessed either under the directory or the consulate. It was not, therefore, till the year 1804, that the great embellisher of cities, Napoleon Bonaparte, directed his attention to this spot, and removed the remnants of the "*grande Capucinière.*" Then it was, that the Rues de Rivoli, Castiglione, and Mont Thabor, sprang up like magic, with their arcades and passages for the embellishment of the capital, the facility of trade, and for the health, pleasure, and amusement of the people.

When we first visited Paris, this magnificent

plan was executed only to a very partial and limited extent. The Rue de Rivoli was still encumbered with scaffolding, and with large blocks of stone, and it looked like a great quarry, out of whose roughness some noble forms and fine proportions might hereafter be developed by the sledge and chisel. At present, the great monument of French improvement is finished; and the Rue de Rivoli, with the beautiful gardens in which it opens, and the noble views it commands, from the Champs Elysées to the palace of the Tuileries, stands less a triumphal testimony of the victory its name recalls, than of the physical and moral advancement which a few years of self-government can impress on a nation.

In comparing the present aspect of the scene, with the "*oubliettes*" and "*vade-in-pace*"*

* "Vade in pace," was the disgusting, hypocritical formula with which the Capuchins took leave of the unfortunate offender against the rules of the order whom they immured alive.

cells, which may have haply occupied the very site of the luxurious dressing-room in which these notes are penned, the contrast is so terribly striking, that the feelings and fancy would willingly take shelter in a belief that such horrors had never existed: but history leaves our sympathies no such resource; and if the unhallowed vows of a party should once more recall the "*Frères Anges*" of the Capuchins, this boudoir may again become a "*vade-in-pace*," where some such refractory daughter of the church and state, as myself, may expiate her rebellions against the orthodox maxims of social order,—as I have expiated the sin of denouncing their iniquity in the "*carcero duro*" of ministerial reviews.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

" But the chief gods of her idolatry are the vain, feeble, doating coxcomb, Lafayette; who after indulging his vanity, by insulting the king and overturning the throne, fled basely from the storm which he had raised; and only returned to public life to take a seat in Bonaparte's Champ de Mai, &c. &c."

Quarterly Review on " France," April, 1827.

SUCH is the picture of General Lafayette, presented to the British public by the Quarterly Review, in its attack upon my work on France in 1817. Now that

" The hurly burly's done,
And the battle's lost and won,"

it will scarcely be credited that such a statement, in defiance of historical fact, and of cotemporary witnesses, and in utter recklessness of European opinion, should have been put forth to the British public, to work upon its timidity, and to insult its ignorance. Yet this picture of the idol of two great nations, of the friend of Washington and of Jefferson, of Fox and of La Rochefoucauld, of the respected of Napoleon, and the eulogized of Charles the Tenth—of the most illustriously virtuous man of his age and country, of the most consistent public character in ancient or modern story—this picture, in which every trait is a falsehood, and every touch a calumny, was risked by the paid organ of the British government, and was received unquestioned by the British nation! From what a slough of slavery, from what a mire of prejudice, folly, and self-satisfied debasement, has England emerged, since the very recent epoch, when such things could be dared, and the actors be rewarded and cheered by a mystified public!

Without searching deep into the annals of modern France for a political portrait of Lafayette, there are many sketches of him scattered through different works, in different languages, by various hands, of different talents and different shades of political creed, which all combine to represent him as one of the most virtuous public and private characters that ever honoured or illustrated humanity. I have myself given some anecdotes of this extraordinary man in my former work on France; but the present state of the country would not be faithfully depicted, were all further notice of him omitted; and the model his example holds forth is too valuable to leave any apology necessary for entering on the subject somewhat more in detail, and giving a biographical portrait of General Lafayette up to the epoch when we had first the honour of making his acquaintance, and of winning a friendship and enjoying a correspondence, that will long, I trust, continue the boast and the happiness of our lives.

General Lafayette was born in Auvergne, on

the 6th of September, 1757; and was sent at an early age to the college of Du Plessis, at Paris, where he received a classical education. In his seventeenth year he married the daughter of the late Duc de Noailles, and grand-daughter to the great and good Chancellor, D'Aguesseau. His fortune was vast—his rank was with the first in Europe—his connexions brought him the support of the chief persons in France; and his individual character, the warm, open, and sincere manners which have since distinguished him, and have given him such singular control over the minds of men, made him powerful in the confidence of society, wherever he went.

It was at this period that his thoughts and feelings were turned to the struggles of the American colonies against the oppression of their mother country. Nothing could be less tempting to a man of mere personal feelings than an interference in behalf of the United States at this time. Their army was in retreat; their credit in Europe was entirely gone; and their

commissioners, to whom Lafayette still persisted in offering his services, were obliged to acknowledge that they could not even give him decent means for his conveyance. " Then," said he, " I shall purchase and fit out a vessel for myself." He did so; and this vessel was sent to one of the nearest ports of Spain, that it might be out of the reach of the French government. It was not till he was on his way to embark that his romantic undertaking began to be known, and the effect was greater than could now be imagined. At the instigation of the British minister, an order was despatched for his arrest; and a *lettre de cachet* overtook him at Bourdeaux, where he was arrested: but assisted by friends, he escaped under the disguise of a courier, and passed the frontiers, three or four hours before his pursuers reached them. The sensation produced by his appearance in the United States, was much greater than that excited in Europe at his departure. This event still stands forth as one of the most promi-

nent and important circumstances in the contest; and none but those who were then alive, can believe what an impulse it gave to the hopes of a population, nearly disheartened by a long series of disasters.

Immediately on his arrival, Lafayette received the offer of a command in the American army, which with a rare modesty he declined. During the whole of his service he seemed desirous to render disinterested assistance to the cause in which he was embarked. He began by clothing and equipping at his own expense a body of men; and then entered as a simple volunteer, without pay, into the service. By a vote of congress, in July, 1777, he was appointed a major-general, and in the following September was wounded at Brandywine. In 1778 he was employed at the head of a separate division; and after receiving the thanks of congress, embarked at Boston in the year 1779 for France; where his services it was thought would be more effectual than at the moment they could be in America.

He arrived at Versailles on the 12th of February, and the same day had a long conference with Maurepas, the prime minister, though he was not permitted to see the king. As a punishment for having left France without permission, he was ordered to visit none but his own relations; but as he was connected by birth or marriage with almost the whole court, and as every body thronged to his hotel, the order fell lightly upon him. By his personal exertions the treaty between America and France, then on foot, was hastened and made effective in favour of the former. For he laboured unremittingly to procure from his government a fleet and troops; and having succeeded in this object, and ascertained that he would be speedily followed by Count Rochambeau, he again crossed the Atlantic, and joined the head quarters of the American army in May, 1780, where he confidentially communicated the important intelligence to the commander-in-chief. Immediately on his return, receiving the separate command of a

body of infantry of about two thousand men, he clothed and equipped it partly at his own expense; rendering it by unwearied exertions, constant sacrifices, and wise discipline, the best corps in the army. His forced march to Virginia, (raising two thousand guineas on his own credit, to supply the pressing wants of his troops) his rescue of Richmond, his long trial of generalship with Cornwallis, and, finally, the siege of York town, the storming the redoubt, and the reduction of the place, in October, 1781, are proofs of his talents as a military commander, and of his devotion to the welfare of the United States.

Congress had already repeatedly acknowledged these services; but, in November, 1781, when he again returned to France, they passed a resolution, desiring (among other expressions of approbation,) the foreign ministers of their government to confer with him in their negociations concerning American affairs;—a mark of respect and deference, of which no other example is probably known.

In France a brilliant reputation had preceded him; the cause of America was already popular there. On his return, he was followed by crowds in the public streets, wherever he went; and, in a journey he made to his estates in the south, the towns through which he passed, received him with processions and civic honours: in Orleans he was detained a week by the festivities prepared for him.

In the mean time he was constantly urging upon the French government the policy of sending out more troops; and Count d'Estaing was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail for the United States, as soon as Lafayette should join him. Forty-nine ships, and twenty thousand men, were, for this purpose, assembled at Cadiz, when the peace rendered further exertions unnecessary. This great event was first announced to congress by a letter from Lafayette, dated in the harbour of Cadiz, February 5, 1783.

At the pressing invitation of Washington, Lafayette revisited America in 1784, but his

stay, on this occasion, was short. When about to depart for the third, and as it then seemed, the last time, congress, in December, 1784, appointed a deputation of one member from each state, with instructions to take leave of him on behalf of the whole country, and to assure him, "that these United States regard him with particular affection, and will not cease to feel an interest in whatever may concern his honour and prosperity; and that their best and kindest wishes will always attend him." It was at the same time resolved, that a letter be written to his most Christian Majesty, expressive of the high sense the United States, in congress assembled, entertained of the talents and meritorious services of Lafayette, and recommending him to the favour and patronage of his Majesty.

In ~~1805~~ he went for a short time to Prussia, for the purpose of seeing the troops of Frederick the Second, and was received with distinguished kindness and consideration by that monarch;

but the grave and perilous discussions which were then going forward in France, soon called him back. He was, for some time, ineffectually employed with Malesherbes in endeavouring to relieve the Protestants of France from political disabilities; and he was the first Frenchman who raised his voice against the slave trade; having devoted considerable sums to purchase slaves, and educate them for emancipation.

In February, 1787, the Assembly of Notables was opened. Lafayette was of course a member, and the tone he held gave a marked character to its deliberations. He it was who proposed the suppression of *lettres de cachet*, and the enfranchisement of the Protestants; and it was he that made the *motion* (and it was the first time that this word was ever used in France, marking an important step towards a regular deliberative government) for the convocation of representatives of the people.

Lafayette was also a prominent member of the States General, which met in 1789, and as-

sumed the name of the National Assembly. The Declaration of Rights adopted by this body was his production; and it was under his influence, and while he was for that very purpose placed in the chair, that a decree was passed (on the 14th of July, at the moment when the Bastille was falling) which provided for the responsibility of the ministers: he thus furnished one of the most important elements of a representative monarchy. Two days afterwards he was appointed commander-in-chief of the national guards of Paris.

His great military command, and his still greater personal influence, brought him equally into contact with the court and throne;—a position at once delicate and difficult. The tendency of every thing was to confusion and violence. A famine reigned in the capital; and the populace of the fauxbourgs (the most degraded in France) armed themselves, with the determination of going to Versailles and forcing the king to reside in Paris. The national guard proposed to ac-

company this savage multitude; but Lafayette opposed their inclination, even while the municipality of Paris supported them; and it was not until an exasperated mob of above an hundred and fifty thousand men and women had thronged the road, (with arms and even cannon at their disposal,) that he consented to obtain an order to march from the authorities, and set off to what had become the post of danger, and which it was then his duty to occupy.

He arrived at Versailles at ten o'clock at night, after having made incredible exertions, both at Paris and on the road, to control the multitude. "The Marquis de la Fayette," says Madame de Stael, "at last entered the château, and passing through the apartment where we were, went to the king. His manner was perfectly calm: nobody ever saw it otherwise. He asked for the interior posts of the château, and was refused: only the outer posts were granted him." Lafayette answered therefore for these posts, but he answered for no more; and his pledge

was faithfully and desperately redeemed. Between two and three o'clock, the royal family went to bed. Lafayette too slept after the great fatigues of the day. At half-past four, a portion of the populace broke into the palace, by an obscure interior passage which had been overlooked; and which was not in that part of the building entrusted to the General. Lafayette immediately rushed in with the national troops, protected the guards from the brutal populace, and saved the lives of the royal family.

As soon as it was light, the same furious multitude filled the vast space of the "court of marble." They called on the king to go to Paris, and they called on the queen to appear at the balcony. The king announced his intention to set out for the capital, but Lafayette was afraid to trust the queen in the midst of the infuriate multitude. He went to her therefore, and asked if it were her purpose to accompany the king. She replied in the affirmative, and he prevailed upon her to shew herself, with him, at the

balcony.—" Are you positively determined?" —" Yes, sir."—" Condescend then to go out on the balcony, and suffer me to attend you." —" Without the king?" she replied, hesitatingly; " have you observed their threats?"—" Yes, madam, I have, but dare to trust me."

When they appeared together, the cries of the crowd rendered it impossible that his voice could be heard. It was necessary, therefore, to address himself to the eye; and, turning to the queen, he simply kissed her hand, before the vast multitude. An instant of silent astonishment ensued; but the whole was immediately interpreted; and the air was rent with cries of " Long live the Queen, long live the General!" The Queen reached Paris in safety. The same day that this scene was passing, the first meeting of the Jacobin club was held. Against this club Lafayette at once declared himself. Assisted by Bailly, the mayor of Paris, he organized another club, in opposition to its

proceedings; and the victory between the two parties remained doubtful for above a year and a half. The contest, however, placed Lafayette in a most dangerous position. He was obliged to oppose the Jacobins, without retreating upon the ancient despotism; and it is greatly to his honour, that he did this, most faithfully and consistently, and without committing his judgment or principles.

On the 20th of June, 1790, a proposition was suddenly made in the assembly to abolish all titles of nobility; and Lafayette, true to his principles, rose to second it. It was objected against the measure, that no such reward could afterwards be granted, as was once conferred by Henri II., when he created an obscure person "noble and count, for having saved the country at such a time." "The only difference will be," he replied, "that the words 'noble and count' will be left out, and the patent will simply declare, that on such an occasion such a man

saved the state." From this time General Lafayette renounced his title of Marquis, and has never since resumed it.

On the 14th of July, 1790, (the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille,) the celebrated acceptation of the Constitution took place in the Champ de Mars. On this day the General had military command of four millions of men, represented by fourteen thousand elected military deputies, and he swore to the Constitution, on behalf of the nation, at the altar which had been erected in the midst of the arena. It was the most magnificent and solemn ceremony the world had ever seen; and perhaps no man ever enjoyed the sincere confidence of an entire people more completely than Lafayette did, as he thus bore the most imposing part in these extraordinary solemnities.

The Jacobins however were constantly gaining power: the falsehood of the court, the intrigues of the emigrants, and the hostile attitude

of foreign governments, all combined to prevent the constitution from taking root. Among other weaknesses that had destroyed the popularity of the king, he insisted on adopting the ministration of a priest, who had not taken the civil oaths; and for this purpose he had made arrangements for passing the Easter at St. Cloud; but the populace and the national guards tumultuously stopped the royal carriage. Lafayette arrived at the first suggestion of danger. "If," said he, "this be a matter of conscience with your Majesty, we will, if it be necessary, die to maintain it;" but the king hesitated, and finally determined to remain at Paris. Lafayette, faithful to his oaths, now defended the freedom of the king as firmly as he had ever done that of the people: his situation therefore became daily more dangerous. He might have been appointed constable of France, he might have been generalissimo of the national guards, but he thought it more for the safety of the state, that no such

power should exist; and at the dissolution of the constituent assembly, he resigned his command and retired to his estate.

In April, 1792, war was declared against France, by Austria; and Lafayette was appointed one of the three generals to command the French armies. But the Jacobins were fast maturing their arrangements to overturn the constitution. That public order, of which Lafayette had never ceased to speak on all suitable occasions, no longer existed. Under these circumstances, with a courage, which few men in any age have shewn, he wrote a letter to the assembly, in which he plainly denounced the growing faction of the Jacobins, and called on the constituted authorities to put a stop to the atrocities they were openly promoting. In the course of this letter he dared to say, "let the king be respected, for he is invested with the majesty of the nation; let him choose a ministry that shall wear the chains of no faction; and if

traitors exist, let them perish only under the sword of the law." There was not another man in France, who would have dared to take such a step at such a time; and it required all his vast influence to protect him in expressing such opinions.

On the 8th of August his impeachment was moved; but even then more than two-thirds of the assembly voted in his favour. At length, however, the Jacobin party prevailed: a majority of the assembly, intimidated or disgusted, had ceased to attend its meetings; and Lafayette, unable to do more in Paris, returned to the army. But the army also was now infected, and it became apparent from the movements both at Paris and among the soldiers, that he was no longer safe. On the 17th of August, therefore, accompanied by three of his general officers, Alexandre Lameth, Latour Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, he left the army; and in a few hours was beyond the limits of France.

On the same night the exiles were seized by an Austrian patrol, and exposed to the most disgraceful indignities. Committed to the custody of the Prussians, (because the Prussian fortresses were nearest at hand,) they were again transferred to the keeping of the Austrians, on Prussia making a separate peace; and they were finally imprisoned in the loathsome and unhealthy dungeons of Olmutz.

Among sufferings to which Lafayette was here exposed, in the mere spirit of a barbarous revenge, was the assurance that he should never again see any thing but the walls of his dungeon; that he would never receive news of events or persons; that his name would be unknown in the citadel; that, in all accounts of him sent to court, he would be designated by a number; and that he would never receive any notice of his family, or of the existence of his fellow-prisoners. His sufferings proved almost beyond his strength; and want of air, and the dampness and filth of his dungeon, brought him

more than once to the borders of the grave;* at the same time, that his estates in France were confiscated, his wife cast into prison, and *Fayetteism* (as adherence to the constitution was called) was punished with death.

Among those who made the most vigorous exertions to obtain information of Lafayette's fate, were Count Lally Tolendal, then an emigrant in London, and Dr. Erick Bollmann, an Hanoverian, whose adventurous spirit led him to engage in the attempt to discover the existence of the General, and his place of confinement; and to procure his escape. After a tedious journey to Germany, Dr. Bollmann returned without having procured the desired intelligence. But

* This detestable and useless tyranny is not to be thought of as of a tale of other times. At this moment the same scenes are passing in the dungeons of Spilsberg, and of other state prisons of Austrian tyranny; where the Italian patriots, the noble, the virtuous, and the enlightened are, at the end of ten years of unmitigated suffering, still exposed to similar treatment.

the friends of Lafayette were not to be discouraged; and, in June, 1794, the Doctor returned to Germany to renew his researches. With great difficulty and ingenuity he traced the French prisoners from Prussia to their prison at Olmutz, communicated his projects to the objects of his enterprize, and received their answers; and, after a lapse of several months, it was determined that an attempt should be made to rescue Lafayette, while on one of the airings with which, on account of his broken health, he was then indulged. In this enterprize was associated Francis K. Huger, a young American, accidentally in Austria at that time. As the parties were personally unknown to each other, it was arranged, that when the rescue was to be attempted, each should take off his hat, and wipe his forehead, in token of recognition.

Having ascertained a day when Lafayette would ride out, Dr. Bollmann and Mr. Huger sent their carriage to Hoff, about twenty-five miles on the road they meant to take; and proceeded on horse-

back to the attempt. A carriage, which they supposed to contain the prisoner, passed out of the gate of the fortress ; they rode by it leisurely, and exchanged signals. At two or three miles, the carriage left the high road, and, passing into a less frequented track, in the midst of an open country, Lafayette descended to walk, guarded only by the officer who had accompanied him. They rode up at once ; and, after an inconsiderable struggle, from which the guard fled to alarm the citadel, the rescue was effected.

In the mean time, however, one of the horses had escaped, and Lafayette was obliged to take his departure alone; being told by Mr. Huger, in English, " to go to Hoff." This he mistook for a more general direction, to *go off*; and, taking a wrong road, he pursued it till his horse could go no further; when he was stopped at the village of Jägersdorff, and detained, as a suspicious person, till he was recognised by an officer from Olmutz, two days afterwards.

His friends, equally unfortunate, were also

taken, and separately confined, without knowledge of each other's fate. Mr. Huger was chained to the floor in an arched dungeon, six feet by eight, without light, and with only bread and water for food. Once in six hours the guard entered, and, with a lamp, examined each brick in his cell, and each link in his chain. To his most earnest request, to be permitted to send to his mother, in America, merely the words "I am alive," signed with his name, he received a rude refusal. After eight months delay, the two friends were brought to trial; but through the interference of Count Metrowsky, were sentenced only to a fortnight's imprisonment, after which they were discharged. A few hours after they had left Olmutz, an order came for a new trial; but the prisoners were already beyond the reach of pursuit.

In the year 1796, the motion of General Fitzpatrick for an inquiry into Lafayette's case, produced a debate in the English house of commons, in which the conduct of the Austrian govern-

ment was exposed publicly, before the face of all Europe; but the Pitt majorities then prevailed; and the motion was lost, without probably exciting much sympathy in the English people.

In the meanwhile the American nation was not idle; and the immortal Washington had not remained an unconcerned spectator of the sufferings of his friend. His letter to the Emperor of Austria, requesting the release of the liberator of America, remains a monument of honour to the writer, and of disgrace to the despot, who could receive it unmoved.

On the 25th of August, 1797, at the instance of Buonaparte, Lafayette was at length liberated, with his family; Madame Lafayette and his daughters having shared his confinement twenty-two months, and himself having been a prisoner five years. From the effects of this detention, Madame Lafayette never entirely recovered; though she survived ten years after her return to liberty. France was at this time too unsettled for Lafayette to enter it with safety; the directory

not even having removed the sentence under which the Jacobins had placed him. It was not therefore till after the 18th Brumaire, that his exile ceased; when he retired to La Grange, (a moderate estate about forty miles from Paris,) where he has since continued to reside.

Between Napoleon and Lafayette, political friendship or concurrence could not subsist; Lafayette voted against the consulate for life, and sent a letter to Buonaparte himself on the subject; and from that moment all intercourse between them ceased. Napoleon even refused to promote his son, George Washington Lafayette,* or his son-in-law, M. Lasteyrie, though they repeatedly distinguished themselves in the army. On one occasion, he himself erased their names from a bulletin, with the impatient exclamation of "These Lafayettes cross my path every where."

The restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814,

* The inheritor of his father's courage in the field, as of his uncompromising consistency and patient perseverance in the senate.

made no change in Lafayette's position. He presented himself once at court, and was kindly received; but the government then established, did not meet his wishes, and he did not again return to the palace of the Tuileries.

On the apparition of Napoleon in 1815, Lafayette entered his protest against the *acte additionnel;* and was elected a representative by the very college of electors who had received his protest. Napoleon, at this time desirous of obtaining his influence, offered him the first peerage in the new chamber he was then forming; an offer which Lafayette declined. As a representative of the people, he saw Napoleon for the first time, at the opening of the chambers on the 7th of June. "It is above twelve years since we have met, General," said Napoleon, with great kindness of manner; but Lafayette received the Emperor's advances with marked distrust; and all his efforts were directed to "make the chamber a representation of the French people, and not a Napoleon club."

After the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon had determined to dissolve the representative body, and to resume the dictatorship of the country. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, who was of his council, but opposed to this violent measure, informed Lafayette that in two hours the legislative body would cease to exist. As soon therefore as the session was opened, with the same courage and the same self-devotion with which he had stood at the bar of the national assembly in 1792, Lafayette ascended the tribune, for the first time for twenty years; and pronounced those few but emphatic words, which would have been his death warrant, if they had not been supported by the assembly he addressed. Their result was that the chamber declared their sessions permanent, and all attempts to dissolve it high treason.

On the abdication of Napoleon, which closely followed, a project was arranged to place Lafayette at the head of affairs, as carrying with him the confidence of the nation, and especially of the national guard, whom he would immedi-

ately have called out *en masse*; but a scene of unworthy intrigues was begun, and a provisional government was established, whose principal measure was the sending him with a deputation to the allied powers, to endeavour to stop the invasion of France, an embassy which of course failed, as was intended. Paris was entered by the allied troops, and the representative government was dissolved.. Several of the members however met at Lafayette's house, entered their formal protest; and then went quietly to their own homes.* The example this great and good man's career affords of incorruptible honesty, and of the weight it possesses in all communities, cannot too often be held up to public imitation; and, it seems to me, even in the present day, no superfluous task to exhibit to the people of England the extent to which a

* For a more ample account of the life of General Lafayette, the reader is referred to the North American Review, a publication remarkable for its talent and political soundness.

system of wilful falsehood and misrepresentation has been carried by a party amongst themselves, whose influence and opinions are still but too operative in the management of their affairs. For England there remains but one chance of regeneration, and that lies in the total destruction of this party, through a recovery of that system of self-government, (by a real and effectual representation of the people,) which has been the one leading object of Lafayette's long labours and unparalleled sufferings. The history of Lafayette, like himself, belongs not exclusively to France, but is the common property of all civilized nations; and there exists not an individual to whom liberty is dear, who has not an interest in his fair fame. Since the moment when my impressions of this truly illustrious man called forth the observations of the Quarterly Review which paint him as sunk in feeble dotage, Lafayette has thrice been elected to the chamber of deputies, by the unpurchased voice of public opinion. His mind, brightening like a fine coin by the fric-

tion of use, has come out on every occasion on which the liberty of the people has called for his exertions, with a strength beyond that even of his first youthful vigour. He has resisted the various attempts made upon the freedom of the press and on the purity of election,* with the same

* "The light which has been shed on mankind by the art of printing has eminently changed the condition of the world. As yet that light has dawned on the middle classes only of the men in Europe. The kings and the rabble, (of equal ignorance,) have not yet received its rays; but it continues to spread; and, while printing is preserved, it can no more recede than the sun return on his course. A first attempt to recover the right of self-government may fail; so may a second; a third, &c. &c.; but as a younger and more instructed race comes on, the sentiment becomes more and more instinctive; and a fourth, a fifth, or some subsequent one of the ever-renewed attempts, will ultimately succeed. In France, the first effort was defeated by Robespierre, the second by Bonaparte, the third by Louis XVIII. and his holy allies. Another is yet to come, and all Europe (Russia excepted) has caught the spirit; and all will attain representative government, more or less perfect."—*Jefferson's Correspond.* vol. iv. p. 387.

This

firmness that has distinguished all his votes, and with the same tenacity to original principles with which he started for the goal of immortality. His attendance on the duties of the chamber of deputies, strange as that fact may appear to very many of the honourable members of another legislative assembly in another country, is as constant and unwearied, as if age could not enfeeble his body, nor disgust nor languor assail his mind. Without the walls of the chamber, his influence is even more decided than within. He is indeed the centre upon which the whole liberal opposition moves—the guide to whom the youth and the aged alike turn with confidence and affection. His ascendancy is not obtained by flattering the multitude —it is not purchased by violence and exaggera-

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This passage places in a strong light the value of political perseverance, and the services which Lafayette has rendered his country and humanity, as the connecting link between the several epochs of liberalism, as the guardian who has preserved the sacred flame of liberty, and transmitted it to another generation.

tion. It is not even the result of those all-commanding talents, which are occasionally found unconnected with honesty or judgment. He has not the eloquence of a Mirabeau, the brilliancy of a Canning, the financial capacities of a Neckar, nor the political philosophy of a Romilly or a Bentham. His persuasive power is the force of good sense and of self-conviction—the clearness of his views—and the earnestness with which he exposes them. In one word, it is the force of honesty, of public virtue, and of private worth; and if in the violence and storm of human passions, amidst the tornado of a revolution, this force has been too frequently borne down by qualities more imposing, and by volitions more violent, yet, in the long run of political life (to the credit of human nature be it observed), there is no more powerful engine for moving the public, for accomplishing useful ends, and for beneficially influencing the destinies of nation, than tried probity and proud consistency, in which the confidence of a people have long reposed.

In 1825, (eight years after the appearance of

the Quarterly Review with its "*feeble dotage*,") General Lafayette received and accepted an invitation to revisit the new world. The card came from the American people, and its object became the "guest of the nation." It was not, alas! by the Washingtons and the Franklins that he was thus invited to the land to whose greatness and happiness he had so powerfully contributed. In the interval, but little short of half a century, another and another generation had sprung up to benefit by his labours: but the sentiments of love and gratitude to Lafayette were a national inheritance, treasured and transmitted by every American of every age. The guest of the nation was received by the sons and the grandsons, as the liberator had been by the fathers* when he came to share

* Jefferson, in an interesting letter to his friend Kosciusko, in which he describes his own life and position, has the following passage: "A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the

their perils and to promote their triumphs.*

History, amidst its pompous records of brilliant victories, from those of the Cæsars to the unparalleled conquests of Napoleon, has no such line in its pages as the visit of Lafayette to America will form; and every public organ of

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neighbouring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavour to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science—the freedom and happiness of man; so that, coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government." (Vol. iv. p. 145.) There is nothing in all antiquity more beautiful than this picture of the retired statesman preparing the rising generation for the task of self-government.

* "He is literally the guest of the nation; but the guest, it should be remembered, of another generation than the one he originally came to serve. We rejoice at it. We rejoice, in common with the thousands who throng his steps wherever he passes, that we are permitted to offer this tribute of a gratitude and veneration which cannot be misinterpreted, to one who suffered with our fathers for our

liberality in the two hemispheres has borne testimony to its marked distinction.*

His return to his country and to his family was

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sake! but we rejoice yet more for the moral effect it cannot fail to produce on us, both as individuals and as a people. For it is no common spectacle which is now placed before each of us for our instruction. We are permitted to see one, who, by the mere force of principle, by plain and resolved integrity, has passed with perfect consistency through more remarkable extremes of fortune than any man now alive, or perhaps any man on record. We are permitted to see one who has borne a leading and controlling part in two hemispheres, and in the two most important revolutions the world has yet seen, and has come forth from both of them without the touch of dishonour. We are, in short, permitted to see a man who has professed, amidst glory and suffering, in triumph and in disgrace, the same principles of political freedom on both sides of the Atlantic; who has maintained the same tone, the same air, the same open confidence, amidst the ruins of the Bastile, on the Champ de Mars, under the despotism of Bonaparte, and in the dungeons of Olmutz."—*North American Review.*

* An account of this interesting visit has been published in Paris, in one volume, by Monsieur de Vavasseur.

noted by the same triumph that distinguished his visit to the western hemisphere; and each day of his life, up to the present hour, has added to his reputation, and to the brilliancy of his social position. Upon every occasion that has brought him before the public, in sorrow or in joy—at the funeral of his friend Foy, or at the festivals of French and American independence, so often celebrated in the capital of European civilization—he has appeared surrounded by his body guard, the "youth of France," and in the halo of national popularity.

We had long been aware of this: previous to our present visit to Paris, we had been assured of his well-being by his delightful letters, and by those brilliant details of his public life, which the journals furnished even in *our* ultima Thule; and yet when we arrived in 1829, the interval which had elapsed since 1820, his time of life, and the reiterated blows his feelings (we knew) had sustained, threw a shadow of melancholy over our expected meeting, which we had other-

wise contemplated with pleasure and impatience. We had left him at La Grange years back, suffering in bodily health from the consequences of a wound; and since that time he had lost such friends as life could never again bestow—the friends of his youth, of his prime, the sharers in his labours, and the partakers of his triumphs. Domestic affliction, too, had laid its chill and terrible hand heavily on his noble heart. He had strewed flowers on the bridal grave of one who, in the order of nature, should have placed the cypress and the laurel on his own. These were events that I was aware had preyed upon a constitution which the dungeons of Olmutz had not destroyed; and bowed a spirit which the persecution of the powerful, and the calumnies of the vile had not broken. If, in the struggles between time and feeling, necessity and resignation will always decide the triumph of the former, still years must make inroads on external forms, even while they efface the visible traces of affliction. Though we did not expect to see General La-

fayette either "feeble" or "doting," we thought with regret that some of the original brightness with which we had formerly seen him irradiated, must have been partially obscured. He had called on us immediately on our arrival, but we were from home. Our first visit at his house was equally ill-timed. On returning the following day, we found the entrance of his hotel preoccupied by a carriage which had drawn up at the foot of the great stairs, opening into the court. We alighted, and entered on foot. A gentleman who was standing on the last step, while his servant threw a large military cloak over his shoulders, turned round to enter into the carriage. A mutual exclamation and recognition followed. It was Lafayette, younger, healthier, more on the alert than ever. His heart-whole cordiality, his affectionate welcome, his animated manner and benignant smile exhibited the same consistency in feeling and in friendship as he has shewn in political principle. "I was just going to see you," he said; and ordering his carriage

away, instead of availing himself of my husband's offered arm to ascend the stairs, he drew that of the dear little companion I was so proud to present to him, under his own; and with the air and manner of the "young and gallant Lafayette" of Marie Antoinette's fastidious court, he led us to his salon.

After a long and delightful conversation, in which the calm vigour and sober enthusiasm of his mind came forth in details the most interesting and instructive, we parted; but only with the mutual promise of meeting at night at the house of his celebrated relation, the Count de Tracy.

I was struck dumb! One of the things worth a visit to Paris, if you had no other motive for the journey, is its exquisite confectionery; so light, and so perfumed, that it resembles congealed odours, or a crystallization of the essence of sweet flowers. Plum-cake and apple-dumplings! —sugar of lead and leaden bullets! I thought of the "*Fidèle Berger*," its fanciful idealities, its "trifles light as air," and "infinite deal of (sweet) nothings;" its candied epics and eclogues in spun sugar. Then, too, its *garçons*, like "feathered Mercuries new lighted on" a sponge cake or a carmel, giving to the *magasin* the air of a store-room of the Muses. What a contrast! A chubby young man and a phlegmatic old woman, were busily at work. Batter was beating with wooden spoons; force-meat was chopping with Birmingham hatchets. Currants were drying, and suet was melting in the sun; beaf-steak gravy steamed from the hot hearth, the oven was redolent of apple-pye: in a word, the pandemonium of an English country kitchen

on a Christmas eve, was exhibited on an April morning, within view of the violet beds and hyacinth banks of the elysium of the Tuileries. I rubbed my eyes, and scarcely believed their evidence. I looked up, and perceived a large black board, intimating, in gilt letters, that "Here is to be had all sorts of English pastry," by Tom or Jack somebody, "pastry-cook, from London." Placards, too, were in every pane of the windows, with "Hot mutton pies," "Oyster patties," "Devonshire cider," "Spruce beer," and "London porter." Odd's nausea and indigestion! I thought I should never get out of the atmosphere of Cornhill or St. Paul's churchyard. So, paying for a bundle of crackers, hard enough to crack the teeth of an elephant, I consigned them to my servant, and was hurrying away from the shop, when I was shot on the left cheek, and covered with a shower of froth, by the explosion of a bottle of "Whitbread's entire," the pride of the counter, and the boast of its owner.

Annoyed beyond measure, I was hastening home, to cleanse myself of the stain and the odour of this essence of aloes, liquorice, and cocculus indicus, when passing along the arcade, a perfumer's shop caught the most acute of all my senses. I never in my life was more in want of something to "sweeten my imagination" withall, so I turned in. One has always a long list of wants on a first arrival at Paris, that renders any and every shop a station, where a franc may be dropped, or a *petit écu* offered with advantage. I therefore prepared to "air my vocabulary" in my best Paris accent, with all the classic names of *eaux*, *essences*, and *extraits:* but before I could make known a single want, the master of the shop pushed forward divers pint bottles of evident English manufacture; interrupting me with "*Oui, oui, madame, j'entends! voilà tout ce qu'il vous faut, de lavender-vatre de Monsieur Gattie, de honey-vatre première qualité, de essence of burgamot, de tief his vinaigre,* and *de Vindsor soap;*" and addressing a young woman, who

was tossing over a box of English fans and silk handkerchiefs, with O'Connell's handsome Irish face glowing in the centre,—"*Ecoutez, chère amie,*" he said, "shew madame the *Regent's vash-ball,* de Hunt's blacking, de fish sauce, and the pill *anti-bilieux.*"

I heard no more, but gathering up my purse and reticule, quitted the shop in a fever of disappointment, which all the patent pills it contained could not cure. On reaching home, I found a little basket lying on the table of the anti-room, labelled with a card; and an English livery-servant waiting for a receipt. The card ran thus: "Mr. ———'s best compliments to Sir C. M., with a flask of —— genuine *potteen!*" This was too much! Was it for this we left the snugness and œconomical comfort of our Irish home, and encountered the expensive inconveniences of a foreign journey, in the hope of seeing nothing British, "till the threshold of that home should be passed by our feet:"—to meet at every step with all that taste, health, and

civilization we cry down at home, as cheap and as abundant abroad;—from the raw tough fibre of a hard *rosbif de mutton,* to genuine potteen, or, "*by your leave, Georgy,*" with all its original borrachio of still and bog?

While I was in the first bitterness of my vexation, there dropped in young L——, one of those juvenile citizens of the world, peculiar to the present day, to whom Rome, Dublin, and Petersburg are as familiar as their native Paris. "Why, you look like Patience on a monument," he said, in good English and trite quotation, that gave the finishing touch to my ill-humour, "What is the matter, *ma bonne miladi?*"

I described to him the disappointments of the morning, beginning with the mutton pies, and ending with his own English accent, and cockney quotation. He laughed, and observed, "oh! I see you have fallen in with a *confiseur romantique.*"

"A what?" I asked, opening my eyes.

" Why, a pastry-cook of the romantic school."

" What does that mean ?"

" Now that is really too pleasant. You pretend not to know *that*, who are yourself one of the standard-bearers of the romantic school."

" *Sans m'en douter*, then," I replied ; " for though I know what the romanticism of the Italian literati meant, ten years ago, when I left them all fighting for and against the unities, as fiercely as the " ancients" and " moderns" of the seventeenth century, I thought their tactics too puerile for this side the Alps. But a romantic pastry-cook quite passes my comprehension."

" Then, you must know that every thing English, except their politics, is now, in Paris, popular, and is deemed romantic ; and we have romantic tailors, milliners, pastry-cooks, and even doctors and apothecaries."

He then entered into some very graphic details and illustrations ; and we laughed out this amusing absurdity till I quite recovered my spi-

rits, and rejoiced in the accidents of my ramble, which had produced so much pleasant information.

These disappointments of the morning, this eternal rencontre with things merely English, which snaps the thread of association at every turn of a walk through the streets of Paris, is not, however, to be regarded as a mere result of a general conspiracy of Frenchmen against nationality and the rules of Aristotle. I am very much inclined, at least, to suspect, that some portion of it belongs to a well-imagined speculation, on catering for the home-bred propensities and longing, lingering regrets of the great European *cavalière pagante*, John Bull. The majority of Englishmen do not so much travel to acquire continental ideas, as to fortify and fix their own. They do not voyage for the sake of comparing British institutions, sentiments, and usages, with those of other countries; but for measuring all things foreign by the one infallible standard of all right and reason,

"the custom of England." But the closer things can be brought into juxta position, the easier is it to form a judgment between them. It is therefore matter of unspeakable delight to the connoisseur to be thus enabled to bring home to the senses of the Parisians, the superiority of brown stout over champagne, and of muffins and twelfth cake over *brioches* and *gâteaus de Nantes;* not to speak of the tender yearnings such home-bred objects must excite in the "weary way-wanderers" in a distant land. If Englishmen generally travel for the sole purpose of congregating in foreign cities, and meeting the same faces which they habitually encounter in Rotten-row and the round room at the Opera, it is probable that, to eat salt-beef in Naples, and hot apple-pye in the Palais-royal, must afford them especial delight. There are no such penetrating philosophers as tradesmen, nor any key to the mysteries of the human heart like pecuniary interest; and I cannot help thinking that the frequent shop-board inscription, "From London," that meets the eye

at every turn in the Rue Vivienne and the Rue St. Honoré, is not altogether addressed to the French love of free trade with England, and a *romantic* " coveting of neighbour's goods."

Still, however, there does exist among the French a strong disposition to try all things, and especially all things English. English fashions and uses are the vogue among the *merveilleux et petites maîtresses;* English literature, with a large class of French writers; English aristocracy, with a certain portion of the faubourg; and English Mantons by every *chasseur*, from the bear-hunter in the Pyrennees to the slayer of cock-sparrows in the *banlieue* of Paris. This is as it should be; for though some exaggerations and absurdities are incidental to all vogues, inasmuch as it is the many who make the fashion, and that fools are apt to predominate in all communities, still a free intercourse between nations, and a mutual importation of virtues and of knowledge, must eventually be productive of universal good. There may be some awkwardness at first, to ex-

cite ridicule, (for affectation is always ridiculous,) but in these national interchanges, both parties will probably end by adopting what is really the most accommodating, serviceable, and best; while they will be mutually more pleased with each other, and less disposed to be *hallooed*, (without motives,) into murderous and destructive wars, the disgrace of Christianity, and the scourge of the human race.

ROYALISM IN 1829.

"JARNICOTON!" as Louis the Fourteenth used to exclaim, in the language of his nursery education, (where, says Voltaire, "he learned nothing but dancing and the guitar,") *jarnicoton!* how ten years have changed every thing in France! I ought now to have done wondering; and yet I have not. My old impressions are for ever leading me into new blunders—into mistaking old names for old principles, and judging "every man by the scrip" of the old nomenclature. The other day I dined in the Chaussée d'Antin, in that house where it is always such a privilege to dine; where the wit of

the host,* like the *menus* of his table, combines all that is best in French or Irish peculiarity; and where the society is chosen with reference to no other qualities than merit and agreeability. It was my luck to be placed at dinner next a most agreeable person, who, in ceasing to be young, had not ceased to be very attractive. I had missed his name in the muttered introduction which had given him mine; but it struck me by his style and manner, his time of life, and a certain air not to be mistaken, that he was of the *vieille noblesse*. As he did not, however, attack me after the fashion of 1820, when such persons shewed me no quarter, I soon changed my opinion. I spoke, therefore, with less reserve, the conversation became animated, and I rose from table delighted with an acquaintance, who, without affecting the *bel esprit*, was eminently literary and intellectual. In the

* Patrick Lattin, Esq., of Morrice-town, in the county of Kildare, and of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, in Paris.

desultory topics we touched upon, many occasions must have arisen for the indulgence of angry prejudices, and for those explosions of feeling, not to say rage, which were occasionally so disagreeable in mixed societies of Paris in 1816. But nothing of this sort occurred; no diatribes, no exaggerated claims to pure principles, no sarcasms on things or persons, nothing, in short, but what might best become a thorough-bred man of the world, of our own English political atmosphere, at the present moment so unexcited and so tranquil.

I met this gentleman again at an assembly at Lady V. M.'s, and begged her to give me his name "*bien sonné*."

"What, not know the Count de Sabran, the successor of La Fontaine, the son of the brilliant Countess de Boufflers, and son-in-law to the *chevalier, par excellence?*"*

* The friend also of Madame de Staël, who frequently quoted with approbation his line on the pine tree:

"Le Pin deuil de l'été, ornement de l'hyver."

What names! what associations! How was it possible, with such a descent and such alliances, that the Count de Sabran should not be "more royal than the king, and more pious than the pope!" Still as we conversed, I thought more than once of the ancient device and motto of his house, "*nolite irritare leonem,*" and took the hint.

This evening, at a concert at Mad. de W——'s, the Count de H—f—t was introduced to me by our accomplished hostess. We soon became intimate, as persons usually do who hit upon some points of mutual agreement. As he was high in office, I was a little surprised; but I let things take their course, and we talked of all sorts of matters, in all sorts of ways; on his own book on Spain, and his popular ministry there. When this gentleman moved off, and was succeeded by another *baron féodal*, whose royalism, dated at least from the Valois, I frankly expressed my surprise at the change which had taken place in the manners and tone of society;

and I related to him a rencontre I had had at a masqued ball in 1819, where two ultras, (the sons of the most devoted danglers in the antechamber of Napoleon,) aided by an *ex-protégé* of the Bonaparte family, had attacked me with more Bourbonite zeal than gallantry; and had availed themselves to the utmost of the privilege of the mask.—"That," said the party addressed, "that was the eagerness of *girouettism*, so anxious in 1819 to distinguish its questionable loyalty, no matter how. It is now toned down by a prevailing liberality, and by the natural subsidence of all exaggerations."

"Such strange things take place every day," I replied, "that I should not be surprised to find, on my return home, that *Monsieur de Martignac* had written himself down at my door; or that the minister of marine, my neighbour, (who is one of the best speakers I think in the chambers,) should invite me to his Tuesday assemblies; nay, that the king himself should smile on me as he passes my window, and that I

should exclaim with Madame de Sévigné, after a similar favour—"*Le roi est le plus grand roi du monde.*"

"And why not, madame?" replied my liberal royalist; "to be a faithful partisan of the august house of Bourbon, is it necessary to be childishly intolerant? I am a Bourbonist by inheritance and by devotion; but I am also a Frenchman, and of that French party more especially, which (loving the king, but detesting Jesuitism) is royalist according to the *charte*, and not according to the *Congregation.*"

I opened my eyes! and was opening my mouth to ask something relative to this same Congregation, when the first touch of Rossini's inspired finger on the piano silenced every other sound; and the voices of two of the prettiest women* in France, "breathing and stealing"

* The Comtesses de Spar and Goussard, who, with the Comtesse de Merlin, are, perhaps, the finest amateur singers in Europe.

inspiration from his most wondrous accompaniment, awakened sensations worth all the politics that were ever discussed. Still this "Congregation" lay tossing in my memory for future inquiry; and after talking over with people of all classes and forms of opinion, the sum of its history (under correction) appears to be as follows.

THE "CONGREGATION."*

JESUITISM, in a religious sense, and as it is applied to a monkish order, is a mere name in

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* Among the many writers who have attacked the Jesuits, Le Comte de Montlosier has attracted the most universal attention, by the spirit and talent with which his "*Mémoire à consulter*," has exposed their designs. Foreseeing the loss of his pension, as a certain consequence of this publication, he was desirous of preparing his son for the change in the circumstances of the family. With this intention, he caused a splendid dinner to be served; but at the moment when the parties sat down to table, the servants carried off the viands, and replaced them by an omelette, some

France. It serves to amuse a few idle old women of either sex, and to occupy a few feeble young ones, who belong to the confraternities of the holy heart, or to convents which are under the influence of the brotherhood of Ignatius. But jesuitism, as that most ingenious and fearful system has ever been applied, both in the old and

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cheese, and brown bread. This moral, in action, was explained in a brief address, in which the parent spoke of the comparative indigence which must result from the step he was about to take; and added, that he had too high an opinion of his child, to fear that he could repine at his father's having acted in obedience to the dictates of his conscience.

Monsieur Montlosier is a rigid Catholic, and his attack on the Jesuits, the Congregation, and ultramontanism, was wholly in the interests of religion: " Il annonçait vouloir défendre la religion et le trône contre un plan religieux et politique tendant à les renverser; les Jesuites et tout ce que leur est attaché par intérêt et par ambition virent bien que c'était à eux que Monsieur Montlosier allait s'attaquer: on en tressaillit de St. Acheul au Vatican."—*Notice sur Le Comte Montlosier devant son ouvrage " Des Mystères de la Vie Humaine."*

recent times, to politics, is still making a stand, with a tenacity and perseverance which are its peculiar characteristics. The resuscitation of the system began openly to manifest itself about ten years back; since which period, two principles or powers have disputed the direction of public opinion and government: the one, open, legal, constitutional, susceptible; indeed, of the errors incidental to humanity, but enlightened by discussion, by the press, and by the habits connected with representative government;—the other, fraudulent, fanatic, and intriguing, is essentially false, and, like all other fraudulent combinations, it rejoices in darkness, because its deeds are evil. The first party consists *only* of the nation, of that mass that, under the old *regime* was trodden to the earth, to which it was bound in feodal servitude; that was despised, wronged, and ridiculed, as the *tiers état*,—of the men of liberal professions, of commerce, of letters, and science, who were virtually included in the territorial catalogues, among the live stock which

gave value to the lands of the aristocracy. This party is, in France, called the *parti* (or *pouvoir*) *parlementaire*. Its opponents, mounted upon the old springs of jesuit machinery, as it existed in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, struggling to bring back Europe to its old position, compromising the throne they affect to uphold, and mystifying the nation they affect to instruct, are moved by the Congregation. This association has enrolled in its band the fragments of the ultras of 1815 and 1816, (all at least who have not deserted the Bourbons for Père la Chaise, that most successful recruiter for *girouettes*;) together with the whole phalanx of ministerial dependants, maires, préfets, bishops, and curés, and the candidates for and expectants of similar offices. These two parties, so unequal in numerical strength, and in moral and political force, were brought into close contact in the chamber of deputies. The Congregation, fortified by royal favour, reigned there with a majority of more than 130 *affiliés*, backed by

place, pension, honours, and the whole influence of Villèle: the nation, supported only by the incorruptibility of the electors, and the firmness of the *côté gauche*, were repeatedly beaten, but as often returned to the charge. After a lapse of five years, the force of public opinion prevailed, and the Congregation gave way. Monsieur de Villèle fell not by a private stab, as in the times of the Richelieus, but by the public voice; and he cannot return to power without a tocsin being sounded, which will warn the nation to rise in defence of its interests. But should France thus be called on—should it again be forced to rise—should the folly, the feebleness, the fanaticism of the Congregation urge the sovereign on the rocks of a *coup d'etat*, why then let him have his post-horses ready, and a courier dispatched to give orders for the airing of the royal apartments at Hartwell or at Ghent, too happy if he be not reduced like Macbeth, to declare, that

" There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here."

PERFUMERY.—MAGAZIN DE FELIX HOUBIGANT-CHARDIN.

No one should leave Paris, without visiting that "spicy Araby" of sweet odours, the Magazin of the Sieur Felix Houbigant-Chardin, in the Rue St. Honoré. I passed an hour there, this morning, in an atmosphere that penetrated to the very imagination, and sent me home with ideas as *musquées* as my person. There is a philosophy in odours, if one knew how to extract it; attars and essences apply to the mind with considerable influence, through the most susceptible, but capricious of the senses. A Roman lady very literally "dies of a rose in aromatic

pain," and swoons at the aspect of a bunch of flowers; while she inhales with indifference the steams of the *immondezzaio* piled up under her casement. A *petite maîtresse* of Billingsgate, or "les Halles," perhaps might faint at the effluvia of an Hottentot toilet.

In the middle ages, and even down to the times of the Bourbons and the Stuarts, the absence of personal cleanliness and domestic purity rendered artificial odours indispensable; and "sweet bags," perfumed pillows, and scented gloves, breathing of rue, rosemary, cinnamon, and cedar, like a box from the *Fonderia of Santa Maria Novella*, in Florence, were indices of the barbarity of a people, to whom the first duty of civilization was unknown.

The hero of the Fronde, and traitor to all parties, the gallant Prince de Condé, was so notorious for neglecting his person, that Mademoiselle cites him in her memoirs, as past endurance; and talks of his uncombed hair, and untied cravat, with other less supportable slovenlinesses.

She herself, however, was apt to lapse into similar faults; and she gives a description of her personal disorder in going in the "*carrosse de la Reine*," as a thing of frequent occurrence, and even of boast, when not in her state toilet.

In the old times, apartments strewed with rushes, rarely removed, or *parquets* never washed, tapestries that received the dust of ages, hangings inaccessible to purification, and filthy feathers nodding over canopies as filthy, with princes and princesses too dignified to wash their hands, required at least an "ounce of civet, good apothecary," to cleanse the foul imagination of the visitor; and they must have given occasion for a love of perfumery, more overwhelming than modern nerves can well relish. Cardinal Mazarin, who, in his quality both of priest and Italian, could not have been particular in such matters, (for it is unnecessary to observe that dirt was a dogma of that religion of which the *pic-puces* were the ministers,) used to joke Anne of Austria for her love of perfumery. He was

accustomed to say, that bad smells would be her punishment in the other world; and really I think they might suffice for any moderate iniquity, short of the "seven deadlies."

As personal purity has increased, the intensity of the fashionable perfumery has lessened; and the verity of the axiom been more generally acknowledged, that they who are without odour, are the sweetest. There is a wide interval between the musky sweet bags of the olden times, and the essences *de Mousseline* and *Resida* of the present day. In 1816 the French had scarcely got further in the progress of perfumery than the *eau de Chipre* and *Millesfleurs;* and the *eau de Cologne* (or, as the lady's maids call it, eau de Cŏloān) was still in high vogue. In the actual state of illumination, *eau de Cologne* is banished to the medicine chest, with lavender drops and cardamom tincture. Instead of bathing the handkerchief, its ministry is confined to bathing bruises, and dissipating headachs. By the bye, *we* Parisians do not bathe our handkerchiefs now

with any thing. The most delicate perfume thus conveyed, would be deemed too strong and coarse for modern *romantic* nerves. The process of perfuming an handkerchief is more elaborately scientific, and marks the spirit of the age: as such, it cannot fail to interest posterity; and I record it, as a matter of conscience, even though it should never "reach its address."

Take a dozen embroidered cobwebs, such as some "*araignée du voisinage*"* might weave for the reticule of Queen Mab, and place them in the pocket of an elegant *porte-mouchoir*, which must not be of any of the old fashioned prismatic colours; but, (as "*La Mode*" phrases it,) "*du couleur le plus nouveau.*"† Into the cover of this elegant and indispensable superfluity, the delicate odours are to be quilted, which communicate a just perceptible atmosphere; (that is to say, an atmosphere perceptible to the practised olfactories of enlightened nerves;) and which mingling

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* "Neighbouring spider." † "The newest hue."

with the freshness of the last spring-water rince of the laundry, renders the application of the handkerchief to the face a "perfect pleasure." This receipt I give almost in the very words of the *merveilleux* from whom I had it; and who inveighed with more eloquence than I can hope to convey in writing, against the pints of lavender water which English ladies scatter on their handkerchiefs, giving their opera box the smell of an apothecary's shop, or an Irish whiskey house.*

With reference to this taste of civilization (the quality of the perfume) the magazin of Monsieur Chardin is two centuries in advance of the essences of the Fonderia of Florence. Both however are to be consulted as historical monuments: the one illustrating the *charte;* the other, a comment on the legislation of that holy alliance; which, among other equivocal works, has re-established

* That is, when the spirit predominates (no uncommon case) over the lavender.

the laboratory of the monks of St. Dominic, in its monopoly of "*questi odori gratissimi che con il loro spirito, hanno virtù singolare di confortare e fortificare i tre spiriti, il naturale, l'animale ed il vitale; siccome ricreano ammirabilmente la testa, corroborando il cerebro, e risvegliando la mente.*"* There is no taste so frivolous, but it has its philosophy.

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* If this "choice Italian" of the monks of St. Dominic require translation, the following is their "own choice English," and may be depended on as faithful:—

"These are most grateful Odours or Pesfumes, that "powerfully cherisch, confirm et fortify, the natural, the "animal and the Vital Sipirits; they also recreate and en- "liven all the parts ot the Head, strengthening te Brain, "quinckening the Apprehension, and preserving the Me- "mory."

THE COUNT DE TRACY.

"Destutt de Tracy," says the venerable Jefferson, in his admirable letters to John Adams, "is, in my judgment, one of the ablest writers on intellectual subjects. His three octavo volumes of ideology,*

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* They now form five volumes. Ideology, the science of ideas, comprehends the whole round of moral philosophy. The phenomena of sensations and volitions, grammar, logic, morality, government, and political œconomy, form a series of dependent facts distinct from those which belong to physical science, and embrace a circle, which has been called ideology, to distinguish it from metaphysics, or *à priori* speculations concerning mind.

which constitute the foundation of what he has since written, I have not entirely read, because I am not fond of reading what is merely abstract and unapplied immediately to some useful science. Bonaparte, with his repeated derisions of ideologists, squinting at this author, has, by this time, felt that true wisdom does not lie in mere practice, without principle. The next work De Tracy wrote was his Commentary on Montesquieu; although called a Commentary, it is, in truth, an elementary work, on the principles of government. He has lately published a third work, on political œconomy, in which all its principles are demonstrated, with the severity of Euclid, and, like him, without ever using a superfluous word."—*Memoirs and Correspondence of T. Jefferson*, vol. iv. p. 305.

THE COUNT DESTUTT DE TRACY, the champion of positive ideas, the subtile analyst of mental philosophy, the commentator and developer of Locke, is, in England, more celebrated than known; because his writings have swept away more of the cobwebs of sophistry from moral science than suits the interests of those who dictate opinions

to those most confiding and indolent of half-thinkers, the larger portion of the British public. This is not precisely the place to enter upon abstract points of philosophy, nor, if it were, am I competent to illustrate the views which De Tracy has taken of the all important subjects of which he has treated. It is, however, sufficient to say that he has, in his writings on mind, followed and extended the method of the immortal author of the Essay on the Human Understanding, and has admitted no position into the category of science, which is not more or less directly referable to observed fact. He has endeavoured, and more successfully than his predecessors, to redeem his subject from the inconclusive vagueness and *verbiage* of the old metaphysicians, and to introduce into moral philosophy the Baconian method, which has given such gigantic proportions, and such immutable certainty to the natural sciences. Considering the mental operations as phenomena, equally susceptible of being observed and appreciated as any other functions of the organiza-

tion, he has applied his singularly acute and lucid intellect to their enumeration and analysis; and, laying on one side all hypothetical reasonings, he has fixed the boundaries between the demonstrable portion of psychology, and that which must ever remain conjectural, and incapable of proof. His style is simple and clear, to transparency; and notwithstanding the abstruseness of his subject, (abstruse, when treated by the writers of the old school,) his works are easy reading, even to the least initiated in such studies. They must, therefore, be ranked as classical; and as they mark an epoch in French literature, so they will, in all probability, maintain their place and reputation as a necessary part of educational study, unless some unforeseen revolution in knowledge should wholly supersede all that is at present known concerning the matters he discusses.

Monsieur de Tracy is one of those rare and estimable persons in whom the accident of birth has not determined the nature and character of

their political and philosophical opinions. He has inherited from his ancestors none of that invincible prejudice and indomitable hostility to popular rights and popular reasonings which attach so closely to the generality of the members of the privileged classes in France. All his writings breathe a warm, and even enthusiastic love of his species; and his commentary on Montesquieu may be consulted with advantage by all the advocates of good government, and the happiness of the greatest number.

There are certain positions, and, above all, certain celebrities in society, to which the mind necessarily attaches certain ideas—ideas which are not to be shaken off, however often refuted by individual experience. When we approach the cell of the sage, or the study of the philosopher, we feel a certain reverential awe that communicates itself even to our movements. I thought, therefore, that I was unconscionably late, the night I visited a person of the Count de Tracy's advanced age and character, a conscript father of

the House of Peers, and the most profound of moral philosophers. But there was no getting away from Monsieur de Ségur's, whose society and conversation make one forget "all seasons and their changes." Yet it was a point to visit, on the same evening, the most brilliant remaining *littérateur*, and the most celebrated metaphysician of the last century;—to say nothing of a *rendezvous* with Lafayette. As we passed through the antechamber, and entered the first salon, I was surprised to catch the sound of, what the prim brothers of the lady in Comus, too precisely call "ill-managed mirth"—mirth that exploded in joyous peals of laughter, coming from the heart of the youthful. The room was almost impassable. Its centre was occupied by a circle of young persons of both sexes, (the grandchildren of De Tracy and of Lafayette,) with their friends; among whom were some juvenile Americans. In the midst of this group stood Lafayette, legislating for some complex case in the law of forfeits, for which purpose he had

been called away from another group in a distant part of the room, composed of Benjamin de Constant, the Ternaux, Perriers, Monsieur Victor de Tracy, and other *notables* of the *côté gauche* of both chambers; whose conversation was not in the least disturbed by the joyous party, no less intent on their small plays, than the seniors were on the great game of political life, which *they* were discussing. My own dear little relation, who accompanied me, was received into this happy party, as though she had been as old a friend of its members as her aunt; and I left her, in a moment, as busily occupied in the mysteries of *le mot à double sens*, as if the acquaintance of a minute had been the friendship of a century. Oh! youth, youth!

"Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Its tears and its sighs are worth evening's best smiles!"

The Count de Tracy was seated between two extremely pretty and fashionable women. Several

distinguished foreigners were dispersed through the room. The Count's excellent daughter, Madame George Lafayette, presided at the tea-table; and the elegant Madame Victor de Tracy, his daughter-in-law, was doing the honours to some female strangers in another part of the salon.

The assemblies of Monsieur de Tracy, which occur weekly during the season, are among the most select and remarkable in Paris. Inaccessible to common-place mediocrity and pushing pretension, their visitor must be ticketted in some way or other to obtain a presentation. We found our celebrated host much declined in health and strength. His fine intellect, however, was unaltered, and his conversation full of interest and information. Still there hangs a shade over his spirits, a feeling consciousness of impaired powers, which none but himself perceives, and which, I believe, is peculiar to persons of genius and of strong character in old age. It is rarely found in the senility of the dull and the ordi-

nary. Self-occupied from the cradle to the tomb, their mechanical flutter, in advanced life, is but a continuance of the heartless vivacity of their youth. What capabilities to please others we must possess, before we become dissatisfied with ourselves!—We endeavoured to argue the Count out of his conviction of being greatly changed since we last saw him; but it is to no purpose that we preach to feeling: so we got upon other subjects, which drew him out to talk, in a manner that was the best refutation of his opinion of himself. We talked of modern literature and philosophy, of the *romanticists* and *classicists*. Like all the men of a higher order of intellect, in France, he is of no school but that of truth. He has studied in all; and acknowledges the spell of talent wherever he finds it. I spoke of a young man with whom I had lately conversed, and who talked lightly of Voltaire's genius. "That," he replied, "is an opinion of a party, or rather, a *mode de secte*. I had," he said, "an academic dispute on the subject with poor Auger,

a few days before he drowned himself. At a sitting of the Institute he had read us a paper on Voltaire, which he intended for a biographical work, and in which he treated the first writer, the greatest and most universal genius that France ever produced, as a clever school-boy, amusing, but superficial; and talked of his having 'some grace in his style.' I was then suffering under a complication of maladies—I was very ill; but indignation gave me strength; and to the best of my poor ability, I defended the man (who will want no defence with posterity) against one of those ephemeral attacks which are already forgotten. I replied, with more warmth, perhaps, than such an attack could deserve; but to hear the author of 'Mahomet,' of the 'Henriade,' of 'Candide,' and of those admirable volumes of correspondence, equally remarkable for their playful wit and their philosophy, complimented for possessing 'some grace!' and this, too, by a Monsieur Auger!—it was difficult to be calm."

"And who is Monsieur Auger?" I asked, "I

know nothing of him. His name has not yet crossed the Channel." He answered me by a quotation from '*L'Hypocrisie*' of Voltaire. It was quite fine to see the Locke of his age and country, thus suddenly forgetting his infirmities in a burst of generous displeasure against the folly and presumption of obscure mediocrity, in thus undervaluing a genius, upon which the public has definitively decided.* Voltaire is the

* This opinion, which prevails chiefly among the younger literati of Paris, is derived partly from the present age having got so far the start of the last, and partly by a reaction produced by the obvious effort to restore a veneration for whatever is old. The classicists hold nothing perfect that is more recent than Louis XIV.; and the romanticist revenges himself by denying merit to all that is older than his own times. That clause also of the Charte, which excludes men under forty from the Chamber of Deputies, has produced a schism between the young and the old, which powerfully modifies the sentiments of individuals. The nation at large, however, of all ages and sects, are still true to their worship of Voltaire; a worship that has been almost inflamed to fanaticism by the violence of the *parti-prêtre* against his works and memory.

author whose renown will survive that of all the writers who flourished with him. "We shall see what the present age will produce; at least our posterity will; but as yet he has the most voices with him. The numberless editions which are daily teeming from the press, of all sizes and prices, exceed all that has ever been achieved of popularity by any writer, in any country."

Ye classicists and romanticists of the nineteenth century—which of you will do this? We talked of the new school of philosophy. The school of Monsieur Cousin is not that of the Count de Tracy; but, oh! what indulgence, what toleration, what justice and impartiality, with respect to the talents, the merits, and the spirit of the young philosopher! "*Au reste*," he said, when we pressed him a little too closely for his sentiments, "I can give you no very decided opinion, for I do not understand my author. *Il faut entendre, au moins pour juger;* and I must answer your question like the man in the comedy:

" Que penzez-vous, monsieur, de cette auteur?
Je pense, madame, qu'il est—fort à-la-mode."

If simplicity be the true test of genius, it exists in the person and manners of Monsieur de Tracy, in its most winning and amiable form; uniting the frankness and honesty of Franklin with all the ease and polish of the French gentleman of the old school; gay, cheerful, and affectionate in his domestic intercourse, his private virtues are as respectable as his public character is exalted. In his own person he illustrates by irrefutable example, that the highest order of intellect is the best adapted to the practice of the purest morality. It is in fact an error as unfounded as it is mischievous, to suppose that there exists a natural connexion between genius and irregularity. The Miltons, the Lockes, the Newtons, the Benthams, and the De Tracys, are undeniable witnesses to the contrary.

At the weekly assemblies of this excellent and eminent man, and his charming family, we were

constant attendants, during our residence in Paris; and it was with feelings of sincere regret that we took leave of one, whose advanced age, coupled with the uncertainty of our early return to France, made it so doubtful whether we should ever again enjoy his society. The Count de Tracy, notwithstanding his growing infirmities, is constant in his attendance at the chamber of peers, whenever a question of major importance requires the benefit of his talents and vote. It is unnecessary to add, that the friend and kinsman of Lafayette has, throughout the revolution, been a firm and consistent supporter of liberal principles.

BALL AT THE ENGLISH EMBASSY.

"Que d'objets, que de gens, inconnus jusqu'alors,
Tous les ambassadeurs, des maréchaux, des lords;
Des artistes, la fleur de la littérature!
Des femmes, quel éclat, quel goût dans leur parure—
Dieu! les beaux diamans!" *Ecole de Vieillards.**

On the first burst of this magnificent assembly on my dazzled eyes, I felt pretty much as *Hor-*

* "What a scene, and what faces one ne'er saw before,
Lords, marshals, ambassadors, princes *galore*;
Romanticists, classicists, blue stocking peers,
With artists, in *virtù* steep'd up to the ears!
Then the women! what splendour and taste in their finery,
And, ye gods! what fine diamonds, all glitter and shinery."

tense is supposed to do, when she gives vent to her feelings in the above quoted exclamations. There is nothing in the world like these diplomatic balls on the continent, for brilliancy and the gathering of strange and remarkable people; and this, upon the whole, was one of the most splendid and picturesque I ever saw. It was given in honour of the king's birthday, (the king of England's *s'entend*). All the great authorities were in grand costume; and the rest of the company in full court dresses, except that the women did not wear trains, and that court plumes were not *de rigueur*. The representatives of all the nations of the civilized world, each in his national or professional dress, afforded a curious and interesting spectacle, on which philosophy itself might have gazed, without reproach.

It was a *bal costumé*, to which ages lent their assistance; and imagination could scarcely have added a trait to the picturesque effect of the diplomatic masquerade in which past and present

times combined to add diversity and rarity. The most striking group was that formed by the Austrian embassy, splendidly attired in ancient historical costumes; with a numerous troop of *attachés*, the *élite* of the gay, the gallant youth of their country, in all the gorgeous pageantry of the middle ages. When his Austrian excellence was announced, how I started, with all the weight of Aulic proscription on my head. The representative of the long-armed monarch of Hapsburg so near me,—of him, who, could he only once get his fidgetty fingers on my little neck, would give it a twist, that would save his custom-house officers all future trouble of breaking carriages and harassing travellers, in search of the pestilent writings of "Ladi Morgan." I did not breathe freely, till his excellency had passed on with his glittering train, into the illuminated conservatory, and was lost in a wilderness of flowering shrubs and orange trees. Other visions as bright, but less startling, succeeded, appearing and disappearing with a ra-

pidity, that added to the illusion of the scene, till the opening of the ball left the reception room clear and cool, and gave me time and opportunity to look around at the changes impressed on the mansion, since I had last seen it, some dozen years or so gone by.

All here, as elsewhere was altered, totally altered; the room I was in, was still that where Pauline Bonaparte, Princess Borghese, had figured in such loveliness and fortune; but all the *alentours* of her favourite apartment, which were, on my last visit, as fresh as when she had left them, had vanished. The canopy of her superb bed, the hue and form of her magnificent furniture, like her beautiful self, were gone, and left no wreck behind, save in the memory of the beholders. The hotel had been newly and entirely fitted up by its present tasteful and elegant tenant, with a splendor chastened by simplicity, and an admirable adaptation and harmony of its hues and ornaments. The pompous and cumbrous extravagance of decoration, substituted by Napoleon for

the republican simplicity of the half-furnished apartments of the first consul (rich and sumptuous as it was) was far inferior to the taste, accommodation, and enjoyment (if I may use the term) of the style of furnishing, which prevails in the present day. The conservatory alone, (a creation of Lady Stuart,) and its illumination, were worth all that had preceded it, on a site, where the imperial treasures were permitted to flow with unrestrained profusion: but the mines of Golconda cannot purchase taste, that slow product of time, experiment, and the full developement of all the arts. "Barbaric pomp and gold" are the results of the first attempts at civilization, preceding the homelier but more important arts, which constitute the comfort of nations; but the discovery, that state is not incompatible with enjoyment, and that true luxury is ease, is among the last refinements of regal and aristocratic ingenuity.

While I was thus occupied in noting the operations of time and change, since my last visit

to the embassy, one was announced, unchanged, and it should almost seem unchangeable—the Prince Talleyrand. It was the same impassible countenance that I had seen at the Duchesse de Berri's marriage; and were I now to describe it, I could but repeat the very phrase which I then employed, "*jamais visage ne fut moins baromètre.*"* The youthful had passed their prime, the manly and the vigorous had dropped into caducity; the reigning beauties who, on this spot, had sought to conquer the nation's conqueror, had given place to successors, who in their turn already were learning that their tenure is not eternal; but Talleyrand was still the same, an *unchanging* monument of the *mutability* of all things around him.

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* "Never was there a countenance so little the barometer of the feelings."

THE COUNT DE SÉGUR.

We have just returned from a delightful dinner at the Count de Ségur's. In France the "*où je dine, je reste,*" of Madame du Deffand's English bore, is a rare event. A dinner party, in Paris, always breaks up with the *chasse cafe*, for the rest of the evening would be too short for the multifarious claims made on its hours by pleasure, were it "as long as Lapland nights, when nights are longest there." But when one goes to such societies as that of Monsieur de Ségur, where one is seated at his round table of eight, where every word that falls, would form the

redemption of an *Ana*, or swell the note book of the historian,—where the careless pleasantry of not unconscious wit is indulged with the certainty of a congenial auditory, and names marked by every species of celebrity, both of past and present times, give confidence to every effusion of gaiety or of philosophy,—the fearful words of the *facheux* are forgotten, and one willingly remains to "the last syllable of time," which the late habits of Paris accord to every society. With what a pleasant emotion of surprise, curiosity, and admiration, I first met Monsieur de Ségur, in 1816, at a *déjeûné à la fourchette*, given us by Denon, in his splendid apartments on the *Quai Voltaire*. Monsieur de S. had not then made his new claims upon public interest, by the vivacious and simple relations of that most varied and important life, which have since come forth in his own elegant and most amusing memoirs: but I knew enough of the literature and politics of the latter part of the last century, to be aware with what success and celebrity he

had mingled in its business and in its pleasures. The son of the gallant Maréchal de Ségur, the brother of one of the most brilliant wits of France, the father of the best military historian of the present day, the uncle of the illustrious Lafayette, and the companion of his striking campaigns in America, the most successful diplomatist of his time, the ambassador of Louis the Sixteenth to Russia, Prussia, and Rome, the friend and travelling companion of Catherine of Russia, of the Emperor Joseph, of Frederick of Prussia, (a striking evidence, by the bye, of the possibility of the highest intellect occupying the highest places under false and baneful institutions, with little benefit to mankind,) and one of the most classical and voluminous writers of modern France—had claims upon the attention of an educated stranger, which must have rendered him an especial object of interest in any circle, however brilliant. I soon discovered that he was also one of the most agreeable and amiable persons (in the strictest sense of those

charming epithets,) that I had ever met, in any society, at home or abroad.

He was then accompanied by his late estimable and admirable wife; and though both were struggling under one of the most striking reverses of fortune, which, even in this age of strange transitions, have struck down a brilliant prosperity to the very extreme of adversity, yet the talents which had charmed and mastered the astute policy of Catherine, the spirit which had fled the pleasurable pavilions of Versailles, for the desolation of the wilderness and the perils of the camp, and the graces which called the ex-minister of the Bourbons to preside over the imperial court of the modern Charlemagne, were in that gloomy and doubtful moment, in their fullest force and activity.

From the date of this first introduction to the present moment, when I am come fresh from the charm of his society, I have owed to the friendship and abilities of Monsieur de Ségur, an increasing sum of obligation, which, whether bor-

rowed from his society, or his works, has contributed largely to the pleasure and instruction of my life.

The last books I read, before leaving Ireland, (and it was for the second time,) had been the first three volumes of his own memoirs; but notwithstanding the spirit and grace with which they are written, I almost feared our first interview. The head of the noble tree was evidently still green and vigorous; but its trunk and branches, and all the external signs of preservation, might but too probably have yielded under the attacks of malady, on a frail and failing constitution. Since we had last met, Monsieur de Ségur had sustained severe domestic afflictions, and he was now seventy-seven. I waited, therefore, till my husband had visited him, and reported to me the state of his health, that I might not come upon him in all the redundancy of my own newly-kindled excitements, and with spirits too exuberant, perhaps, to be in harmony with his own. My husband found him going

to the House of Peers, of which he is a diligent member; and a cordial recognition, an English shake of the hand, and an intimation that he received company every evening, set apprehension at rest.

If there is a country in the world where age should retreat, to wear out its brief remains of existence, and die in the midst of enjoyment, it is France; for there intellect, and what the French term "*esprit*," (which are of all ages,) are the qualities most prized; and friendship is the sentiment the most inherent and influential. We found Monsieur de Ségur surrounded by old and young friends, by some of the liveliest and loveliest women of the capital. His male company was chiefly composed of the liberal members of the House of Peers, general officers *en retraite*, (men whose names were well known in the *fasti* of the heroic age of France,) and authors of confirmed celebrity. This society was perpetually changing during the hours of our visit; the grey heads of the aged, and the "*cha-*

poeux fleuris" of the young succeeding and mingling, and giving interest to a circle, whose great charm, (after the object round which it moves,) is, that it is made up of no one party, sect, or faction in politics, literature, or philosophy. It is sufficient to have merit, agreeability, or the claims of old acquaintance, to belong to it; but, truth to tell, it is still so far exclusive, that what Madame Roland calls "*l'universelle mediocrité*," gains no admission there.

What a delightful existence we found Monsieur de S. enjoying! and yet, over our meeting, time and death had thrown their deepest shades.—His once beautiful person, still so distinguished by its *air de grand Seigneur*, was much changed since we had last seen him; though his sight was considerably improved, and his toilet was as *soignée*, and his smile as benignant as ever. After our first salutation and inquiries were over, two images fixed my attention, which saddened the conversation. Immediately opposite his habitual seat was a fine picture of Madame de

Ségur, who had died the year before, and whom we had left in health and spirits: a little bust of our mutual friend, Denon, was on the chimney-piece.

Interpreting our looks, he observed, "yes, two dear friends are gone since we last met. That is a fine picture; it is painted by my old friend, Madame Le Brun; who, thank God, is alive and wonderfully well." After a moment's silence, he continued,—"'tis very like! and it is all that remains of fifty years of the most perfect friendship of which I know any example. Not only there was not a single disagreement between us upon general subjects of literature, politics, or private affairs, but (he added with emphasis) *pas le moindre nuage domestique, pas même une différence d'opinion dans les détails du ménage.** The loss of such a friend, such a companion, such a secretary, is not to be esti-

* "Not a domestic cloud, not a difference of opinion concerning the every-day details of the family."

mated—would not be endurable, if there was much of life left to indulge in vain regrets. What comfort and support she was to me under my great calamities! When you were in France, she was my amanuensis, and wrote the whole of my 'Universal History,' under my dictation; for I was then almost blind. And, poor Denon, too, your chevalier, and my oldest friend, after my nephew Lafayette, and De Tracy. Two days before his death he dropped in here, at a late hour; as young as you knew him. He was in the highest health and spirits, and full of engagements to English dinners and French assemblies. I said, 'no matter what your engagements are, you must dine with me the day after to-morrow. *C'est la fête de Madame de Ségur.*' He replied that he would not fail; and he went off to Madame d'H——, to consult on a birth-day present for my wife. The day arrived, and while we were waiting for him, the frightful intelligence was brought us, that he was no more."

To change the conversation, which was be-

coming too painful to spirits susceptible of every impression, my husband talked to him of his *Mémoires*, of which he could not say more laudatory things than we both thought.

Monsieur Ségur replied that he had written, to the best of his conviction, in the spirit of veracity, and the most perfect impartiality towards all parties: *that* was his merit.

"But when shall we have the fourth volume?"

He shook his head, and said—"This is not the moment. Come what come may, I never will write against my conviction; and whenever I shall speak of that great man to whom I owed so much, I shall say what I believe to be the truth." He alluded to Napoleon.

There is an absence of pretension and a noble simplicity in the higher order of genius, which, with the superficial, is apt to detract from that admiration which great minds ought to inspire; and the philosophy of Frenchmen is of so tranquil and unobtrusive a cast, that it passes current

with the world, rather for the absence of feeling than for its mastery. But to the view of observers of more penetration, there is in the unaffected cheerfulness and calm serenity of such characters as Monsieur de Ségur, something infinitely exalted above the bullying impassibility of the ancient Stoics, their hard morality, and wordy boasting. This high-born nobleman, statesman, author, and courtier; the inheritor of a great name, the once-possessor of vast paternal and acquired wealth, of which scarcely any thing remains, borne down by domestic misfortunes, and worn by painful maladies, exhibits, in the decline of his life and fortunes, the same grace and cheerfulness, the same wit and amiability, which in the plenitude of youth, health, and worldly grandeur, had charmed successive sovereigns, and animated circles the most polished and refined. True it is, that of all countries, France is that in which reverses of fortune should be the most lightly felt, because there, the man and not his means are the objects

of public consideration and private esteem: but even where inequality of condition is least perceptible, and where opinion enters for nothing in the privations attendant upon great reverses, enough remains to task all the energies even of superior minds, to sustain them with dignity and ease. How frequently are the feelings pained, and the imagination disappointed, by the morosity, the complainings, and the egotism of the declining hours of men, whose intellectual energies have in the prime of life illumined the understanding, or wielded the destinies of mighty nations? With such recollections present in my memory, I have, in the modest apartments of the Rue Duphot, and in the presence of their highly-gifted inhabitant, more than once pondered, with an admiration not unmixed with envy, on the geniality of the French temperament, and the practical philosophy of the French character, there so charmingly illustrated.

ROMANTICISTS AND CLASSICISTS.

"Lady Morgan despises Racine: to be sure, he was guilty in her eyes of the atrocious offence of piety; and for this, she more than sneers at his imbecility. But her rage against his memory is carried so far, that, in defiance of the unanimous voice of France, the assent of all Europe, and in contempt of a century of fame, she has the audacity to pronounce him no poet."

Quarterly Review, 1817.

I DESPISE Racine because he was pious!

"Ciel! que de vertus vous me faites haïr!"

I judged Racine then, as I do now, after my

own impressions; I preferred Shakspeare, and I avowed the preference. I thought the works of Racine, whose genius I never disputed, belonged to his age, and not to ours; and I think so still. A French critic of some tact (to use a phrase of his own) was of my opinion. "*Bien que Racine ait accompli des chefs-d'œuvre en eux-mêmes,*" said Napoleon, "*il y a répandu néanmoins une perpetuelle fadeur, un éternel amour, et son ton doucereux, son fastidieux entourage; mais ce n'était pas précisément sa faute; c'était le vice et les mœurs du temps.*"* But, with respect to the unanimous voice of France, I have some reason to think that it is now with me; or at least that it soon will be, at the rate at which opinion is changing in this particular.

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* "Notwithstanding that Racine has composed works which are chefs-d'œuvre in themselves, yet he has spread through them a perpetual feebleness, an eternal love-making, his peculiar puny precise tone and pomposity of circumstance. This is not so much his fault as the vice and manners of the times."—*Las Cases*. Part vii. page 197.

This morning, as I was looking over the "*affiches*" of the theatre, in doubt to which of them we should go, (having, through the gallantry of new friends and the kindness of old, boxes assigned us in several,) a young gentleman, to whom we had been presented the previous evening, called "*pour faire ses hommages.*" There was something of an *exalté* in his air, in his open shirt-collar, black head, and wild and melancholy look, that had engaged my attention the night before; and this, together with one or two paradoxical opinions which I heard him let fall, made me glad to see him again; for, like Madame de Sévigné, I hate "*les gens qui ont toujours raison.*"

As I have too little time left to waste on forms and ceremonies, even with strangers, I cut short "*les hommages*" and "*devoirs*" of my new friend, by telling him he should chuse for me the theatre to which I should go, and that he should have a place in a box if he liked it, to reward his trouble. He accepted both offers with eager-

ness; and, running his eye over the list of the theatres and their respective performances, I saw him fillip his finger and shake his head at the *Français*, which announced a tragedy of Racine's—I think *L'Iphigenie*.

I took this movement for an epigram levelled at my published opinions on the god of French idolatry: "I see," I said, "that I am never to be forgiven. You French are good literary haters; but come, I *will* go this evening to the Français, and put my old opinions to the test of new impressions. Every thing changes in this world; and I, who slept over the monologues of Phêdre in 1816, may, in 1829, remain quite awake, even during an eternal speech of that proser Ulysses, who has lost nothing of his ancient disposition to loquacity in the hands of the French poet: so, if you please, it shall be the *Français*.

"Go to the *Français*, if *I* please! *I* sit out a tragedy of Racine's! *Oh, Miladi, vous plaisantez, vous n'y penzez pas.*"

The alarmed, imploring look with which this was said, with hands clasped, and eyes uplifted, astounded me; and I remarked, "then you are of the same heresy as myself; and I am like poor Iphigenie, who

"Voyait pour elle Achille, et contre elle l'armée."

"You have with you all France," he replied, "*à quelqu'exception près.* Nobody goes to the *Français* when Racine is played now; or the few who go, do so to testify their disapprobation by hissing, as was the case with the *Athalie* the other night."

I really lost my breath. "What, not go to the *Français!* hiss Racine! Oh! this is a mystification."

"Pardon me, madame, I am serious. You may—you must go to the *Français*, but not when Racine is played; whose pieces are only given in the intervals of our great historical dramas, and in the absence of our divine tragic muse, who is now in the provinces."

"Which tragic muse?" I asked; "Mademoiselle George, or Duchesnoir?"

"Oh! no, *cela est passé comme le déluge*—I mean Mademoiselle Mars, the pearl of pearls, the Melpomene of the age!"

"Mademoiselle Mars the *tragic* muse!—the Melpomene!"

"Certainly: would you have us go on for ever with the monotonous declamations of the Champmêlés and the Clairons? for the last century, handed down traditionally to their successors."

Silent for a moment from doubt and surprise, I ventured at length to ask, "If Racine is out of fashion, in what tragedies does Mademoiselle Mars play?—In Voltaire's?"

"*Voltaire! bah! c'est un roi détrôné que ce bon Voltaire!*"*

I was now perfectly dumb-founded, and remained silent, because I had nothing to say; and yet I was dying to laugh.

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* "Voltaire! pooh! he is a dethroned monarch!"

"*Tenez, ma pauvre Miladi,*" said my new-light friend, amused at my ignorance, and touched by my embarrassment: "When you were in France, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire were still tolerated?—*n'est ce pas?*"

"Tolerated!" I repeated petulantly and "all smarting with my wounds" inflicted by the literary champions of ancient orthodoxy, the authors of some ten or a dozen different "*lettres à Miladi Morgan.*" "Tolerated?—*pardie je le crois bien.*"

"Well," he continued, "*on a changé tout celà;* we still read these authors, as we do Euripides and Æschylus; but we don't any longer go to see them acted; or rather hear them declaimed or chaunted, after the manner of church choristers."

"Then what *do* you go to hear or see?" I asked with some hesitation.

"Our great historic dramas, written not in pompous Alexandrines, but in prose, the style of truth, the language of life and nature, and com-

posed boldly, in defiance of Aristotle and Boileau. Their plot may run to any number of acts, and the time to any number of nights, months, or years; or if the author pleases, it may take in a century, or a millennium: and then, for the place, the first scene may be laid in Paris, and the last in Kamschatka. In short, France has recovered her literary liberty, and makes free use of it."

"*Oui da!*" I rejoined, a little bothered, and not knowing well what to say, but still looking very wise, "In fact, then, you take some of those liberties, that you used to laugh at, in our poor Shakspeare?"

"Your *poor* Shakspeare! your divine, immortal Shakspeare, the idol of new France!—you must see him played *textuellement* at the *Français*, and not in the diffuse and feeble parodies of Ducis."

"Shakspeare played *textuellement* at the *Français!*" I exclaimed—"*O, par exemple!*"

"Yes, certainly. Othello is now in preparation; and Hamlet and Macbeth are stock

pieces. But even your Shakspeare was far from the truth, the great truth, that the drama should represent the progress, developement, and accomplishment of the natural and moral world, without reference to time or locality. Unknown to himself, his mighty genius was mastered by the fatal prejudices and unnatural restrictions of the *perruques* of antiquity. Does nature unfold her plots in five acts? or confine her operations to three hours by the parish clock?"

"Certainly not, Monsieur; but still . . . . ."

"*Mais, mais, un moment, chère Miladi.* The drama is one great illusion of the senses, founded on facts admitted by the understanding, and presented in real life, past or present. When you give yourself up to believe that Talma was Nero, or Lafont Britannicus, or that the Rue Richelieu is the palace of the Cæsars, you admit all that at first appears to outrage possibility. Starting, then, from that point, I see no absurdity in the tragedy, which my friend Albert de S—— says he has written for the ex-

press purpose of trying how far the neglect of the unities may be carried. The title and subject of this piece is "the Creation," beginning from Chaos (and what scenery and machinery it will admit!) and ending with the French revolution; the scene, infinite space; and the time, according to the Mosaic account, some 6,000 years."

"And the protagonist, Monsieur? Surely you don't mean to revive the allegorical personages in the mysteries of the middle ages?"

"*Ah ça! pour le protagoniste, c'est le diable.* He is the only contemporaneous person in the universe that we know of, whom in these days of *cagoterie* we can venture to bring on the stage, and who could be perpetually before the scene, as a protagonist should be. He is particularly suited, by our received ideas of his energy and restlessness, for the principal character. The devil of the German patriarch's *Faust* is, after all, but a profligate casuist; and the high poetical tone of sublimity of Milton's Satan is no

less to be avoided in a delineation that has truth and nature for its inspiration. In short, the devil, the true romantic devil, must speak, as the devil would naturally speak, under the various circumstances in which his immortal ambition and ceaseless malignity may place him. In the first act, he should assume the tone of the fallen hero, which would by no means become him when in corporal possession of a Jewish epileptic, and bargaining for his *pis aller* in a herd of swine. Then again, as a leader of the army of St. Dominick, he should have a fiercer tone of bigotry and less political *finesse* than as a privy councillor in the cabinet of the Cardinal de Richelieu. At the end of the fourth act, as a guest at the table of Baron Holbach, he may even be witty; while as a minister of police, he should be precisely the devil of the schoolmen, leading his victim into temptation, and triumphing in all the petty artifices, and verbal sophistries of a bachelor of the Sorbonne. But as the march of intellect advances, this would by no means be appropri-

ate; and before the play is over, he must by turns imitate the *patelinage* of a Jesuit *à robe courte*, the pleading of a procureur général, the splendid bile of a deputy of the *côté droit*, and should even talk political economy like an article in the "Globe." But the author shall read you his piece—"*La Création! drame Historique et Romantique*, in six acts, allowing a thousand years to each act. *C'est l'homme marquant de son siècle.*

"But," said I, "I shall remain in Paris only a few weeks, and he will never get through it in so short a time."

"*Pardonnez moi, madame*, he will get through it in six nights—the time to be actually occupied by the performance; an act a night, to be distributed among the different theatres in succession, beginning at the *Français* and ending at the *Ambigu*."

I know nothing so mortifying as the doubt whether one *is* or *is not* the subject of what in England is called a hoax, and in France a *mys-*

tification. The doubt always implies ignorance of the reigning manners of the hour, whose tone of ridicule is so arbitrary. All that my young *exagéré* had said, might, in the extraordinary revolutions of taste, be true; it might equally be false—a piece of malice of the ultras, to get me to write down absurdities. Such a machination had been played off against me when I visited France in 1818; but Denon and myself descried the plot, though it was most ingeniously conducted; and the mystifiers themselves were the only parties mystified. After all, the startling things said by my romanticist, were but admitted truths travestied. It was but the amusing abuse of a doctrine, which genius of the highest order has practised, and the coolest critical judgment upheld. I was resolved, therefore, not to give way to the feeling of the moment (the sin of my sex and temperament) but to hear all opinions, creeds, and parties, before I formed an opinion for myself: so, covering my

irrepressible smiles, by taking shelter in the bouquet of hyacinths, which my gallant new acquaintance had just presented to me, I said carelessly, "Well, if I must not go to the Français, where shall it be?"

"Excuse me, you *are* to go to the Français, but not to-night. You must wait for a few days, for the return of Mademoiselle Mars, and the *reprise* of Henri III. In the sublime part of the Duchess of Guise, she draws more tears from her audience, than were ever extorted by the Clairons, or Dumesnils, with their Athalies and their Zaires. This however is the season for *les petits spectacles*, which come in with the violets and hyacinths, with English muslins and spring colours. At this moment, too, they happen to be quite the rage."

"I am delighted to hear it," I exclaimed with joyous sincerity, "for I got into all sorts of scrapes by confessing my preference for these charming little theatres, so truly national, and so

adapted to your old *gaieté gauloise*; they used to overflow, when I was last in Paris. *La foule se trouve toujours où l'on rit davantage.*" *

"Lady Morgan, what is that you say? Of what France are you talking—the old or the modern?"

A little out of humour at the pertinacity of my inquisitor, I replied, "why, I am like *Nicole* in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, '*quand je dis N, je dis N;*' and when I say France, I mean France!"

"*Eh, bien!* But in France, such as it now is, we have ceased to laugh. *Voilà nôtre epigraphe.*"

"What, not laugh in France!"

"No, indeed!—at the Français, perhaps a *little* now and then, but at the minor theatres we do nothing but cry; except when we are carried out in hysterics."

"Oh!" then you are jesting after all. But I won't be mystified, I'll judge for myself. What

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* "The multitude always flock where they laugh the most."

do they play to night at the *Gaieté*; its very name is inspiring?"

"*La Gaieté—voyons! ah! ça*—'The Plague at Marseilles.'"

"'The Plague at Marseilles,' and at *La Gaieté?* That certainly does not sound very gay."

"No; it is the most heart-breaking piece that ever harrowed the feelings of an audience. The plague of Boccaccio is broad comedy to it. How I envy you your feelings in seeing 'The Plague of Marseilles,' for the first time. You will see every symptom of that terrible infliction, from the first livid look to the last stage of decomposition. *Oui, madame, vous verrez des corps verdâtres en monceaux—les morts jetés par la fenêtre sur la scène.*'* Your hair will stand on end, your blood will run cold."

"It does, it does. If this is the popular

* "You will see heaps of putrescent bodies piled on the stage—the dead flung from the windows."

piece of the *Gaieté*, I would rather not go: but, *L'Ambigu comique?* Let us go there!"

"Not to-night. You must go there, when they play *Nostradamus*, where you will have the martyrdom of a saint, to the very life. But, for myself, I do not like these things: I prefer the pathetic to the terrible. I like the feelings to be excited by a more legitimate source of sympathy. There is a little piece to be presented shortly, that will delight you: it is called the *Poitrinaire*. Imagine the most interesting of beings the victim of consumption. You will see the progress of that most sentimental disease in all its moral and physical characteristics."

"Your authors, then, study nature in the *Hotel de Dieu?*" I said, in utter amazement.

"Not always," he replied seriously. "Sometimes they go to Charenton. A friend of mine brings out his long expected *drame*, *L'Enragé*,*

* "L'Enragé" was brought out at the *Nouveauté*. The hero bites his mistress, or somebody else, whose death forms the catastrophe of the piece.

in September. He attended a course of clinical lectures, on purpose to catch the more evanescent traits of mental alienation. He is the *Broussais* of the Drama. You see we no longer study nature exclusively in courts; nor like Racine, copy, at the dictation of a Boileau, some ignorant despot, or vainglorious king. In short, we have done with the old school, not only in writing, but in acting and declamation; and the monotony, which poor Talma laboured so hard to get rid of, that at last he sunk the verses of Racine into plain prose."

"But is there nothing amusing that you could recommend for this evening?" I asked, a little weary of this nonsense or mystification—I knew not which. "Is there nothing for Potier or Brunnet to make one die laughing?"

"Oh! Potier knows better than to make you laugh now. He goes with his age; and is much more successful in the deepest pathetic than he ever was in the risible. But you must wait for the new tragedy at the Port St. Martin, by one

of the greatest men of the day, or indeed of any times—the Plautus, Terence, Byron, and Molière united; in one word, the author of Marino Faliero, Casimir Delavigne."

"I have not yet read any of Monsieur Casimir Delavigne's works."

"*Comment donc, madame!* he is the French Byron, and he draws his inspiration from the same sources, as he tells us in his preface. But you English, I perceive, are in utter darkness as to the literature of modern France."

"As far as concerns mere *belles-lettres* literature, I fear we are. We have some adaptations of your lighter dramatic pieces, though stripped of all their colouring and nationality; and we devour your *Mémoires;* more especially all that concerns the life and times of Napoleon."

"The Life and Times of Napoleon! *perruque!* Have you not, then, read the immortal products of the romantic school? our '*poesies classico-romantiques*,' and our '*Romans romantiques?*' Have you not devoured 'Bug Jargal,' or 'Hans d'Iceland,' or 'Jean Sbogar,' or

'Jacko,' or 'Olga,' or 'L'Ipsiboe,' or——"

He paused for breath, and I acknowledged my ignorance, and my surprise at names, in sound at least so little romantic, according to my ideas of romance. "Bug Jargal," I said, "for instance; what does that mean?"

"It means the name of the hero, madame; not an hero of the old school, with a Brutus head and a Grecian nose, but an hero with a woolly head and an ebony complexion. He is an African slave, endowed with every great quality that ennobles humanity; full of the most refined sentiments of honour, friendship, and the most chivalrous gallantry."

I shook my head, and observed, that "according to physiologists, the African organization does not lend itself to such qualities; and Gall, who was a perfect romanticist in *his* way, would probably have missed the protuberances which wait upon so high a moral developement. But without insisting upon what I do not profess to understand, I may be allowed to say, that slavery is a bad school for delicacy of sen-

timent. The most enlightened man will, I believe, generally be found the best. The rest is all melodram."

"How common-place!" he exclaimed. "Your idea of virtue, then, must necessarily include a fair face, and an education in the great world. Well, we have such an hero for you, in the son-in-law of Bug's master, who refuses life at the price of correcting the bad spelling of a rebel general. What do you think of that?"

"Why, that sometimes *les gens d'esprit sont bêtes;* however, it is true that we novel-writers are often terribly pushed to meet the taste of our readers for new and striking situations; and *I*, in particular, have, perhaps, less right than others to criticise such conventional absurdities, which, by the bye, are not always incompatible with great merit."*

* To which general remark Bug Jargal is by no means an exception. It is written with vivacity, and many of the scenes have a dramatic verity about them which leads to the suspicion that they were copied from the life.

"But have you not read any of our modern poets? Have you seen our epics: '*La Caroleide*' and the '*Ismalie*,' of Viscount d'Arlincourt; or the '*Siciliennes*,' or the '*Messeniennes*,' or the '*Pariah*,' of Casimer de la Vigne; or, above all, and beyond all, '*Les Méditations*,' of La Martine?"

"You must give me a list of these works," I said; "and I will do the best I can: but, to speak frankly, I believe the age of all high-flown poetry, epic or elegiac, is nearly over;—at least, it is over with me. Nothing under a Byron could now lure me into a *canto;* and as for 'Meditations,' poetical or prose, you must excuse me. From Harvey's among the Tombs, to my own last night, during the melancholy vigils produced by hot rooms and cold ices, I hold all meditations in absolute aversion. You look astonished; but this is my creed. I am either too old or too young, too *blasée* or too vivacious, to set down to such sentimental vapours of vanity or indigestion. I must have

the essential in all things; the truth, and nothing but the truth; as novel, as spirited, and as startling as you will, but still the truth, and not the dream, even of genius."

"But, *Miladi, écoutez, et puis juges;* let me repeat to you, for instance, a few lines from '*La Tristesse*' of De la Martine;" and he began in a most lugubrious tone, and with a most displaced emphasis.

"De mes jours palissants le flambeau se consume,
Il s'éteint par dégrés au souffle de malheur;
Ou, s'il jette par fois une faible lueur,
C'est quand un souvenir dans mon sein le rallume.
Je ne sçais, si les dieux me permettroient enfin,
D'achever ici bas ma terrible journée;
Mon horizon se borne, et mon œil incertain
Ose l'étendre à peine audelà d'une année,
Mais, s'il faut perir au matin,
S'il faut sur une terre au bonheur destinée,
Laisser échapper de ma main,
Cette coup que le destin," &c. &c. &c. *

* "The taper of life consumes, and is extinguished by degrees by the breath of misfortune. Or if sometimes it

" *Mais voilà assez, Miladi*—that is enough to convince you of the excellence of the Meditations."

" It at least convinces me of the misery of the author," I replied; " poor man! I take it for granted that he is sinking under some life-wearing disease, or that he is the most unfortunate of men, or the most unhealthy."

" Unfortunate! unhealthy! he is the most fortunate, healthy, successful, and happiest of men and authors. He is the poet *à la mode*, the Adonis of *Chaussée d'Antin*, the apostle of the faubourg; half classic, half romantic, but quite the vogue; he has the suffrages of all parties; and the more happy he is, the more wretched;

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casts a feeble light, it is when a fond recollection rekindles it in my breast. I know not whether the gods will permit me to finish the terrible day of my existence—my horizon narrows, and my uncertain eye scarce dares to glance beyond a year. But if I must perish in the morning of my life; if appearing on an earth destined for happiness, I must let the cup escape from my hand," &c.

as he himself expresses it, most poetically and truly—

"Mais jusque dans le sein des heures fortunées
Je ne sçais quelle voix que j'entends retentir,
Me poursuit, et vient m'avertir,
Que le bonheur s'enfuit sur l'aisle des années."*

"But I do not understand," I said, "how a man can be happy in prose, and wretched in verse."

"Nor I neither," replied Mr. De ——, "but I believe it is so; for it is a dogma of our *religion romantique*: but if you want real, deep, heart-rending wretchedness, take the story of our charming poet, the interesting and unfortunate Joseph de Lorme. Joseph de Lorme was born in the beginning of the present century, near Amiens, the only child of a widowed mother. His exquisite sensibility, his lofty genius, his high aspirations, con-

* "But in my happiest hours I hear an unknown and terrible voice pronouncing—that felicity flies on the wings of time."

trasted with his lowly position, rendered him, from the cradle to the tomb, at odds with fortune. An instinctive desire for the military distinction which at that epoch covered France with glory; an early and indomitable passion for a young and beautiful person, whose rank was superior to his own; a vocation to a religious life, that in other times would have placed him on the lists of canonization, or of martyrdom; and above all, a longing for literary immortality, nourished in the deep solitudes of the forest—were the elements of the lofty passions which assailed him. Days, weeks, years were consumed in reveries that placed him above humanity, and unfitted him for all the coarser avocations of life, until he went to Paris to pursue his studies, where his success was brilliant beyond example. His virgin soul sufficed for every thing. He devoted himself to science with an energy that soon made him feel the vanity, the illusion of the imagination. He broke his lyre, and philosophy alone engaged him. It was then that he abandoned

the piety of his youth for the fatal principles of Diderot and D'Holbach; but the pure morality of D'Alembert regulated his life; and he would have deemed it an affair of conscience to have put his foot into the precincts of a church. Joseph then adopted the principles of a stoic philosopher, combined with the tenderest philanthropy. At this moment he might have united himself to the idol of his affections; but he felt that he was not made for *one* and for *one only*. His somewhat savage philanthropy feared to imprison itself for ever within the circle of affections too limited for his nature—*dans un egoïsme en deux personnes.** Besides, he had formed to himself an idea of marriage, in which idle forms went for nothing. He required a Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, a Lescaut, or a Lodoiska. Abhorring poetry, which still assailed him like a demon, the very names of Byron and La Mar-

* "In an egotism in two persons," *i. e.* a lawful marriage.

tine seemed hateful to him. His struggles were terrible! 'He has registered them in those gloomy pages which he dated from the middle of the night, like the prayers of Dr. Johnson and Kirke White. His health, too, was undermined; and the idea of a mortal infirmity added to all his other agonies. He never went out but to pursue his medical studies. He saw his friends only by accident. He smiled as he passed them, '*et ses amis prenoient pour un sourire de paix et de contentement ce qui n'était que le sourire doux et gracieux de la douleur.*' * In the midst of these torments, Joseph pursued his profession. His extraordinary genius discovered itself to some distinguished professional men; they advised him to attend the hospitals for some years, and promised him the most brilliant success. He rallied all the forces of his nature and his reason, and resigned himself to the humiliating proba-

* "And his friends mistook for a smile of peace and contentment what was only a graceful resignation to misfortune."

tion. He might have been at the head of his profession, rich, honoured, happy; but the fatality which pursued him, turned all to evil. He soon had reason to suspect the views of these new friends. They had been too kind, not to be interested and false! Joseph might have submitted to be protected; *mais non exploité!* His noble character revolted at the indignity; and a few months of combat between feeling and pride terminated his professional career. He gave himself up, as his biographer expresses it, to the study of '*tous les romans*,' while his mortal melancholy came forth in those unrivalled poems, which, since his death, have delighted and afflicted the world; for, while living, he would not consent to expose the wounds of his ulcerated heart. At last, he retired to a poor little village near Meudon, where he gave himself up to the composition of works which dissolve the soul in tears, or burn it with passion. Poor, neglected, worn-out, he died last October, of a

broken heart, and a complicated pulmonary consumption. You weep, *chère miladi!*"

"'Tis very foolish," I said, "but the fact is, that the life and death of this unfortunate and very foolish young man, recalls those of one who, when in infancy, was the adopted of my father's house, the unfortunate Thomas Dermody, the poet; but you know as little, I suppose, of our modern poets, as I do of yours."

"*Que vous êtes bonne!*" said my good-natured friend, mingling his tears with mine. "I am very sorry to have called up such melancholy recollections. But, dry up your tears, *et consolez vous*. In all that I have said there is not one word of truth."

"No?—not a word of truth, Monsieur?"

"No, to be sure. The Life of Joseph de Lorme is a mere poetical fiction."

"He was not, then, the miserable afflicted writer you paint him?"

"Nothing like it," said he, laughing heartily.

"There never was any such person at all. His life, poems, and thoughts, so full of genius and melancholy, are written by a charming young man, who is the very reverse of all this; by the living, lively, happy St. Beuve, a most ingenious, clever, healthy, and prosperous gentleman. But with all his poetical *verve*, he knew that he could not, under such circumstances, command success. There was not, he was aware, a single Romantic bookseller who would venture on the works of one who was in good circumstances and good health, gay, contented, and not labouring under a 'complicated pulmonary consumption.' He acted accordingly, and placed his reputation under the ægis of this *homme de circonstance*, the fanciful and fictitious Joseph de Lorme."

I answered impatiently, "you will never persuade me that such nonsense as this is the rage in witty, philosophical, enlightened France."

"Nonsense! how can you call that nonsense which you have not read? But, tell me now,

Lady Morgan, if you wanted to drown yourself, how would you set about it?"

"How would I drown myself? throw myself into the water, I suppose."

"Throw yourself into the water; that's the *pont aux ânes*, any one could do that; *mais écoutez*, 'tis from '*Le Creux de la Vallée.*'"

"Pour qui veut se noyer, la place est bien choisie,
On n'aurait qu'à venir, un jour de fantasie,
A cacher ses habits au pied de ce bouleau,
Et, comme pour un bain, à descendre dans l'eau.
Non pas en furieux, la tête la première;
Mais s'asseoir; regarder; d'un rayon de lumière,
Dans le feuillage et l'eau suivre le long réflet,
Puis, quand on sentirait ses esprits au complet,
Qu'on aurait froid, alors, sans plus trainer la fête,
Pour ne plus la lever, plonger, avant la tête."*

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* "Should you wish in the waters a cold bed to find,
The place where we stand is just made to your mind.
Choose your day and set off. Ere you sink in the billow,
Pack your clothes in a bundle snug under yon willow.
Souse not head over ears, as if conquered by wrath,
But go, step by step, as you'd enter a bath:

"Is this not beautiful, original, sublime? A writer of the old school would have plunged his hero head foremost, like a vulgar suicide of the Pont Neuf. If Rousseau, your Kirke White, or our Millevoye* were to drown themselves, would not they thus have died? It makes one quite long to follow the example."

Sit down,—look about you,—examine the ray,
Which pours in, through the trees, in a long line of day:
And when you're in order, prime up to the mark,
(That is half killed with cold), take 'the leap in the dark.'
Don't keep yourself waiting, but, down with your head,
And be sure you don't lift it again, till your dead."

To render the peculiar beauties of this choice specimen is far beyond my powers; but, bating the slip-shod measure, which is all my own, the translation is tolerably literal.

* The Kirke White of the romantic school. He died of a consumption in 1816, having predicted the event in the following lines:

"Le poet chantait, quand sa lyre fidèle
S'échappa tout-à-coup de sa debile main;
Sa lampe mourut; et, comme elle,
Il s'eteignit le lendemain."

An irrepressible fit of laughter seized me; and my young *exalté* somewhat disconcerted by a merriment which, if it had not been inevitable, would certainly have been very rude, took his hat, saying, after a moment's silence, "I see, Lady Morgan, that I have been mistaken. You have long been deemed in France a champion of romanticism. I was a boy when your work on this country came out; and I took my first colour of literary opinion from your 'France.' Whatever popularity you enjoy as a writer here, you owe it to this belief. To what circumstance I may attribute your change, I know not; but I cannot compliment you on the retrogradation: I have the honour to offer you my respects."

He was about to retire, when, with as much gravity as I could assume, I assured him that I had changed in nothing. That I thought the disputes of the Romanticists and Classicists in Italy a mere war of words, and that I was quite ignorant that it had found its way into France;

but that if my old opinions on Racine, and on the inapplication of the old French drama to modern times, were romanticism, a good romanticist I should most probably continue to live and die.

Somewhat softened, he hesitated on the threshold, dropped his hat, and was about to speak, when the servant announced Monsieur de ——. The sound seemed to act like electricity. My romanticist again seized his hat, changed colour, and, looking reproachfully, said in a whisper—

"Ah! Lady Morgan, *you* profess romanticism, and yet you receive Monsieur de —— !"

"To be sure I do; but he is one of my old acquaintances of 1816, and a sensible, agreeable man. I am really glad to see him. Stay, and I will present you to him."

"Present mé !—no, madame, God defend me from that !—Present me to one of the conscript fathers of classicism, the high-priest of the *Per-*

ruques. I would cross half Paris to avoid him. Adieu, madame."

Monsieur de —— entered; my *exalté* drew up. They glanced cold looks at each other, then bowed formally, and the romanticist retired, roughing his wild locks, and panting like an hero of tragedy.

"*Voilà un des Pleiàdes du romanticism!*" said Monsieur de ——, with a sneer; and taking his place: after the usual compliments of the morning, he entered at once upon the subject of my new acquaintance and his sect, by observing, somewhat sarcastically, "So, I find you as I left you, surrounded by romanticists. You are still, I see, their chieftainess and guide."

"Why, Monsieur de ——, I have this moment been accused of being a classicist."

"You a classicist!—ha! ha! And since when? After Madame de Staël, no one has done more to mislead the literary taste of our young men than yourself. Your 'France' came out at an unlucky time, when the public, like Molière's, cried,

" Il nous faut de nouveau, ne fut-il plus au monde ;"*

and I will not flatter you—this only produced you some admirers—but it arrayed against you all France ; at least, *la France classique*. But I have brought you the works of one who will put you on a better track, with respect to our literature—the works of Viennet."

" My dear sir," I said, " you have anticipated my wishes. I shall be delighted to read any thing of Monsieur Viennet ; first, because his writings have been recommended me by a fair friend, on whose taste and judgment (if not blinded by friendship) I can depend ;† and next, because I admire the character and honest prin-

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* " We must have something new, though it were not in the world."

† Madame Thayer, of whom Monsieur Duval has so justly said, " *Il est peu de gens de lettres et d'artistes qui ne connaissent et n'apprécient ses talents nombreux, et son aimable esprit.*" Madame T. is also a landscape painter, and her works are distinguished by a truth of colouring rarely attained even by professional artists.

ciples of Monsieur Viennet. One always sees him at his post, on the right side of the *charte*, if not of the chambers, always in the *initiative* in defence of liberty. I have not forgotten his honest efforts in favour of the Greeks, and his indignation at the affair of Parga."

I fluttered over the leaves of the volume, as I spoke, and read in the title page, "*Œuvres de J. P. Viennet, Epîtres diverses, Dialogues des Morts, &c.*" This looked awful! and after skimming through a few lines of the *Epître à un Désœuvré*,*

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* "*A un Désœuvré de sur les Charmes l'Etude.*

"Que fais tu, cher Raymond, de tes longues journées?
Te verrai-je sans fruit consumant tes années,
De Boulogne à Coblentz consumant tes loisirs,
Dissiper ta jeunesse en stériles plaisirs?
A tes vœux, diras tu, la fortune est propice,
Et te permet de vivre au grès de ton caprice;
Mais les bals, les concerts, les festins, où tu cours
Ton boguey, tes chevaux, tes frivoles amours,
Les spectacles, les jeux, remplissent ils ta vie?
L'habitude en ton âme en étouffe l'envie.

Ces

I saw that it was a Dodsley's Collection sort of production, like one of the "Attend, my friend," didactics of George the Second's day;* and I continued carelessly turning the pages till I caught a glimpse of my own name, wedged in between those of Stendhal and Schlegel. I stopped; while my classicist sat chuckling beside me, and muttering, "*Oui, oui! il vous taquine joliment, chère Miladi—lisez, lisez.*" I read aloud.

"Dormez vous sur le Pinde! et faut il que j'explique
Ce qu'on nomme aujourd'hui le genre romantique?
Vous m'embarrassez fort; car je dois convenir,
Que ses plus grands fauteurs n'ont pu le définir.
Depuis quinze ou vingt ans que la France l'admire

Ces vains amusemens sont bien tôt épuisés
Pareils à ces hochets par l'enfance brisés.
Ton cœur, ton souvenir n'en garde pas la trace,
Un moment les produit, un moment les efface," &c. &c.

* Monsieur Viennet has, however, produced some political satires of the highest merit. Since I wrote the text to which this note is appended, I have heard that he has recently written one under the title of the "Dey of Algiers," which is of the most piquant causticity.

On ne sait ce qu'il est, ni ce qu'il veut nous dire.
Stendhal, Morgan, Schlégel—ne vous effrayez pas,
Muses, ce sont des noms fameux dans nos climats,
Chefs de la Propagande, ardens missionnaires,
Parlant de romantique et préchant ses mystères.
Il n'est pas un Anglais, un Suisse, un Allemand,
Qui n'éprouve à leurs noms, un saint frémissement.
Quand on sait l'Esclavon, l'on comprend leur système;
Et, s'ils étaient d'accord, je l'entendrais moi-même;
Mais un adepte enfin m'ayant endoctriné,
Je vais dire à peu près ce que j'ai deviné," &c. &c,

"There," he said, "there is poetry, if you will. It is *Boileau redivivus*."

"And do you call this poetry?"

"What, then, do you call it, Lady Morgan?"

"I call it a page of criticism, written as if from a *bout rimé*, with nothing of poetry about but '*explique*' and '*romantique*,' '*système*' and '*moi-même*.' "

"*Que vous êtes difficile, madame!* If this is not poetry, how do you define poetry?"

"Lord! you put me in a twitter! *I* define what poetry is! I never thought what it was, in my

life,—I have felt it. But I suppose poetry is—is passion,—passion of some sort or other—that exaltation of thought and perception, which one calls imagination—combinations of strong expressions borrowed from strong feelings . . *que sais je?*"

"But there are different species of poetry, madame. There is a class of it, in which verse is made use of, to ennoble subjects, that in their own nature are neither fanciful nor imaginative. Such is the didactic, in which Boileau was supereminent and Viennet excels."

"I do not see, however, why Monsieur Viennet should give himself the trouble to ennoble a common place criticism, that is prosaic enough for any review, English or French. Suppose I asked you, Monsieur de ——, what is the definition of romanticism; would you not reply, off hand, pretty much in the words of this author, 'To explain to you in the present day, what the romantic is, would be rather an embarrassing task; for its greatest advocates have not yet

been able to define it; and, though all France have admired, for the last fifteen or twenty years, one neither knows what it is, nor what it means. Stendhal, Morgan, Schlegel. Oh, ye muses . . . (only think of digging up those old ladies, in the nineteenth century); these are the names now famous in our climes. They are the chiefs of the Propaganda, the ardent missionaries who praise romanticism and preach its mysteries. There is not an English, Swiss, or German reader who does not thrill at the sacred sound of their names?' Now why should you, my dear sir, take the pains to tag this simple *exposé*, this most literal answer, with '*admire*' and '*dire*,' '*endoctriné*' and '*j'ai devine ?*' "

"But, madame, Boileau himself would not stand this test; yet you will not venture to say that the author of 'The Art of Poetry,' is not a poet?"

"Oh! God forbid! What, get outlawed again for my foolish opinions on French poetry; *pardie*, not I. All I shall say is, that Boileau was

the head of the romanticists of *his* day, to whose castigation of the classicists, servile imitators of a preceding time, posterity stands much indebted."

"Boileau a romanticist?—that is too much—*c'est à pouffer de rire.*" And Monsieur de —— did "*pouffer*" to some purpose.

"*Ma bonne Miladi,*" said he, wiping his eyes, "Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire were also, I suppose, of your sect?"

"To be sure, they were all romanticists; that is, all reformers of the classic literature of their own times."

"Voltaire a reformer of the authors of the Cid and the Phédre! Voltaire, who adored the grand Corneille, and worshipped the divine Racine!"

"He worshipped and adored their genius; but he abandoned their models, when he produced De Courci and Mahomet. Voltaire was not the founder of romanticism, but he was a zealous apostle."

Monsieur de —— shook his head. He said,

"Romanticism is of a much more modern date; it began in the salons of Madame de Staël; it was, I grieve to say, helped on by Talma, and has been assisted by the deserters of the *Comédie Française* from the oriflamme of the national literature, by the mistaken calculations of the *commissaire royal*, Monsieur Taylor, and by the multiplication of vaudevilles. It has been urged on by all the servile journalists, and by the ambitious vanity of the young writers in the 'Globe;' but above all by Monsieur Scribe, who counts his productions by the hundred."

"Here are a great many abettors, certainly, of the new heresy." I replied. "But, I assure you, Monsieur de ——, romanticism has a much remoter origin. It first shewed itself in the days of your Charles the Sixth, when the romanticists, called *le théâtre des confrères de la passion*, made head against the melancholy mysteries enacted at the corners of streets, by substituting, for the crucifixion, the acts of the apostles. They were, in their turn, superseded by other roman-

ticists '*les clercs de la basoche*,' who carried the public with them, by their amusing '*farces, folies, et moralités*;' which, instead of the Apostles, had the ridicules of society for their subject. A new school, however, founded by *les enfans de sans souci*, directed by a *prince des sots*, in its turn won all suffrages. The national theatre of the *frères de la passion* was left for the precursor of Racine, Michel; and deserted for the '*mère sotte*,' the great romantic drama of its day, which still maintains its place on the English stage, by the name of 'Mother Goose.' Then came Jodelle, the Corneille of the sixteenth century, whose tragedy of Cléopatre, the first of its kind, was thought to have fixed the French language; but it did not. In spite of the support it received from the classicists of the succeeding reign, the romanticists of Henry the Fourth's day superseded it; with the assistance of that Scribe of the seventeenth century, Alexander Hardi, who in the course of five hundred plays (called farces) brought a style of comedy into fashion, of

which my friend Polichinelle is, in these degenerate times, the last support. Hardi at length also became *perruque;* when the Italian *bouffes* (first introduced by Marie de Médicis) gave the French *farceur* his *coup de grace.* The drama *a soggetto,* as we find it in the *théâtre du Ghirardi,* became a rage; and it required an edict *de par le roi* to be launched by the despotic pedantry of Cardinal Richelieu, to force the French people to give up laughing at Harlequin and Mezzetin, and to yawn at the theatre in the Palais Royal, where the solemnities of the Spanish and Austrian muses made war against truth and nature; solemnities which only began to please, through the powerful genius of Racine and Molière."

"Stop there," at length interrupted Monsieur de ——, who had hitherto listened to me with all the polite patience of a Frenchman: "every thing must have its solstice; every country must have its Augustan age, its classic epoch of refinement, when its language is fixed. That, in our country, was the age of Racine;

and France will never submit, while it has an academy to direct the public taste, to abandon the rules then laid down, for the purpose of adopting the tragedy of Schiller and of Shakspeare, with their dramatis personæ,

" ' Enfants au premier acte, et barbons au dernière.'

" It will never endure to see a Sir Macduff coming on the stage with the head of Sir Macbeth in his hand. For my part, it is now forty years, that I have admired Iphigenia, Phedra, Semiramis, Britannicus, the Cid, Merope, and Zaire; and I cannot now learn to reject these *chefs d'œuvre* of human genius, at the bidding of your romanticists. I abide by the rules, by which these immortal productions were written; and I believe that the genius of the nation will never transcend them with impunity."

" But, Monsieur, what we call genius, depends much upon the epoch in which it appears. There are ages made for great celebrities; which, however, are neither the happiest, nor the wisest.

Homer sang to barbarians; Corneille and Racine wrote when bigotry and despotism, and popular ignorance were at their highest; when political science had no existence, when the useful arts were in their infancy, and when the domestic accommodations of a royal palace were inferior to those of a modern farm-house: in short, when the Descartes and the Cæsalpinuses, with all their genius and learning, knew less than a student of the law-schools, or a pupil of Cuvier, in the present day. The pretension of such writers to fix a national language are wholly unfounded. A thousand terms of science, art, philosophy, social life and its ridicules, have been invented since Racine wrote, to express new facts and new feelings, new wants and new enjoyments. Words have been borrowed from foreign nations; and the nervous and *naïve* expressions of your exquisite annalists, and other early writers, have been revived, though they are rejected by the frivolous fastidiousness of your academy, which is a fit engine of slavish

literature, invented by a despotic government to set bounds to thought, and check the progress of opinion. Time, however, sets all things right. *Clement Marot* is now preferred to the '*Guirlande de Julie*;' and Joinville and Brantome are in universal esteem, while the royal historiographers of Louis the Fourteenth are wholly forgotten."

"*Je vous en fais mon compliment, madame.* I abandon you this '*troupe grossière*,' as Boileau calls them, and their jargon, which has become the *dictionnaire académique* of your romanticists. But I trust there is still taste enough left in France, to reduce *la muse vagabonde de la Seine au règle du devoir*,* and to protect us at once from the barbarism of their dialects, and from the absurdities of your Shakspeare and the apostles of the new light. Our stage will never tolerate a lord Falstaff, a chief justice pre-

* "To reduce the erring muse of the Seine to a sense of duty."

senting a prisoner to the king, and addressing him thus: '*Le voilà, sire, je vous le livre, et je supplie vôtre grace de faire enrégistrer ce fait d'armes, parmi les autres de cette journée, ou je le ferai mettre dans une ballade avec mon portrait à la tête.*' "*

"But, Monsieur de——, Falstaff is not a chief justice, nor a lord; but an old humourist, a wit, a jester, a profligate, a boasting coward, something between the first minister of France during the classic reign of the Regent, and D'Aubigné, the reckless friend of Henry the Fourth."

"Even so, comedy has its bounds; and Boileau has said, '*il faut que les acteurs badinent noblement.*' "†

"True, but Boileau's works, like the holy writ, afford texts for all faiths. He has elsewhere said,

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* Falstaff's speech on rendering Sir John Colvile.—Henry IV. Part 2d. Act 4. Scene 3d.

† "The actors should jest nobly."

"Que la nature donc soit vôtre étude unique,
Auteurs, qui prétendez aux nommes du comique." *

"In comedy, yes; but would the *delicatesse française* ever endure in a tragedy such a phrase as "the early village cock;" or, "tell your mistress, when my posset is ready, to strike upon the bell."

"French delicacy has already endured something like the latter in Corneille. When the hero asks the time of night, the reply is,

"La tour de St. Marc, près de cette demeure,
A, comme vous passez, sonné la douxième heure."

"*Ah! arretez vous là, madame! Je vous ai attrapé.* Observe—Corneille says, '*la douxième heure.*' Observe that—remark that; he does not say '*minuit.*' Your Shakspeare and our romanticists would have said '*midnight tout bonnement.*' No, no, you will never palm the monstrous farces and barbarous language of Shakspeare, (as Voltaire has called them,) on the public taste, in

* "Let nature be your only study, if you would pretend to success in comedy."

spite of all the *maîtres claqueurs*,* of your darling romanticism."

"Nor will you, my dear sir, ever persuade the present generation to go back to 1690, and to make

"'Les élégies amoureuses, que l'on nomme tragedies,'

the standards of their literature."

"The tragedies of Racine amatory elegies?—you do not understand our language—*voilà le fait, madame.*"

"But Voltaire did, and if he did not apply this phrase expressedly to Racine, he did to the school of his ill-timed imitators, whose *goût frélaté et efféminé*, he strove to put down by such plays as Mahomet, Merope, and Adelaide de Guesclin. He could not consent to make Cæsar undertake a voyage to Egypt, to see '*une reine adorable*,' and make Anthony rhyme to the sentiment, by asseverating that '*elle est incomparable.*'"

* Hireling applauders in the theatres.

"*Ma chère Miladi*, it is easier to laugh, than to reason; but ridicule is no test of truth."

"Why not? *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* You see I can be a classic too upon occasion, as a certain personage quotes scripture; who, by the bye, is himself quite a romantic."

"*Il en est bien digne*, I make you a present of him with all my heart."

"But you will confess he is a good dramatic subject, as Goethe has handled him. You have seen Faust?"

"No, madam; not only have I never seen that German rhapsody played, (as my friend Du Val calls it,) but I have never gone to the Français, since its boards were polluted by the barbarisms of Henri III., and the other extravaganzas of the romantic school, of which Goethe is the patriarch."

"But why *has* the Français submitted to such pollution?"

"What would you have, madam? the French drama touches to its fall. Even the actors, the

successors of Baron and Lekain have lent themselves to the heresy of the age, and given up the altars of Corneille and Racine to the worship of the golden calf of romanticism."

"The actors are like the rest of the world, I suppose; and are looking to their own interests. They prefer living like princes on the prose of Monsieur Dumas, to starving on the noble verse of Racine; in this, they do but go with their age and their public."

"Their interests!—they are destroying their interests, for a paltry vogue of a moment. In adopting a false style, they give up their ancient stock pieces. When once they have abandoned the rules, they can never bring an audience back to the good taste, which centuries of their restrictions had inspired. To turn the Français into a '*théâtre du genre*,' is to abandon a route which it has followed for one hundred and fifty years, with success; and it will produce a complete downfall of the classical drama."

"It has fallen, my dear sir; the blow is struck. The empty benches when the old plays are performed, and the crowds which flock when they give Henri III., are true barometers of public taste: but your theatre is still the great national theatre. When France was royal and Aristotelian, and obedient to the dictates of your academy, the Français was filled by the representations of Athalie and Alzire; and now that it is constitutional, and emancipated from its literary, as from its political thraldom, the talent of the nation is devoted to serving the interests of the people; and it illustrates the evils of despotism by the representation of such characters as Henri III. and the Duc de Guise. It is not that Monsieur Dumas is superior to Racine, or even equal to him; but that he writes in coincidence with the wants, the feelings, and opinions of his age, as Racine did by his; the secret of the success of both. Racine was the greater genius; but Dumas is the honester man. The first wrote to flatter the great, whose dependant

and slave he lived and died. The latter writes to benefit the mass, and is only their fellow citizen. Both have laboured in their vocation; and the error is to judge them by the same rule."

"What an *epigramme*, Miladi, against the literature of our days!" exclaimed my classicist, triumphantly; and taking up the "Charles II." of Du Val, which lay on the table, he read from its preface a description of the theatre immediately before the revolution.

"The *comedie Française* was, in 1789, an establishment altogether royal. The superior talents of the artists who were its glory, inspired a lively interest in the educated public to which they addressed themselves. The first appearance of an actor, of a new piece, a stage-anecdote, or a little scandal, was sufficient to occupy the high society of Paris, which was always more or less excited to enthusiasm, about some favourite actress or some fashionable play. At this epoch, all the boxes were let by the year to the court

and to the great financiers. Among the upper classes it would have been *mauvais ton* in a woman of quality not to have been able to say—'I shall expect you to-night in my box.'

"The pit was composed of young men, who came to Paris to follow their studies; and who, knowing by heart the remarkable passages of Racine and Corneille, went to the play to judge the actors in pieces which they had learned to admire in their infancy. If they were sometimes noisy and severe, they more commonly carried to the representation all that enthusiasm which belongs to the national character—an enthusiasm that was rapidly communicated to the boxes, and conferred on the representations of that day a warmth which had nothing factitious about it, but was very different from the calculated applause of the hireling puffers of our times, whom the public take good care to leave to their own operations. As I have said, the pit was occupied exclusively by these educated young men, whose earliest pursuits had been the study of the

belles lettres, and who were not ignorant of any of the beauties of the national theatre. Their good taste was maintained by the literary journals at that time, edited by the La Harpes, the Champforts, and the Marmontels; and they brought to the scene an enlightened rigour which, in the end, was of decided advantage to good actors and good writers. Besides the pit, there was the orchestra occupied by the older amateurs, who still entertained the same interest for the drama which had shed such a charm on their past youth. When worn out with business, and retired from the world, they came back to their early illusions, and the smallest theatrical event became with them a serious affair. After the play was over, they joined the men of letters assembled in the salon (*les foyers intérieurs*). There, under the excitement of a new piece, or of an old one well represented, they talked with a passion not always exempt from epigram. Sometimes the actor or author received from them an indirect criticism, or a useful lesson; and if in

these piquant conversations a witticism escaped from one of the interlocutors, it was carried immediately to twenty different supper tables, and was repeated the next day in all the brilliant circles of Paris.

"It was impossible, then, that an art which was the delight of high society and of the educated youth, should not make a most rapid progress," &c. &c. &c.

Monsieur de ——— paused, and looked triumphantly; and I exclaimed, "What an epigram against the age and the literature of *your* days! What a public! What a corrupt and idle state of society, when youth and age, the lowly and the great, placed their happiness in the representations and the intrigues of a theatre! Such a description in itself justifies the revolution: the aristocracy exclusively occupied with the green room; the students giving up their time and intellects to theatrical composition, and surrendering their judgment and independence to the keeping of such critics as La Harpe and

Marmontel; and the smallest theatrical event a principal affair to the whole town! Oh! ye Chambers of Peers and Deputies, ye students in the schools of Law and Medicine, ye pupils of the Polytechnic, ye followers of the classes of Cuvier and Cousin, ye ardent professors of the several arts and sciences, and of literature, ye honest, energetic, and manly youths of modern France, what a contrast do ye afford! Raise your hearts in thanksgiving, rally round the oriflamme of your regeneration, and guard it well. Continue your zealous pursuit of knowledge. Give your days to the study and to the defence of your rights: and at night, when you repair to the theatre, be it to recreate your over-worked minds and exhausted spirits, and not to waste your abilities on a subject which ought only to be the amusement of a well-constituted society."

"Your apostrophe may be very eloquent," said my classicist, impatiently; "but allow me to observe———"

"Another time, another time—let us now talk of old friends," I said hastily, and something weary of a verbal warfare, which must terminate in each party retaining his own opinion."

At this moment the door opened, new visitors were ushered in, and in the course of a quarter of an hour, the room was filled with a miscellaneous circle of men of fashion and of literature, artists and professors of every shade of opinion on the prevailing topic of the day. My classicist made his bow and retired; and I followed to the ante-room to give my old friend a cordial shake of the hand, and an "*au revoir*" at a new tragedy at the Porte St. Martin.

"Madam," he said, gravely, "I leave you in the midst of a literary congress, in which, as in other congresses, no two persons have the same interests; while each is bent exclusively on pursuing his own."

"So much the better," I replied; "we shall then have no sect, and consequently no intolerance."

"You will have *ni foi, ni loi.*"

With this bitter denunciation, my friend took his leave, and I returned to laugh and talk nonsense with my fresh arrivals. "If I could but divest myself," as Horace Walpole says, "of my wicked and unphilosophic bent to laughing, I should do very well;" though what better can one do with a world which is not good enough to esteem, and yet is not worth the trouble of hating, than to laugh at it: of all its follies, the serious are by far the most ridiculous.

MODERN LITERATURE.

WHILE romanticism is ascribed to the influence of a country, a sect, a party, or a person—while its nativity has been assigned to England, to Italy, to Germany, and to France—and its parentage to Shakspeare, Visconti, Schiller, Madame de Staël, and Dr. Johnson (!)—it is, in fact, the produce of no one country or apostle. Romanticism is a manifestation of intellect, a form of literature peculiar to the population which took possession of Europe on the decline of the Roman empire, and has subsisted from the earliest periods of their recorded existence.

On the revival of letters in the twelfth century, a system of religion, morals, government, and habits, incidental to other regions and races than those of the antique world, called for other forms of thought and expression than those which reigned among the descendants of Virgil and Horace; and even in the classic regions of Italy, modified, where it did not wholly supersede the conventional tastes derived from the literature of Greece.

Although romanticism, as a term applied to a literary sect, is of modern date, the characteristics to which it is affixed are as old as the institutions which originated them. It came forth from the northern forests, rude and barbarous as the people to whom it belonged; and, like them, it overran the polished feebleness and elegant corruption which no longer served the interests or reflected the feelings of a new-modelled society. Wherever freedom waved her oriflamme, there, it fixed its standard. It flourished in the free states of Italy, supported successively by

Dante, Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Tasso. It rallied its forces in the fields of Runnimede, and marched, under the authority of Magna Charta, with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. It did not disdain the rude halls of the bad, bold, feudatories of France, whose resistance to individual absolutism was a faint image of freedom; and, becoming the inspiration of her chroniclers, humourists, and early poets, it produced the literature of the Froissarts, the Rabelais', and the Marots of the middle ages. Modified in its forms by the influence of Arabian literature, it took possession of Spain, during the spirit-stirring struggles for independence, previous to the expulsion of the Moors; and in its native soil of Germany it has slowly developed itself in form and elegance, under the influence of the reformation, with whose leading principle of self-judgment and self-reliance it is strictly identified.

When liberty fell in Italy beneath the power of the empire, the pope, and the commercial

aristocracy, when it was thrown into abeyance under the lawless Stuarts of England, and when it lay gasping and mangled on the wheel, or groaning in the dungeons of the Bastile and Vincennes, under the despotic Bourbons, then returned the unquestioned sway of classic absolutism in letters. A new Pindus and Parnassus were opened in the Louvre and Versailles; the muses ranged themselves under the banners of the academy, and Apollo was restored in the persons, first of the cardinal minister, and afterwards of Louis the Fourteenth.

This connexion between romanticism and political liberty, fanciful as at first sight it may appear, is not difficult to explain. Literature, like all the other productions of the human species, is the creature of their wants; but its developement can only be proportionate to those wants, and accordant with the wishes and feelings of the people, where their actions and thoughts are unrestrained and free.

In the several centres of civilization, produced

by the division of Europe into isolated and independent nations, separate *foci* were established, in which the arts, sciences, and literature were cultivated, with a success which was modified by the peculiar circumstances of each. At the first establishment of these nations, almost every trace of the ancient classical models was lost; and the first efforts of each, in literature, were guided exclusively by such lights as individual genius struck out; when suddenly the discovery of Greek and Roman manuscripts, and the exile of the Greek literati of Asia Minor, brought the population of Europe acquainted with a poetry, a philosophy, and a style of composition, so much more elegant, polished, and elaborated, than their own, as very naturally gave a new current to their ideas, and misled them into a flat and unreflecting imitation.

The beauties of the ancient writers were, however, more especially calculated to please the taste and captivate the imagination of the upper classes—as the sources from which they were

obtained were more especially within the reach of the powerful and the opulent. But on all classes the influence was exotic, and its operation was opposed by the whole mass of native feelings, habits, and sentiments. In those communities where freedom had previously existed, where the people had been accustomed to a greater political and commercial activity, had developed a larger circle of ideas, and had more successfully cultivated their mother language, the sum of opposing forces to the pure acceptation of the new canons of criticism must have been more considerable and effective. The genius of such a people must have been less favourable to a servile imitation, as their tastes must have been less likely to approve of such models, than those of a community, where the many were accustomed to obey, and the few, alone, who had leisure for study, or occasion to write, were already lapped in a precocious refinement and morbid delicacy.

In proportion to the mental activity of the several nations, at the epoch of the revival of

ancient literature, was the dominion which northern ideas maintained, and the resistance they afforded to an implicit adoption of classic rules of composition, and classic models of thought and writing. In those communities, also, in which the greater number of positive interests were brought into debate, where political rights were to be defended, religious doctrines disputed, or commercial and manufacturing arts promoted and practised, there existed a greater necessity for addressing all classes, and for giving a preference to those forms, which were most universally intelligible. In the despotic states, on the contrary, where mind was stagnant, and power fell heavy upon intellect, an obsolete and unpractical circle of ideas opened the only field in which genius could move with a comparative freedom and ease: while the ruling authorities, feeling their jealousies appeased and their security strengthened by the adoption of an aristocratic literature, soon learned to favour and encourage, as a point of policy, this peculiar mode of occu-

pying and chaining the intellects of their subjects.*

On the revival of letters in France, the political struggles between the aristocracy and the throne were favourable to the intellectual independence of literature; and the remoteness of the French capital from Italy, the then centre of classical enthusiasm, left the few original geniuses who appeared upon the scene, less shackled by conventional notions. But the progress of events rendered that country in time the head-quarters

* The favour with which classic forms were accepted by the courts and aristocratic corps of Southern Europe, was, in the first instance, no doubt, a matter of pure taste; nor is it intended to infer, that the preference given to these forms by the Richelieus and the Medici, their predecessors, was altogether a systematic and deliberate attack upon public liberty. The instincts of tyranny are, however, keen and sure; and if the founders of academies had no positive malice in their institution, they were at least conscious that such bodies had little direct liberal tendency; and experience soon taught them the advantages derivable from an aristocratic literature.

of classical servility, and established a system of literature more rigorously bound in the chains of pedantry, than any which have prevailed with other nations.

The introduction and fashion of classical literature, the criticism of Aristotle, and the philosophy of Plato, date among the learned as far back as the reign of Francis the First; but they did not receive the seal of ministerial and royal authority until the age of Louis the Thirteenth, when an incorporated body of pedants, (the "*état c'est moi*" of mind,) under the name of an academy, imaged in its forms and influence the tyranny of the government, which protected it. Under the shadow of this authority, which struggled successively against the reputation and example of Corneille, Molière,* La Fontaine, and Voltaire, mediocrity and pretension arose into consideration; and fashion gave freely to the La Harpes, the Mar-

* For nearly a century, the portrait of Molière was refused admittance within the walls of the Academy.

montels, and the Suards—(what it so long had denied to the authors of Mahomet and the Cid,) a place on its benches to dose in. The revolution came. Pindus and Parnassus fell with the Bastile; and Aristotle and Longinus, Apollo and the Muses joined the emigration, and hid themselves in the suburbs of Coblentz, or retired to the garrets of Paternoster-row, in London. Still no small portion of their followers, like those of their royal patron, remained behind; and took every colour of the successive governments. The classic eulogists of Robespierre, the Pindars of the reign of terror, became the Virgils of the empire, and sang their epithalamiums to the Diva Augusta of fraternizing Austria.

Romanticism, still banished from France,* took shelter in the meantime in the dark forests of the Rhine, hummed her Cronan on the banks of the Shannon, rhapsodized on the shores of the

* Save only in the unaccountably prevalent admiration of Ossian, a work of all others, the least likely to have found favour amongst the admirers of academies.

Clyde, and sent forth, from her abbey-cell at Newstead, such lights of song, as time shall never obscure. For her restoration to her ancient seats on the Seine, she awaited the downfall of the most imposing despotism that ever ruled a scarce reluctant nation. It was not till the standard of the Charte was firmly planted, that romanticism made her appearance among the regenerated children of France; shewing herself not at the levee of the king, nor at the sittings of the Academy, but in the chamber of deputies with the *côté gauche*, and by the side of the Lafayettes and the Foys. For (to drop the image) romanticism in the nineteenth century, like protestantism in the sixteenth, is but a term invented to express the principle of mental independence, by which men claim the right to think after their own unshackled judgments, and to express their thoughts in such forms and combinations, as their own perceptions dictate, or the state of society demands.

This right, so inherent in the very nature of man, though killed in the letter, had in all

times lived in the spirit. It lurked under the classic rules of Boileau,* it sparkled in the judgments of Madame de Sévigné,† it triumphed in the "Plaideurs" of Racine, in the Cid of Corneille, and throughout all the glorious comedies of Molière; and it was advocated, as it was splendidly illustrated, in the works of Voltaire.‡ It charmed, and it still charms, all Europe in the "Figaro" of Beaumarchais; and

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* "Le temps, qui change tout, change aussi nos humeurs.
Chaque âge a ses plaisirs, son esprit, et ses mœurs."
Art de la Poësie.

† Madame de Sévigné preferred Corneille to Racine, on account of the occasional coldness and feebleness of the latter, his misplaced love-making, and his defect of national colouring: "Vive donc," she says, "notre vieil ami Corneille; pardonnons lui de méchans vers, en faveur des divines saillies dont nous sommes transportés. Despréaux en dit encore plus que moi, et, en un mot, c'est le bon goût: tenez-vous-y." —*Lettre CXL.*

‡ The fate of Voltaire's Adélaide du Guesclin is curious. When first played, it was hissed off the stage. Voltaire then gave it, under the name of the Duc de Foix, weakening and correcting it "*par respect pour le ridicule;*" and because

for nearly half a century before the revolution, without name or designation, it had influenced the judgments of all ranks and parties, to an excess which in the opinion of an illustrious foreigner, (himself the founder of the *Roman Romantique*) was deemed fanaticism and ridicule.*

During the fermentation of the revolution, the literature of France fell to its lowest pitch of mediocrity. The national mind was engaged with other pursuits. The philosophers of the preceding years had paid the fatal price of their

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it was deteriorated, he says it succeeded very well. After a lapse of some years, the actors revived the original piece, when all the romanticisms, which had formerly been hissed, were vigorously applauded.

* "What have they gained by leaving Molière, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, &c. &c. &c.?" "Recollect all that I object to is their quitting their own agreeable style, to take up the worst of ours. In the first place they don't understand us, and in the next, if they did, so much the worse for them." —*H. Walpole's Correspondence.*—(He alludes to the then prevailing Parisian rage for Clarissa Harlowe.)

consistency: the deaths of Condorcet, Lavoisier, and Malesherbes, were warnings and examples to intimidate the boldest spirits, to check originality, and to repress genius. None but the feeble or the base could consent to write under the bloody canons of criticism of a Danton and a Marat.

Under the empire, science and the drama were taken off the lists of intellectual proscription. They came back to serve, with less worthy exiles, in the antechambers of Napoleon; while philosophy, under the sarcastic appellation of ideology, was either presumed not to exist, or was left under an obscure *surveillance* with the surviving members of the national assembly, the national guard, and all that desired liberty, or administered to its attainment. Still, the munificent encouragement of the exact sciences, while it answered the views of the *maître ouvrier*, served the purposes of the people and the times. The vague generalities and sentimental *verbiage* of the inferior revolutionary writers,

had thoroughly relaxed the intellect and the morals of the people: and the discipline of facts, and of that rigorous logic which positive science requires, came seasonably to re-temper the enfeebled springs of the national mind. Nor was their influence upon criticism and literature in general less beneficial, by fostering the tendency and forcing the habit of self-judgment, and by referring all things to the test of the senses, and the criterion of utility.

The effect upon the rising generation of this new school of instruction, (planned by the Conventionalists with so much wisdom, though carried only into a partial activity under the strong volition of Napoleon,) was rapidly felt. The example of the Cuviers and the La Places, (thus favoured and distinguished by the great fountain of all favour and distinction,) filled the Polytechnic schools and the various Lycées with ardent and ambitious youths, all eager in pursuit of truth, and trained to reject whatever is not susceptible of rigorous demonstration. The

clear and precise language of algebra eventually produced its effect upon the national style; and the criticism of mathematical and natural science, after the lapse of a few years, influenced the criticism of the belles lettres.

In the mean time, however, the surviving writers of the democratic epoch, who had ranged themselves successively under the patronage of the clubs, the convention, the directory, and the consulate, now sought, by adulation and servility, to win the smiles of their new master and sovereign. Their names and their works may be best sought in that volume, where their feebleness, falseness, and common place mediocrity are recorded for the instruction of posterity,—the "Dictionnaire des Girouettes." Names, alas! are there also to be found, belonging to brighter records, and illustrating better and nobler times; but the majority of those who fill the degrading pages of that volume were the writers *de circonstance*, whose merit is weighed, not by their literary ability, but by the success of their base flat-

tery, and the plausibility of their perversions of truth. It is delightful to observe that the finest prose writer and the greatest poet of modern France, Paul Courier and De Beranger, are not to be found in the degrading catalogue.

"*Les héros aimeront toujours le théâtre qui représente les héros,*"* says Voltaire, in one of his eulogistical letters to the "Alexander of the North;" and the drama that flattered the vain glory of Louis the Fourteenth, found equal favour from Napoleon. The fictions which gave a false and adulatory colouring to the actions of an Orestes or a Cæsar, answered alike the purposes of the reckless conqueror of the Palatinate, and of the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz. Bonaparte was wont to say that, "if he had a Corneille in his dominions, he would have created him a prince; and the sentiment is characteristic of the difference between past and pre-

* "Heroes will always love the theatre which represents heroes."

sent times. A paltry pension, accompanied by every species of malignant humiliation, was all that the unfortunate Corneille obtained from ministerial patronage or royal bounty. It was the market price of the servility of genius in that Augustan age.

Napoleon was not only the hero of the dramatic muse, he was also the critic and the censor. He gave hints to authors and lessons to actors. He taught Talma more than he learned from him; and the master of the destinies of sovereigns was also the manager of the *Théâtre Français*. The dramatic notions of Napoleon were those of the age in which he had been educated, but his energetic mind could not be satisfied with the insipidity of the old drama; nor did he pass unobserved the absurdities of the old school of tragic acting. "Come to the Tuileries next Sunday," said Napoleon to Talma; "I shall receive the kings of Saxony, Wurtemburg, Naples, and Holland. The other princes of Europe will be represented by their ambassadors.

Observe these personages attentively, and tell me afterwards, if you see them rise on their heels, roll their eyes, and make extravagant gesticulations, or speak with a ridiculous emphasis. On the contrary, the simplest manners are the most distinguished; and the superiority of rank, like that of intellect, announces itself by the justness and the rarity of action, or of marked inflexions of voice." This was genuine romanticism, and Napoleon was a romanticist *sans s'en douter*.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the classic muses of the *œil de bœuf*, who made their entry on the baggage-waggons of the allies, were busily employed in giving subjects for impromptu royalty to the candidates for poetical pensions. The echoes of the theatre were called forth by laudatory strains *mille fois répétés*, in praise of the "*envoyé d'en haut.*" Apollo once more resumed his place in the Tuileries, and "*les Graces*" re-occupied the niches vacated by

the Genius of Victory.* The modern classics beheld the restoration of this portion of the ancient *régime* with triumph; and many of the elders of the liberal party, (who denied in literature that liberty of conscience which they had adopted in politics,) held up the code of Aristotle in one hand and the *charte* in the other.

In the mean time, the youth of France, the

* Since the restoration, political opinion has entered for much into the elections of the Academy, as elsewhere; and under the administration of Monsieur de Vaublanc,—Arnault, Etienne, Gregoire, Garat, and others, were deprived of their seats, as a punishment for their independence. Of these, the two first were a few months back restored to their honours. For the rest, there is a natural wish on the part of the young romanticists to obtain a share of the respectability still attached to the *fauteuil*, for their own party, and there is a desire on the part of the classicists to exclude them; but the pretensions of the jesuits predominate over both; and monarchism and Tartufferie are the surest grounds of success in the high court of Parnassus.

heroic wreck of the campaigns of Moscow and of Waterloo, with all their military science, found themselves the illiterate subjects of the most literary sovereign of Europe. The insatiate demands of the conscription, anticipating the time necessary even for professional education, had left the later levies almost wholly unacquainted with that branch of education, which had been exclusively cultivated by Louis XVIII.; and when released from the toils and the glories of war, they rushed with a pardonable vanity, and a laudable ambition, upon the fields of classicism, as they had hurried to the fields of victory; determined to achieve their purpose by the rapid "*en avant*" of their abdicated master. Without considering that literature has its Polytechnic schools, and that its higher honours are only to be obtained by a gradation through the lower, they were intent upon judging, before they had read; and a short process was opened to them, in the pages of La Harpe, whose *cours de littérature* is a proof that classical criticism does

not necessarily imply a previous knowledge of the classical languages.

The works of this modern father of the classics, like those of the fathers of the church, who had preached by inspiration what they had never humanly acquired, now enjoyed a temporary celebrity, which contrasted with the comparative obscurity of their original fortunes. They presented themselves *à point nommé* to the young aspirants for literary distinction, on the shelves of every bookstall of the Rue St. Jacques and of the Place de l'Odeon, at the very thresholds of the Ecole de Droit, and the Ecole de Médecine. The days of the Scaligers and the Daciers were renewed in the *pays Latin*. The pupils of Daubenton and of Cuvier relaxed with Horace and Longinus; and confounding anti-classicism with anti-patriotism, they cried, "*Vivent les unités, à bas Shakspeare, c'est l'aide-de-camp de Wellington!*"* Backed by

* "Live the Aristotelian unities, and down with Shakspeare; he is the aide-de-camp of Wellington!"

these young pretorians of Parnassus, the older "*frères de bonnes lettres,*" the writers of rhyming tragedies, took the field, and threw themselves into the citadel of the Academy. Some even of the liberal journals, the evangelists of the new light of constitutional politics, upheld the darkness of the ancient literature; and the criticisms of one of the most celebrated *redacteurs* of one of the honestest papers in France, (who wrote, like Cæsar, his own commentaries on his own prowess,) admitted no salvation for any tragedy that exceeded, by a single minute, the legitimate licence of the Aristotelian canon.

It was at this unlucky moment of literary reaction, that I produced my unlucky chapter on the French theatre, with its still more unlucky motto of

"Qui me délivra des Grecs et des Romains?"*

It was at this most classical of epochs that I complained that,

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* "Who will deliver me from the Greeks and Romans?"

" Quand je fus au théâtre,
Je n'entendois jamais que Phédre et Cléopâtre,
Ariadne, Didon, leurs amans, leurs époux,
Tous princes enragés, hurlant comme des loups."*

The consequence was too notorious to repeat. I became the pariah of classicism, the excommunicated of the Quarterly, the outlaw of the Journal des Débats. My literary heresy was made a proof of my religious infidelity in England, as of my bad taste in France; and it was thus that I became the martyr of romanticism, before I was acquainted with its existence; and was ranged among the " nursing mothers" of the new doctrine, before I was qualified even for a catechumen.

While servile and interested mediocrity " *dégoûte de gloire, et d'argent affamé,*" found its

* " If I go to the theatre, each night on the scene,
Cleopatras and Phedras for ever are seen;
With the lunatic princes, their lovers and spouses,
Whose ranting might tear down the walls of the houses."

account in an order of things, which paid with profusion its flippant timidity, the national genius seemed, like the great master-mind which had so long held it in abeyance, to be exiled to some remote region. A doubt almost arose whether such a thing had ever existed, or at least whether it had survived its momentary developement, in the Augustan age of Louis the Fourteenth; and the professors of classicism challenged their own times to produce a Racine, a Boileau, or a La Fontaine.

But under the deep and dead repose, which mantled on the surface of society during the first epoch of the restoration, lay the fermenting principle of new and undreamed-of combinations. As coercion declined,—as opinion rose from a chaos of conflicting principles, and moulded itself into definite forms,—new modes were created by new institutions; the leaven of an active, if not a free press, (the first gift of a representative government,) worked in the mass of heterogeneous interests; and a silent revolution in the mind and imagination of France, was

gradually carried into effect. Thirty years of the practical pursuit of free institutions, were at length apparently leading to the attainment of the object sought; systems were yielding to experiment; the flimsy literature of the Augustan age, which with all its beauties, had never served a single purpose of political science, or of social amelioration, was now no longer wanted; and it therefore ceased to be relished. The times called for other nutriment. The old trees of knowledge had ceased to bear; and a newer and more vigorous vegetation was springing up, whose shoots, like those of the natural plant, were all turning towards the light. The public mind was devoted to public events; and the dawn of a new era of French literature came forth, in colours suited to the epoch of its appearance. Under the old despotism of the Bourbons, public displeasure had found vent in a vaudeville, or exploded in an epigram. Such poetical insurrections —such pointed resistance to power upon paper— were the safety valves of the Richelieus and the Mazarins. Under the Bourbons of regenerated

France, public opinion sought utterance in the natural language of prose, the true and genuine expositor of mind;—flowing naturally, like the thought it embodies, and pausing not in its strong and rapid current, to eddy round a rhyme, or to seek its outlet through the cramped and sinuous channels of an ungrateful metre. No one now consulted Boileau, or studied Racine, to find a rule for the manner of expression; the matter was all. Resistance to tyranny, and the exposure and defeat of an attempted revival of the old abuses of the old system, did not admit of the time, necessary to point an epigram, or to polish an alembicated tirade. The new press of France sent forth, in its volcanic explosion, a torrent of opinion, in the form of pamphlets, which, in spite of the clouds of dense vapour of a first eruption, diffused the bright sparks and pure flame of incorruptible patriotism. It was then, that *one*, who was a symbol of the times in which he lived, whose character and life represented the last thirty years of his country's event-

ful story, appeared to illustrate in his writings the force of circumstance, not only upon national intellect, but upon the national temperament:—for in no other times, and under no other form of circumstances could France have produced such a character, or such a writer as Paul Louis Courier.

Paul Courier, the Pascal of politicians, the founder of the prose style of the first free press France had ever possessed, who, in the beautiful example of his own composition changed a language of phrases into a language of ideas, —whose words are thoughts, whose logic was the simple ingenuity of truth,—was, by a lamentable fatality, allowed only an existence as brief as it was brilliant. But his mission was accomplished. He established a conviction that another style, than that by which Bossuet frightened the languid sensibility of the court, or by which Fenelon soothed it into tranquillity, was attainable, and was necessary to captivate an enlightened and regenerated people. In his

graphic delineations, his "*terms pittoresques*," and his rapid sketches of existing manners, he evinced that nothing can be said in rhyme, which may not more effectually and effectively be written in prose. There is a poetry in his epistolary descriptions,* which the "Gardens" of the *précieux* Delille never reached; and there is a freshness in his groupings, which the sickly poetasters of the Palais Royal can never rival: because the poetry of nature is only to be found where she herself presides, with all her stupendous and admirable works about her.

While the style of Courier is deemed in France a model as pure as it is original, the opinions which he advanced form the code of a liberal and enlightened population; and of the numerous writers who have occupied the political arena, no one since the days of Voltaire, has been read with more avidity, has produced a greater effect upon the public mind, or has been

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* See his admirable letters dated from all parts of Italy.

more formidable to the profitable abuses of a corrupt authority.

Coeval with this founder of the prose of romanticism, stood a poet, whose inspiration was as national as his temperament; and whose verses resembled in their "*vieille gaieté gauloise*," that true French poetry, which the academy, and the pedantry of the seventeenth century, endeavoured to replace by imitations of the classic models of antiquity. Since the days of Clement Marot, nothing so fresh and so French as the writings of Beranger, had appeared. The poetry lay in the essence, not in the form—in the sentiment, not in the diction. Wit, sarcasm, irony, humour, and invective, all brought in their turn to inflame the patriotism and animate the courage of the nation, derive an enhanced force from the unaffected ease and simplicity of the language. It has no inversions, no gaudy imagery, no inflated metaphor; but as it echoes the rich melody of joy, or breathes the plaintive accents of compassion or regret, it kindles the fancy,

and goes directly to the heart. The muse of Beranger is the muse of liberalism; and his poetry is in the mouths of all Frenchmen, who are not the slaves of the court, nor the protectors of abuse. But its popularity is not dependant exclusively upon this cause; there is an intense reality and truth about every thing he writes, a genuine inspiration of unaffected passion, whose charm is beyond all fictitious and imaginative writing, and is in itself perfectly irresistible.

By the mere English reader, the poetry of Beranger will be rarely either understood or relished. In his graver attacks upon the ultra government, an Englishman will want the necessary local knowledge and the personal interest, to be strongly excited; and in his lighter and more playful skirmishing, there is more of the levity and licence which have too uniformly distinguished "*la gaie science*" in France, in all ages and all *régimes*, than good morals or pure taste can approve. There is an occasional want of tact, or perhaps a constitutional recklessness

of preserving the line of propriety, such as has been so severely censured in the writings of Byron; which, though familiar in French literature, has never been tolerated in the poetry of this country. His merits, however, are not the less those of the highest order, both as a genius and a patriot; and he will be read by posterity, when the rhyming *freluquets* of contemporary insipidity, will have ceased to be known, even by name.

When we left France, in the year 1818, the word "Romanticism" was unknown (or nearly so) in the circles of Paris. The thing itself was but an inward grace, that took no visible form. The writers *à la mode*, whether ultra or liberal, were, or thought themselves to be, supporters and practisers of the old school of literature. The journals were all pillars of literary orthodoxy, and preached the infallibility of the Academy, even though they questioned the infallibility of the Pope. "*Les œuvres complettes*," then deemed necessary to complete a fashionable library, were those of

the writers most severe in the observance of the Aristotelian canons. Even the genius of Monsieur Chateaubriant lay comparatively in abeyance, with his reputation; and the last names I had heard re-echoed by the voice of fame, were those of Messieurs Le Mercier, Jouy, Du Val, Dupaty, Arnault, Etienne, Andrieux, Pastoret, Levis, Soumet, Baour-Lormian, and others of the same creed and doctrines. On my return, in 1829, I found this album sanctorum converted into the muster-roll of an army of martyrs.* Other

* Not that these distinguished authors have ceased to merit or to obtain the applause of a large portion of their countrymen; but the war of romanticism, and the prevalent admiration of the products of the new school, have given an additional vogue to the younger writers beyond what their vigour, freshness, and novelty would otherwise have obtained; and this vogue inevitably throws the seniors somewhat into shade. To many of them we had the pleasure of being personally known; and I have already given some account of them in my first work on France. I was happy to find them, on my return in 1829, (with very few exceptions,) in the same enjoyment of life, and its intel-

lists of celebrity were now current, and Victor Hugo, De La Martine, Alfred de Vigny, Méri-

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lectual pursuits, as I had left them: Monsieur Jouy busy in bringing out his William Tell;—Monsieur Duval enjoying the triumphs of his last comedy, "Charles II.," (as well as of his early one, "Henry V.") in equal possession of public favour after a lapse of twenty-five years;—Monsieur Le Mercier reposing in the glory of his political consistency, and literary independence;—Monsieur Charles Pougens, in spite of blindness and advancing years, still occupied in works of playful imagination and of philosophical utility;—Monsieur Arnault occupied in his new tragedy of "Pertinax," and enjoying the well merited success of his delightful fables, a collection of epigrams under the form of Apologues, in which is to be found that delicious morçeau so long falsely attributed to Madame de la Sablière—

"De ta tige détachée,
Pauvre feuille désechée,
Où va tu, &c. &c.;"

—and Monsieur Dupaty occupied on an original drama of *Mezzo Carattere*, of great interest and merit; while we found its author the same in friendship and in spirits as when he read his excellent and courageous poem, "Le Délateur," to an admiring auditory, in our salon, some twelve years back.

mée, Vitet, Dumas, Beyle, Barante, Tierry, Mignet, &c. &c. had taken the place of those whom we had left in possession of the public favour. In the interval of less than ten years, a change has taken place in the literature of France beyond the scope of probability to have anticipated. The spirit of liberty which was developed in the political writings of 1816, has, in 1829, got possession of the whole range of literature. The *litterateur* and the politician are no longer distinct personages. The time and the talent which formerly were given by the French poets and dramatists to enervate and degrade (or, at best, merely to amuse) the people, and to homage their vain and heartless rulers, are now devoted to instruct the nation, and to combat the aggressions of the privileged classes. The old race of *hommes de lettres*, who formerly filled the salons of Paris with their common places, and their *flagornerie*, has disappeared; or, if the ghost of an ex-Abbé still haunts the *cafe*, or frights the circles of literature from

their propriety,—though pity may procure respect for the apparition, patience itself will not afford it attention. Reading, thinking, scrutinizing France has not leisure to bestow upon the dethroned oracles of a by-gone generation, nor to give to the conventional judgments of a defunct criticism.

The most popular writers of the present day, whose works are seen in every hand, and are found on every table, whose dramas are always accepted, and always heard with delight, are in the spring and prime of life, (the season of genuine enthusiasm, and incorruptible honesty). Placed by a competency, now so widely diffused in France, beyond the cares and the temptations of sordid poverty,—born and bred in times when personal distinctions are alone admitted as claims to public esteem,—they evince, in their pursuit of fame, an uprightness of conduct beyond all the inspiration of court favour or aristocratic protection. The ardent desire to benefit their country, (while they amuse and in-

struct it,) by representations of its past absurdities or misrule, has led them to open the long-closed volume of national history, which, in furnishing them with the soundest data for philosophical inquiry, supplies them with the most romantic materials for imaginative composition. If ever there was a country richer than all others in those records of past times which reflect the lights and shadows of successive ages with graphic fidelity, and preserve every hue in unfading freshness, that country is France. Monstrelet, Le Moine de St. Denis, Felibien, Sauval, Froissart, Ducage, Brantome, L'Estoile, with the most amusing and vivacious productions of the Daubigneys, De Mottevilles, Montpensiers, Lafayettes, Nemours, Bussi-Rabutins, the Sévignés, La Rochefoucaulds, De Retz, De Contis, &c. &c. are treasures of literature unknown in the records of other countries, and afford illustrations of humanity, far more valuable than are left in the elegant, but more rhetorical works of the Greek and Latin historians.

Valuable and curious as these writings were, the greater number of them had lain for centuries neglected or unknown, in the dust of public libraries, which the public never consult, and which the antiquarianism formerly in vogue, had little occasion to enter. Too obsolete, too ponderous, or too scarce for general circulation, their very existence was unknown to the people; and the government, if aware of their importance, considered them as affording too fearful an evidence of the misery of the times which were called good, merely because they were old, to force them upon the public notice, by its example and patronage. Other chronicles were sought for, to supply fictitious narrative with its names and localities. The romances of Madame Scuderi, like the dramas of Racine, were intended to paint "*Caton gallant, et Brutus dameret;*" and the superb romances of real life, with all their picturesque accompaniments, afforded by the histories of the Guises, the Valois, and the Montmorencis, the legitimate sources of national

fictitious narrative as of national tragedy, were either unthought of by the authors of the Clelius, the Alexandres, and the grand Cyrus, or were purposely left in a safe oblivion. Even in the succeeding age, when sceptical inquiry prevailed, philosophy, which searched on every side for allies against antiquated abuse, overlooked these rich mines of illustration and inference. Men of the first genius, who saw and abhorred the errors of religion and government of those times, were not led by their habits of study, or their customary associations of idea, to avail themselves of these authorities. The grateful and recompensing labour was reserved for the sons of a newer and more vigorous race.

The restoration of the Bourbons and the projected revival of all the political and social infamies of the old *régime*, in challenging the intellect of France to combat on an arena, so lately the scene of a bloodier and more ferocious contest, has been the occasion of this discovery; by driving the combatants for liberality to seek for

the origin and causes of institutes, which might naturally be expected to prove as fraudulent in their beginnings, as they have been felt to be intolerable in their maturity. In searching the records of the past, to explain and illustrate the present, the dramatic energy of character, the picturesque colouring of the story, and the interesting events of the national history, could not fail to strike the man of letters; and the vast advantage of holding up to public scorn and hatred the institutes which had produced so much misery, was as evident to the politician.

The attempt was made, and succeeded; and historical romances, and historical dramas, executed with more or less of talent and genius, but with a common honesty of purpose and courageous exposure of evil, have effected a new epoch in literature, and decided a taste in France for a new style of composition, not speedily to be superseded. The principle upon which these works are constructed, is that of free inquiry and a free selection from nature. Its rules are, to

have none,—or such only as arise out of the genius of the subject; to submit to no authority of corporate bodies, but to choose the word which best suits the expression of the thought or person, (the word to which Voltaire has well applied the epithet "*pittoresque*,") and to use, when necessary, a language fresh from the mint of modern coinage, or selected from the ancient vocabulary, hitherto anathematized by the timid servility of the academicians. The moral of the new school is, that "what has been, may be again;" but the nation, which gloats over its productions, replies by its approbation of the warning, with an intelligible and a convincing "never."—Never again will France or Europe return to that old state of things which produced the feeble, elegant, and unuseful literature designated as classic, which stands opposed to the bolder, rougher, honester writing of the present day.

Of the long list of popular writers of this school, it would be invidious to select any one as a model of its especial characteristics. Its

clear, nervous, and brilliant historians—Montgaillard, Mignet, Thierry, Barante, Guizot, Cappefique, and Ancelot, are already known to the British readers of European literature; while that rich and amusing class of productions, which by the name of dramas, "*scènes féodales*," "*scènes historiques*," "*scènes populaires*,"* "*romans historiques*," "*proverbes*,"† is so peculiar to the age and nation it illustrates, that to mention its existence should be a sufficient stimulus to direct public curiosity to its productions. "*La Jacquerie*," by the author of "Clara Gazul;" "*La Mort de Henri III.*" "*Les Barricades*," "*Les Etats de Blois*," by Vitet;‡ "*Les Soirées de Neuilly*," by Cave and

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* By Henri Mounier.

† By Le Clercq and by Le Meale.

‡ The charming productions of Vitet and Mérimée have illustrated the theory of Henault in historical writing, and proved its truth. "*Le grand défaut de l'histoire*," says the president, "*est de n'être qu'un récit; et il faut convenir que*

Dittemer; the "*Henri III.*" of Dumas; the "*Cinq Mars*" of Alfred de Vigny—compete in literary merit with any of the historical romances of England, while they far surpass them in honesty of intention and boldness of design. In British literature, such compositions have served to make the worse appear the better cause, to paint the turpitude of Charles the Second as the social errors of an accomplished gentleman, and the horrible crimes of Louis the Eleventh as the eccentricities of a royal humourist; but in the honest, manly works of the novelists and dramatists of modern France, the truth, and nothing but the truth, with the "*quand même*" of the ultra royal zealots, is the object and end of all their labours.

It is urged by the opponents of the romantic school, that amongst its numerous authors there

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les mêmes faits racontés, s'ils étoient mis en action, auroient bien une autre force, et surtout porteraient bien une autre clairté à l'esprit."

is none whose reputation and merit approach those of the writers of the Augustan age; and "*la médiocrite universelle*" is the theme of incessant lamentation. But the age of "*les grandes célébrites*" is passed. The light of literature is too widely diffused, to suffer the lustre of any "one bright particular star" to shine pre-eminently conspicuous. Measures, not men —things, not theories—the public good, and not the public amusement—prose, not poetry—preoccupy attention, and modify the manifestations of individual genius.

The abnegation of self, the abandonment of the paltry *gloriole d'auteur*, is a necessary sacrifice cheerfully encountered by the young literati of the present day; and the ambition to be useful to the many, has superseded the desire of writing only for the refined and fastidious few.

But if in this objection there were any validity as against the romanticists, it lies equally heavy in its application to the rigid imitators of classical models. Amongst the most distinguished

observers of the unities there is no single writer approaching nearer to the splendour and reputation of the Racines and the Despreaux, than among those who are labouring by other means. The truth is, that when the literature of a nation has been long worked, and the first places are all pre-occupied, there is no room for a second crop of *chefs-d'œuvre* on the same soil. There is something inherent in the task of imitation, which is in itself inimical to excellence and repulsive to genius. The only hope of a later age lies in the breaking of new ground; and there is more intellect shewn even in the abortive attempts to attain to new sources of pleasure and information, than in the happiest perseverance in cultivating the old. Romanticism is at present only in its infancy; and it is the common weakness of humanity in forsaking error, to run into a contrary extreme. The system likewise suffers under the exaggerations of the ignorant and the mistakes of the inexperienced. It has not yet been sufficiently demonstrated,

that, not to be classical is not necessarily to be romantic; and that, in breaking through the restraints of a too rigid rule, there is no warranty for the total abandonment of common sense. With all its imperfections on its head, romanticism is, in the order of nature, a necessary consequence of necessary causes; and, whether or no, in the fulness of time, it shall rear its own subjects for immortality, it has appeared opportunely to relieve the present age from the decrepitude and mediocrity which immediately preceded it:

"It rises to us like a new-found world
To mariners long time distressed at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent:
Or like the sun, new rising out of chaos,
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purged off."

FRENCH PHILOSOPHY.

At the period when we first visited France, the nation was still under the influence of the revolutionary excitement, and governed by the one leading idea, which the recent struggles had brought into question. Both the opponents and the advocates of the revolution still continued to regard all things that had reference to that event, in a simple and single point of view, either as purely evil, or immeasurably good. Opinions stood front to front; and no cold medium in politics, religion, or philosophy, was known or admitted.

The philosophy of this epoch was that which had been left by the writers who had immediately preceded the revolution; for though Napoleon, with the natural instincts of his calling, had endeavoured to decry and ridicule all general and abstract inquiry,* and had interrupted the education of the rising generation by his premature levies of troops, yet still a tradition remained of the opinions which had prevailed; and if they were not embraced in the fulness of knowledge, they were adopted as prejudices, and maintained without hesitation. The doctrines of Locke, Condillac, Cabanis, and De Tracy, though less generally studied than they had been, were still acknowledged as articles of national faith. The elder members of society had been educated in

* Napoleon disfigured and curtailed the admirable arrangement of courses in the Normal schools, and changed the plan of the Institut, in order to exclude the moral sciences, whose culture was incompatible with his exclusive notions of government.

their principles, and the younger received them *extra duce;* and if any one should have ventured to appeal to any other source of truth than the evidence of the senses, he would have been laughed at as an ignoramus, or scouted as an empiric.

The change which has since occurred in public opinion is striking and instructive. Society, divided by the restoration into categories, has split likewise into sects and coteries. The stupor into which the prepotent will of Napoleon had cast the nation, was at once dissipated by his fall; and all the desires and aspirations which he had held, as in a leash, have again burst forth in their pristine activity. The thirst for information of every kind has become universal, both for its own sake, and as a necessary preliminary to the secure possession of liberty. The young men, more especially, have entered upon the study of moral science, with the desire of knowing and asserting their rights; and restrained, by the holy alliance, from giving a forcible effect to their will, they have entered

upon speculative philosophy, as an arena, in which they can still combat absolutism with certainty and effect.

But not the people alone have been active and alert: the various parties of the aristocracy, the court, and the priesthood, have also had their interests to defend. The pursuit of truth has been subordinated by faction to the propagation of party spirit; and a vast variety of compromises, between the extreme principles of divine right and the sovereignty of the people, between absolute freedom of conscience and papal restriction, and between unlimited scepticism and implicit faith, have been started, to distract the public intellect, and entrap its judgment.

In this combination of weakness and dishonesty on the part of the government, and of division and hesitation among particular classes of the people,* many theories have been deve-

* Authors, legislators, professors, candidates for place, and speculative philosophers.

loped, and fractions of opinion have been elevated into a temporary consequence and consideration. Half-length views in philosophy, and half-length measures in politics, have either been adopted by necessity, or become fashionable from convenience. *Quasi* truths and partial plausibilities have gained a currency at the expense of the wholeness and simplicity of opinion; and in the shock of parties, the march of intellect has been, for the moment, interrupted and unsettled. During the last five years, and more especially since the overthrow of the deplorable administration, this chaos of mind has begun to resolve itself into something like order and arrangement; but the new creation is yet in its infancy; and its combinations, like the fabulous monsters said to have been engendered in the mud of the Nile, are both deficient and redundant in their proportions. Every thing has been called into question—religion, politics, philosophy, and literature; and amidst an universal desire for practical freedom, and a growing

tendency towards republican notions in the younger part of society, the very bases of theoretical reasoning, the postulates of speculative discussion, still remain undetermined and afloat. Various sects of political economists, the two factions of romanticists and classicists in literature, the innumerable subdivisions of party in politics—royalists, jesuits, republicans, constitutionalists, and doctrinaries—shew society to have been in an epoch of transition, opinion in suspense, and the reigning modes of thought, upon all great questions, temporary and provisional.

Philosophical opinion, as it prevails at the present moment, may be divided into the three systems of the physiologists, the theologians, and the eclectics. The doctrines of the physiologists are founded upon the application of the Baconian method of philosophizing to the investigation of mind. The writings of Locke and Condillac had begun to banish *à priori* reasoning from moral science; and Cabanis, by

developing the relations between the brain and the other viscera, in the production of thoughts and volitions, had firmly fixed the foundations of a theory of mental phenomena, from which all gratuitous hypothesis might strenuously be rejected. Laying aside every consideration of first causes, (as being beyond the reach of experiment,) the physiological philosophers confine their researches to the phenomena of mind: these they have found to be in dependence upon the physical conditions of the organs by which they are manifested; and they have not hesitated to make the structure of man the basis of their inquiries into his moral nature. Every separate sensation and desire, they affirm, is a phenomenon, which has its origin in physical causes, and is derived from laws of living energy, common to the whole machine. To understand these causes, the animal structure must be analyzed, and its modes of action ascertained. Whatever can thus be discovered, ranges amongst those unquestionable facts which con-

stitute real knowledge: whatever transcends this mode of investigation, must be taken as unknown and undiscoverable; the happiest guesses, the most plausible hypotheses being only *ignes fatui*, "lights that lead astray;" and principles, incapable of conducting to profitable consequences.

According to the physiologist, all ideas are referable to sensation, and without sensation there is no consciousness. There is no such thing as abstract conscience of existence, independent of impression; but we are conscious that we exist in some definite way, well or ill, happy or miserable, in vigour or languor, drowsy or wakeful, and always under some specific form, environage, and internal mode of affection. Consciousness then is a perception of the physiological complex with its present accidents; and nothing analogous to that abstraction which the French call "*moi.*"

With respect to the nature of truth, the greatest certitude we possess, concerns the reality of self, and the reality of our sensations;

and next to that, if not perhaps in an equal degree, the reality of the external world.

The knowledge of the external world is confined to phenomena, we cannot know anything of first causes, because, being first, they are not referable to foregone phenomena, by which alone they could be further explained. Demonstration is but the pursuit of an idea to its original sensation. Truth consists either in the conformity of an idea with the sensations in which it originated, or in the conformity of language with itself, and with the ideas, of which it is the sign. To require a proof of the reality of our sensations is therefore an absurdity. The senses of a well organized individual, acting healthily, never deceive; the deception, when it exists, lies in the induction. An angular body rapidly revolving, may appear round; this is no deception of sense. We see the body as we ought to see it, agreeably to the laws which govern the action of the retina: but the inference that it is round, is an

erroneous induction, formed on an hasty and imperfect analogy.

Induction consists merely in an association of ideas. When an unknown phenomenon presents itself, possessing a resemblance to a known one, all the attributes of the latter connected with the points of resemblance, are mentally attached at once, and without inquiry, to the former. We are led by a primitive law of the organization to this result. We feel, for example, within ourselves the will and the power to produce certain changes in externals; and we find that those changes only occur under the influence of that power. This idea we express by saying that we are the cause of such changes, and that those changes are the effects of our volitions. When we see other changes take place in nature without our interference, but with a like uniformity of circumstance, we are led by association to infer the presence of a force analogous to our will, which is the cause of such changes.

Hence, first mythology, and afterwards the doctrine of philosophic causation.

Knowledge being bounded by sensation, it is possible that there may be many entities which man can never know, simply because they may not be capable of exciting a sensation. Induction leads us in some cases to surmise the operation of such entities, as causes of phenomena we do not comprehend. These agents are objects of faith, but cannot be of knowledge; we are not warranted in drawing any philosophic conclusions from them; nor in trusting them as indications of ulterior truth.

The misapprehension of this rule of logic has originated the philosophical systems both of the idealists and of the materialists; which in their turn have given occasion for that of the sceptics. Concerning the hypothetical bases of these systems, the physiologist makes no assertion: he is conscious that he does not, and cannot possess any certain knowledge of the matter; and, remaining contented with an igno-

rance which is inevitable, and which is indifferent to his happiness, he refrains from tormenting himself with idle and useless guesses.

The modesty and simplicity of the physiological system, together with the identity of its method with that which has thrown such a light on the natural sciences; and which indeed gives to metaphysics the certainty of a natural science, have deservedly rendered this doctrine popular in France.* But there are every where ardent, imaginative dispositions, which are tormented with an insatiate desire to penetrate the mysteries of nature and of mind, and whose elevated notions of the dignity of humanity require that nothing shall be hidden from the scrutiny of man. Persons thus inclined, when checked in

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* The physiological philosophy may still be said to be the prevalent doctrine in France. Its present chief is the celebrated, and highly-gifted Broussais, the most original thinker of modern pathologists, and an acute metaphysician. See particularly his work, *sur l'Irritation et la Folie.*

their career by the boundaries of demonstration, plunge unhesitatingly into a world of conjectures, and go on reasoning from hypothesis to hypothesis, till they have proved, at least to their own satisfaction, whatever they require. This disposition is in itself a disease: in the healthy mind there is a just balance between the rational and the imaginative faculties, which alone leads to the attainment of truth. But there are heads so organized, that the imagination takes a decided lead, to the exclusion of an wholesome exercise of the judgment. In few individuals is the balance between these faculties perfect; and according as the one or the other of them prevail, men will attach themselves to an imaginative or a rational philosophy: for abstraction being made of the influence of mode, philosophy is very much an affair of temperament.

Of imaginative philosophy, there reign two violently opposed, but in reality closely allied sects in Paris, which divide with physiological metaphysics the youth of France: the one

is called the theological, the other the eclectic system.

Of the theological sect, it would be asserting too much, to say that its followers are led by a philosophical view of the questions at issue, to throw themselves into the arms of faith. Adopting the dogma of the deceptive tendencies of sensation, and of the weakness of human reason, they can find no other basis of certainty, than in general agreement, that is to say in tradition and authority. At the head of this school are Lemaistre, (whose work on indifference in matters of religion had considerable temporary vogue); La Mennais, the *proneur* of the Pope; and the Baron Eckstein, a German, and editor of a journal called "*Le Catholique.*" To this sect belong likewise, a small party of political economists, called *Les Producteurs*, who hold to authority as the test of truth, though they are not willing to make the Pope its depository. The apostle of the *Producteurs* was St. Simon, who, possessed of some talent, was discredited by his

vices. A dissipator, and consequently often in distress, he is said to have once made a visit to Copet, to propose himself to Madame de Staël as the father of a child, to whom she was to perform the duties of maternity. "You," he said, "are the first woman of your age, I the greatest philosopher: a child of ours must necessarily be a wonderful creature," &c. &c. &c. At the death of this man, his follies were forgotten, and his reveries became revelations. "Moses," it was irreverently said, "was the apostle of force, Jesus of persuasion, and St. Simon of sentiment."

The *Producteurs* were originally composed of a knot of young men who began to co-operate for the purposes of an active political opposition to the restored government; but being disappointed in their schemes, they turned their attention to speculative research. The end of their wishes is a government committed to the supremacy of talent. Their religious system is a pantheism, but one very different from

that of Spinosa. They do not believe in spirit as distinct from matter, or in matter separated from spirit: the division of these entities is, according to them, a mere mental abstraction—God is the universe, endowed with intelligence and consciousness. Man is a part of that universe, living at once by his own individual vitality and by that of the universe of which he forms a part. Their belief in the mission of Christ is a consequence of their idea, that every truth is a divine revelation. Christ, they say, first told men to love each other; he first taught the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, and broached the idea of an universal society or brotherhood of all human beings: this was a revelation. In God, and in man, they acknowledge a Trinity, composed of a faculty of intelligence, a faculty of action, and a faculty of love; sympathy, knowledge, action; or love, science, and industry. Their political system approaches somewhat to that of Mr. Owen: they propose the suppression of hereditary property, and the

conversion of the government into a bank, empowered to issue capital to individuals in proportion to their power of employing it. They do not, however, advocate a community of goods; which, considering the various capacity and industry of individuals, would, they affirm, be an injustice.

This exposure of the doctrines of the *Producteurs*, brief and imperfect as it is, suffices to the inference that the members of the sect cannot be numerous; its principles are too crude and inconsistent, to suit the tastes either of a well educated mind, or of a mere disciple of routine. If indeed all the various sects and subdivisions of the theological system be taken together, their numbers would still be small. Their fundamental doctrine of the validity of authority as a test of truth, is so repugnant to the whole experience of man, and to the history of science, that it could never become popular in such a country as France, even if its alliance with the abuses of catholicism did not render it odious and suspected.

The eclectic philosophy, on the contrary, has obtained an extended temporary vogue, and can boast numerous disciples, especially amongst the younger students. Cousin, Villemaine, and Guizot, with the principal writers for the "Globe," all distinguished for erudition, eloquence, and imposing talents, are at the head of the sect, and are powerful agents for disseminating its doctrines. These doctrines, as set forth in the teachings of the professors, have undergone some variations, but they vibrate between the mysticism of Kant, and the more plausible *petitiones principii* of the Scotch school. Cousin, the great heresiarch of the sect, has, we were told, declined from that high admiration of the German philosophy which he brought with him on his first return from the north,* and it is no longer fashionable to

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* This was satirized in the *Voile Bleu*, a *vaudeville* of much fancy. The following speech was intended as a parody on the Globists.

"Je vais combattre ici effrontement le matérialisme et

talk of "obscurity throwing a light on the profundity of nature." Still, however, eclecticism, notwithstanding the name, is essentially pure and undiluted Platonism, and its reasonings are conducted on the *à posteriori* methods of the ancients. Pronouncing dogmatically upon the nature of mind, the eclectics assume the immateriality of its essence, and its exemption from the laws of material causation. Taking conscience, or the view of what passes in their own minds, as the basis of all certainty, they erect reason into an independent and elementary principle, an oracle from which, however

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le scepticisme, d'où découlent à grands flots l'idéalisme, le mysticisme, le sensualisme, et l'eclectisme, introduits dans les annales de la création; et je dirai à l'honorable collégue: Es tu philosophe? Sais tu que nous avons en philosophie, le moi, et le non moi? Connais-tu ton toi, toi? Le chatelain n'a eu qu'une fille, parce qu'il n'a qu'une idée. As-tu l'idée de l'un et du multiple, du fini et de l'infini; de l'être et du paraitre, de la substance et du phénomène, du nécessaire et du contingent? &c. &c. &c."

contradictory its results, there is no appeal. "Reason," they affirm, "is that which places man in relation with the absolute.* It is an

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* "The absolute" had gotten possession of the imagination of all Paris, when a singular process in the law courts brought it into temporary ridicule. A certain Hoiniwroukskey had sold all his secrets in morals and physics to an amateur in philosophy, for an enormous sum of money. The dupe paid the stipulated price, and retired with the hard-named *charlatan* for three years, to be thoroughly embued with the learning of his master. At the end of this period, the scholar became dissatisfied at finding that, contrary to all good faith and fair dealing, his master had not put him in possession of "the absolute." "The absolute" he would have; and, accordingly, to law he went, to enforce its communication;—offering, at the same time, to double his original payment. On cross-examination, he admitted having received value for his money, save and except in the article of "the absolute," which had been so traitorously withheld from him; and for that, he entreated the interference of the court. But what could be done? The judge and jury could not force the defendant to make the plaintiff understand "the absolute:"—they did not understand it themselves. So

emanation from God, who is himself the absolute." The "*moi*" (a substantive, *ens*, wholly independent of the visible and tangible subject) "is endowed with the faculty of perceiving, willing, and conceiving. It is placed in relation with the visible world, by means of the senses, and with the invisible world, by reason. Reason confers all that is not furnished by experience; principles, laws, both of persons and things, and the supreme law. Laws being necessary and universal, cannot be derived from that which is personal and contingent. Laws are absolute, reason is therefore absolute, belonging neither to space nor time. It appears individual to man, while it preserves its impersonality."

These propositions, which are all either self-evident beggings of the question, assertions purely gratuitous, or phrases devoid of any clear

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nothing was left but to compel the plaintiff to pay his costs, and leave him to seek "the absolute" elsewhere, if he was not already sick of the research.

and intelligible meaning, lead to the inference that the visible and the invisible should have each its own logic; and that in proportion as the subjects of our reasonings are remote from the evidence of the senses, they are released from the chains of a rigorous and severe dialectic. Retired in the silence and the *darkness* of his study, the eclectic affirms that the metaphysician has only to exclude all ideas of sense, to consult his reason, and take cognizance of what passes in his own mind (that is, to syllogize with general terms, which in proportion to their generality have less and less of positive meaning attached to them) in order to arrive at a perfect knowledge of the immaterial world (that is of his own conception of these generalities). "Affecting a contempt for matter," says Broussais, in his admirable exposure of the weaknesses and errors of the eclectics,* "they adopt a figurative style to embody their notions (which they strive to form

* Sur l'Irritation et la Folie.

without the aid of the senses) of the causes by which it is moved; and which (it is assumed) are entities, distinct from the substance in which they operate. The logical juggles which these figures of speech enable the speculator to perform, pass for discoveries in the invisible world; though whatever of positive is attached to such phrases, is all derived from ideas of sensation. It is to this very figurativeness, so well suited to rhetoric and to poetry, but so obviously subversive of all rigour in reasoning and truth in philosophy, that the sect owes its success. It is this that enables its professors to be impassioned, eloquent, and seductive, in exact proportion as it renders them vague, inconsequential, and obscure."

To this poetry, and to the ignorance which Napoleon had forced upon the young men of France, the vogue of the eclectic system may mainly be attributed. The doctrine is however especially adapted to the ardent and impetuous disposition of youth. The sentiment of vitality

is at that period of life, so intense, that whatever promises to enlarge the bounds of existence, either in duration or in comprehension, is received with avidity. Whatever addresses itself to the imagination, and plunges the auditor into a world of vague reverie, makes a stronger impression than can be received from a cool appeal to analysis and experiment. This is a powerful seduction to those, who, conscious of great powers, are anxious to appear before the public as teachers and leaders. The demonstrator of facts cannot at the same time exhibit himself, nor can he draw round his chair that greater mass of unreasoning disciples, whom the repetition of a jargon elevates in their own esteem, and whose acclamations contribute largely to profit and to popularity.

Another great cause of the success of this philosophy is its novelty; for the memory of Plato had become extinct in France, and the doctrines of Kant were but partially known. The generation which has sprung up since the revolu-

tion, entertain no trifling contempt for the race which immediately preceded them, and which was contented to lie down and crouch beneath the iron despotism of Napoleon. Astonished likewise at their own rapid progress in literature and science, they cannot but be aware of the comparative ignorance of their military seniors, and they look down with a presumptuous pity upon every thing that is not of their own times. This feeling has been much aggravated by the disposition of the *charte*, which excludes from the chamber of deputies all men below the age of forty, and which has engendered a consequent jealousy between the excluded and the privileged: the disputes on romanticism, which are principally conducted between the young and the old, have added not a little to the same consequence.

Another cause favourable to the reception of any new philosophy, was the prevalent misapprehension of the physiological doctrine, which confounded it with the dogmatic atheism of the Holbach school. The "longing after immorta-

lity" is a necessary consequence of the instinct of self-preservation, which is the *primum mobile* of the moral machine; and even they who were the determined objectors to the scheme of revealed religion, were still shocked at the *sang froid* of the dogmatic materialist, and shrunk from the annihilation which was the last term of his system. The physiologists, it is true, affirm nothing concerning the first cause of living phenomena; still less do they impeach the existence of an immortal entity, not necessarily connected with the organization: but in demonstrating that our knowledge of such an entity cannot be so precise and satisfactory as our cognizance of a chemical or mechanical fact, in drawing a firm line between the domain of science and that of faith, they were open to misapprehension; and few, if any, took the pains of clearing up the mistake. To obtain demonstration where demonstration is strictly impossible, and to confound theological belief with mathematical certainty, the lofty promises of idealism were listened to with fond credulity:

and the constant antithesis between an elevating, an ennobling, an enlarged, and expansive system, and a narrow, circumscribed, and debasing doctrine, begat a prejudice, where it should have provoked inquiry.

Seduced by these causes, the partisans of eclecticism do not see how closely its dogmas are identical with those of the theologians, whose talents they deride, and whose pretensions they reject with indignation; nor do they perceive that the reveries obtained by a forced exclusion of the dictates of the senses, are nearly allied to the delusions of delirium: an acquaintance with the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," would introduce them to a philosophy scarcely more transcendental than their own.

The activity which reigns among the leaders of the sect has given it a prominence in society beyond its intrinsic weight. Numerous as its followers may be, it is far from universally prevalent; and every day is taking something from its *éclat* and fascination. Its temporary vogue is not, how-

ever, to be taken as a mark of retrogradation on the human mind, or as a pure and unmixed evil. It was a necessary event in the great series of consequences derived from the restoration; and the extraordinary talents it has called into exercise have been favourable to the intellectual movement which the times require. All discussion is good; it is a touchstone of truth, constantly necessary to prevent indifference, and to shake the ever-growing influence of authority. Whatever falsehood there may be in the doctrines, will disappear, as it already is doing in Germany, before the zeal for solid instruction, which is brought to the inquiry; but the shock which has been given to opinion will remain, and it will impel philosophy to more important investigations, and forward the propagation and the confirmation of irrefragable science.

FRENCH SCULPTURE.

One of the first objects that struck me among the physical novelties of Paris was the Pont Louis XVI. Until the year 1787, there was but one carriage communication between the Fauxbourgs St. Germaine and St. Honoré, which was by the Pont Royal. A simple *bac*, or ferry, was the only pass from one shore of the Seine to the other, at the point where the beautiful bridge of Louis XVI. now offers so splendid an avenue to the chamber of deputies. Taken as a whole, the *coup d'œil* afforded at this point is, perhaps, the finest that the interior of any

city in the world presents; and there is something so noble in the bridge itself (with all the faults which architectural criticism can assign to it) that, in my ignorant admiration, I had always considered it as complete; and thought that it did equal honour to the taste and imagination of Monsieur Peyronnet, its designer and constructor. It appears, however, that I was mistaken, and that the square pedestals which simply cut the balustrade, when I crossed it daily in 1820, were intended to support statues, which, to my surprise, I found erected upon them in 1829.

These statues are of white marble, and twelve feet high. They are all executed with more or less of the novelty of conception, which distinguishes every thing of the present day in France: but the one which engaged my especial attention, as I first passed the bridge, was that of the Prince de Condé. It contradicted all my preconceived opinions and tastes, as wanting the repose and stillness which are the characteristics of ancient art. In this beautiful statue there was not the

sublime calm, the momental immobility, the infectious solemnity, which makes one tread lightly and breathe low, in passing along the galleries of the Vatican, as if the godlike creatures there represented were themselves present in their silent divinity, to impose awe, and to command adoration. But in its place was to be found a quality of an opposite and perhaps equal merit—living, moving, exciting passionate humanity. The very pedestal trembles under the violent pressure of the indignant and animated form it supports. The sculptor has represented Le Grand Condé, at the moment when the Prince flings his baton of command into the enemy's lines, at Fribourg. His right hand grasps his sword; while the other seems to hurl defiance in the teeth of a despised enemy. The attitude is dramatic, as all passionate attitudes must be. The features and countenance are illustrations of Bossuet's cotemporary description of this "thunder-bolt of war." They exhibit the "*coup d'œil admirable*," the "imperious and

sometimes violent spirit of command which distinguished him, especially in time of action." All that was bad or good, great or mischievous, in this bold, restless, and unprincipled warrior, is here fully expressed.* The face is a portrait; and the play of the muscles, and the rage which agitates the features, are moral indications that sculptured biography has never so expressed before. In the cumbrous dress of the times—a solecism against all received ideas of the most classic of the arts—there is a flutter which corresponds with the movement of the figure, and that takes from its heaviness. It looks as if a breeze, blowing up the Seine, was waving the plumes and floating the silken scarf. There is a boldness in this original conception not unmingled with danger: for the harsh and violent outlines which passion affects, are, in nature, relieved, by the suddenness of their

* It is said that a female of the lower rank of life, on seeing this statue, exclaimed, "*Ma fine, c'est comme un orage !*"

transition. The eye does not dwell on them sufficiently long to lose their moral, in their physical effect. But in the arts, and especially in sculpture, where form is not mingled with colour, the angular awkwardness of passionate gesticulation being permanent, has a tendency to excite in the beholder a sympathetic pain, such as the actor would himself sustain, in the long maintenance of so constrained an attitude. From this difficulty (which is only to be vanquished by great art) the ancients have shrunk; and I was half afraid to express the admiration I felt for this fine statue, lest I might be wrong, according to rule, though right according to impression. In the statues of Du Guesclin and of the Cardinal de Richelieu,* a more tranquil pose and flowing drapery approach nearer to the Greek model; but in the figure of that illustrious seaman, Duquesne, (the conqueror of the Spanish flotilla in 1639,) in that of the gallant

* By Messieurs Bridan and Ramey, *père*.

Duguay-Trouin, at the moment when he orders the attack on Rio Janeiro (1711), and in the animated statue of Tourville,* the genius of romantic sculpture returns. They are full of movement, and are clothed in the habiliments of the times. The figures, again, of Colbert, Sully, Suger, and Bayard,† in their pose and drapery, are middle terms between the severity of the ancients and the innovations of the modern school; while those of Suffren and Turenne‡ re-call more of the heavy attempts of French statuary on the revival of the arts. Such, at least, was the impression made upon me by this unexpected population of the Pont-neuf. On the relative professional merits of these works of art I do not feel myself competent to speak in detail, and in venturing even on these general remarks, I would rather be understood as giving

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* By Messrs. Roguier, Dunasquier, and Marin.

† By Messrs. Espercieux, Milhomme, Stouf, and Moutoni.

‡ By Messrs. Lesueur and Gois.

the feelings of one not unsusceptible of graphic beauty, than as offering a judgment grounded on the principles of the connoisseur. Considered in its *ensemble*, the effect of the recent addition to the Pont Louis XVI., is not pleasing. The figures come too near to the eye of the passenger for their size; and with relation to the bridge itself, they are too gigantic. This defect is universally felt; and it is, I believe, intended to remove the statues to the *Champs Elysées*, where they will certainly appear more at their ease than in the narrow defile which they now seem to obstruct.

The statue of Condé was the first that caught my eye amidst the general group, and gained possession of my imagination; and the admiration it inspired, was just of a character and colour to awaken a strong desire to know the artist, whose name, I learned, was *David*, a name long consecrated in the history of the arts. It happened that on the evening of the very day on which this occurred, I went to one of the Wed-

nesday evenings of the Baron Gerard; when, amidst the many recognitions of old friends and acquaintances, and the presentations of new, I observed a young man, who looked at me so intensely, that I thought he might be one of "the thousand and one" particular friends whose acquaintance I had made in France or Italy. While I was preparing one of those *discours banals*, in which one is so often trapped, asking the parentless for their fathers, or the divorced for their wives, Gerard stepped up to me, and said, "There is a young friend of mine most desirous, in the first place, of being presented to you, and, in the second, most desirous to execute your bust."

The bust was a bore; but I asked his friend's name. "It is David," he said, "a young and very justly celebrated sculptor. You have probably seen his Prince de Condé, on the Pont Louis XVI."

Such are the pleasant coincidences of a roving life. We meet, scattered over the surface of

remote and variegated society, so many we wish to know, and who wish to know us, not merely, perhaps, for the respective merits of the parties, but for that magic bond, the "*vous me convenez—je vous conviens!*" I knew the author of the statue of Condé must be in *my way;* (be the confession an epigram or an *éloge;*) and in the many pleasant hours we afterwards spent in his study in the faubourg, while sitting for my bust,—in the Rue de Rivoli, at our hotel,—and in the various rencontres of Parisian society, this first impression was fully justified, as first impressions indeed very generally are.

Although David is the sculptor of romanticism *par excellence*, he has a strong vocation to moulding the heads of those who have amused the public or himself, without much reference to sect, and still less with a view either to pecuniary profit or (in my instance) to permanent fame. There comes an order from a prince or a minister, from one at the head of power or of fashion; and a sitting is required which is to be paid for

at any price the artist demands; but David's whole soul is in some work for which he is to receive nothing,—something at which he is labouring *con amore*. He is modelling, perhaps, the noble bust of a Washington or a Lafayette, or he is pourtraying the elegant features of La Martine; or he is chiselling the expressive countenance of his friend Mérimée, or the animated head of that true son of the torrid zone, Dumas; or haply he is immortalizing a dimple in the round cheek of the pretty Delphine Gay, or delineating the lady-like traits of Mad^elle^ Tastu, or the antique profile of the divine Pasta, or the French grace of Mad^elle^ Mars; a fortune is awaiting him through the liberality of unsought greatness, or of royal patronage; but he, good man, is amusing himself with modelling *les celébrités* for his own particular satisfaction, and the pleasure of that rising generation of taste and genius, to which he himself belongs;—and greatness must await his better leisure.

One of the finest works executed by this artist, which made for him a well-merited reputation, is the monument of Bonchamps, erected in the church of St. Florent, in La Vendée. Bonchamps was a Vendean chief, who perished in that " more than civil " war which desolated his province. He is represented on a litter, and wounded to death : the moment chosen is that at which he demands of his soldiers to spare five hundred republican prisoners, whom they were about to shoot, to revenge his approaching death. With this intent, he is sculptured as rising from a recumbent position ; and the animation thrown into his movement expresses the very sublime of a generous benevolence, and forgetfulness of self in the last moment of existence. Of this monument an engraving has been executed, which enables me to bear testimony to the grace and beauty of the design, and to the degree in which the artist has succeeded, in giving to stone the animation of a picture.

Monsieur David has also received the public

approbation for a statue of Fenelon, with three *bas reliefs*, executed for the town of Cambray. Of the *bas reliefs*, (which represent traits in the life of Fenelon,) that which exhibits the archbishop driving home the stray cow of a peasant, is much admired for its noble simplicity and touching fidelity to nature.

David has also executed the monument of Lefévre, with two figures of Victory crowning the bust, and on the other side, two trophies, in a pure taste; also the tomb of Count Bourke: both in the cemetery of the Père la Chaise. At La Ferté Milon is placed his statue of Racine, which is said rather to represent the genius of this tragedian than his person. The poet is represented writing, half-clothed, as if just risen from his bed, with a mantle thrown round his body: one hand is placed on his heart, as if in the act of consulting its dictates. The parts which remain undressed are considered as the perfection of modelling; "and nothing," says a cotemporary critic, "can be finer, more grand, or poetical,

than the conception and execution of the whole piece."

But the *morçeau* which has excited the greatest admiration by its perfect grace, is the statue of a young Greek on the tomb of Botzaris. The infant is naked, couched upon the stone, with the head inclining to the left shoulder. The left hand, holding a laurel crown, rests on the tomb; the right is employed in tracing the letters of the inscription. This poetic conception which, in the person of the infant, figures Greece itself rising from its tomb, is executed with a corresponding elaborate finish, which preserves all the purity of form and grace of the design. This statue is a present to the Greek government from the artist, who regards the acceptance of this fruit of his talent, by a free people, as the greatest reward which his art can receive.

I may mention also his figures of Justice and Innocence, which are in the court of the Louvre; and his bas relief on the triumphal arch of the

Carousel, as being highly esteemed by artists. David is at present occupied in finishing the monument of General Foy, which he executes gratis, as his quota to the national subscription. The General is represented in the tribune; and there are four bas reliefs, of the funeral procession, a battle in Spain, the chamber of deputies, and two figures representing eloquence and war. We accompanied the artist to visit this noble monument, worthy of the illustrious citizen to whom it is raised. Another object in the visit to Père la Chaise, was the tomb of Denon. His statue, in bronze, surmounts his monument: his ashes repose beneath. *His* ashes!—This was the only melancholy day we passed during our happy residence in Paris.

David is at present occupied on a statue of Talma, for the "*foyer*" of the theatre Français, on a Saint Cecilia for one of the Parisian churches, and on three large bas reliefs from the history of St. Géneviève, destined for the magnificent church of that saint. The predi-

lection which this artist shews for modelling the human face, has led him to execute a vast variety of busts, both in stone and bronze, and also many medals of eminent persons, rendering his study a *lion* of singular interest, independent of that excited by the genius and amiability of the master. His bust of Visconti is in the library of the Institute; his Francis the First at Havre; and a copy in bronze he has given to his native town, Angers. His Henry the Second is at Boulogne; and his Ambrose Paré, bearing the device of "*je le pansay, et Dieu le guérit,*"* is a present from the sculptor to the *école de médecine* at Paris. He has likewise given a bust of Lafayette to the United States; one of Volney, to the library of the Institute; and one of M. Lacépède, to the town of Angers. Among those of his works, which particularly struck me, were his busts of Cooper, the American novelist, Jeremy Bentham, Chateaubriand, and Casimir de la Vigne. In the bust

* "I dress, but it is God that cures."

of Chateaubriand, which is much larger than life, and terminates abruptly at the neck, there is an expression as morally gigantic as it is physically grand; while it was modelled, the eloquent original was employed in dictating his *discours* on the liberty of the press; and the inspiration of the author has passed to the sculptor, and been transmitted to the marble.

The great characteristic of the likenesses of David, is their spirituality. It is not the material outline* only, that he gives; but the very soul of the original, which looks out of the bust, and appears to breathe upon the lips. A portrait is the likeness of the individual, as he is seen by the artist; the resemblance in reaching the stone, or the canvass, has passed through his mind; and it almost uniformly derives something in this passage, which confers on it a peculiar and often indescribable quality, common to all the heads

* If I had my choice to leave my head as a legacy to those who have had the deepest interest in my heart, I should select the bust executed for me, by Monsieur David.

of the same master. In some artists, this tincture (if I may so call it) is grandeur; in others grace, in others vulgarity and common place, and in some it is a quality which is felt, but not reducible to language. In the heads of Monsieur David, the common addition to the individuality of his subjects, is an elevation, and natural nobility of expression, in which intellectual power is blended with candour and frankness. All his men are patriots, all his women poets; and the circumstance, I think, must be taken as a sure guarantee of the force and truth of the sentiment in the artist from whom they thus irresistibly radiate.

MORNINGS AT PARIS.

NOTHING can be more delightful, more instructive, more amusing, than our mornings at Paris. One goes through a course of literature, science, arts, politics, philosophy, and fashion, *toute encourant;* laughing, arguing, gossiping, lounging on sofas, or jumping into carriages, running in and out of public and private edifices and collections, each in itself a monument or a museum,—assisting (as the French phrase it) at sittings and societies for the promotion of *belles lettres*, morals, education, agriculture, manufactures, religion, and charity, from the royal and accredited "Institut," as by law established,

to the self-authorised *societé philótechnique* composed of "*les enfans de bonnes lettres*" of both sexes,—or to the amateur concert, in which a Rossini or a Paer do not disdain to bear a part. This peripatetic sort of study, this ambulatory canvassing of objects, places, and persons, is the shortest and pleasantest cut to knowledge; and it is a course which Paris, and Paris only, can afford, among all the capitals of civilized Europe. Busy, pre-occupied, money-making London offers nothing approaching to it. In this study there are no abstractions; every thing is positive and tangible. Scarcely an hypothesis can be advanced, but you can lay your finger upon the illustration; and whether you go abroad or stay at home, school goes on equally the same. The schoolmaster is everywhere in France. In other capitals you *may* live and learn, but in Paris you *must*. Whether moving or at rest, at home or abroad, idle or diligent, dissipated or domestic, I, at least, was sure to add to my *tiny* stock of knowledge without seeking it, and merely by giving myself up to the chances of the day as they came.

I happened one night to mention at General Lafayette's that I should remain at home on the following morning, to sit for a medal to David, and the information brought us a numerous circle of morning visitors; others dropped in by chance, and some by appointment. From twelve till four, my little salon was a congress composed of the representatives of every vocation of arts, letters, science, *bon ton*, and philosophy, in which, as in the Italian opera-boxes of Milan and Naples, the comers and goers succeeded each other, as the narrow limits of the space required that the earliest visitor should make room for the last arrival. There was Pigault le Brun, the father of the revolutionary novelists, whose wit and humour can never be out of fashion, however it may fare with the forms in which he has embodied them. There was Mignet, the historian of his age, and belonging to his age—honest, fearless, and giving to his narrative the demonstration of mathematics and the brevity of epigram, in a style which is in itself philosophy. There was Mérimée, like his own original and delightful dramas, simple, natural, and animated. The bril-

liant Beyle, whose travels made me long to know the author, and whose conversation is still more lively and original than his books; Dumas, the author of "Henry the Third," one of the most successful adventurers in the rich and new mine of romanticism;* and the spiritual and interesting Robert Lefevre, and De Montrol, who says more clever things even than he writes; who has composed a life of Clement Marot, in an episode, that is in prose what its subject was in poetry; and the Commandeur

* Monsieur Dumas has since produced his tragedy of *Christine*, written to uphold the principles of his sect. Of this piece, a cotemporary critic observes, that, "in it, Dumas has shewn himself to possess dramatic talents of the first order. The leading characters are preserved throughout with the hand of a master; and the whole of the fourth and fifth acts are more thoroughly dramatic than any tragedy, French or foreign, which has been produced for many years. It is not too much to say, that if Monsieur Dumas will leave it to the developement of his subject, and the uninfluenced bent of his genius, to decide whether the piece shall assume the *classique* or *romantique* form,—if in fact he will write for the world and not for a party,—he will rank as the first tragic author in Europe."

Gazzera, of the order of Malta, the author of many ingenious works,—one among the oldest of our continental friends, and the most hospitable of hosts; and there was an accomplished young diplomatist from the United States, Mr. B——, and Monsieur Miguel de la Barra, the secretary of legation from Chili; and Don Louis d'Arandada, an *attaché* of the Portuguese embassy;* and Colonel Tolstoy from Russia; and the Prince and Princess of Salmes, from their feudal castle on the Rhine; and the Count and Countess de Rochefoucauld Liancourt—(the principles of the one and the graces of the other, like their illustrious name, beyond all change of circumstance or touch of time); and the honest and gifted Italian brothers Ugoni; and "*son obligéance*," Monsieur Jullien de Paris; and the two first amateurs of the musical world, even of *that* musical world from whence

* From the legitimate court *s'entend:* the minister from Don Miguel was, at this time, in Paris, but was very generally refused admittance into the Parisian circles, not on his own account, but on that of the personage he represented.

they came, Signor Barberi and Signor Dottore Benati, with many others, who came in and went out successively,—each leaving behind them the votive offering of an agreeable impression. Meantime, David, not in the least disturbed by the comings and goings of my miscellaneous guests, sat in full light near the window, moulding away; shewing the progress of his work without mystery, and taking a hint from one and a suggestion from another, in all the humility of true genius, and all its carelessness; without any of that *amour propre*, and self-satisfaction, and mystery of craft, which belong to uncertain reputations, and certain mediocrity Every now and then, he threw in his word, and made his remark, with the enthusiasm which so strongly characterizes both his conversation and his works; and which amounted almost to inspiration, as the music of Rossini, from time to time, was sung and played by one, whose young, fresh tones, and sweet expression, Rossini himself had deigned to approve.

I wish I could remember all that was said, in seriousness and in pleasantry, in wisdom or in

gaiety, in all sorts of ways, and upon all sorts of subjects, by these gifted representatives of the civilization of Europe; or could depict their uncalculating simplicity, and noble confidence, risking on any, or on every thing, those airy nothings to which genius lends a charm, and on which genius only will venture. What a lesson to solemn dulness and cautious mediocrity! Unfortunately, I rather recollect the impression made by each than the words that engraved them.

The author of "Clara Gazul," without being our "*meilleur causeur*," (as Madame de Vilette said of Champfort,) was certainly one of the most delightful. Not that he is, perhaps, as vivacious as Beyle, nor as profound (I had almost said sublime) as Mignet; but that his society has precisely that charm which makes one desire his arrival, and fear his departure. Easy, simple, gay, humourous, and natural, indifferent to, or unconscious of, his superior talent, speaking many modern languages, and knowing all well—Mérimée is an epitome of the European youth of the present day—the reverse of all our received

opinions of the "*homme de lettres*" of the old times, in France. Authorship, in him, is a vocation, not a profession; and the careless but vigorous manner in which some of his dramatic sketches are thrown off, is a proof that he writes less for the fame he has acquired, than to fill a duty to society, by exposing the abuses and revealing the vices of those pernicious institutions, which so many are caballing to restore. His "Clara Gazul," "La Jacquerie," and the "Scènes Féodales," are evidently composed in this spirit. Like the young men in general of his country, Mérimée is so liberal, that he is not aware that he is liberal: it seems to him that liberalism is the natural state of man. Talking on the subject upon the morning alluded to, Beyle observed, that even the term was passing away, for the quality was ceasing to be a distinction, or liberalism a sect. "The young men, even of the faubourg," he said, "the sons of the emigration, if they are a shade less liberal, a degree more enamoured with hereditary prejudices than the 'children of the revolution,' are infinitely less *ultra* than their fathers, who

are, also, much less so than they were in 1815. They repeat the opinions of their parents, but they laugh with us at the ignorance of their feudal ancestors, and they blush for the degradation of their class in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. They are no longer brought up in their childhood by sycophant Abbés, to be transferred to the harems of Versailles, or to waste their prime in the *ruelles* of *les grandes dames*, or behind the scenes of the opera."

Somebody else observed, that the young noblesse seem half ashamed of their titles, which are no longer in harmony with public opinion; and they very commonly drop them on their visiting tickets. Having caught the spirit of their age, their aspirations are towards public life, politics, literature, or science; and if, in this respect, they are less energetic, and, therefore, less successful, than their cotemporaries, there are none of them who are not far in advance of their noble fathers. In general, they read the various journals of the day, and do not wait to become acquainted with events, (as their predecessors did,) for the king's announcement of

them, while he is changing his shirt. They read the "Gazette," and the "*Drapeau blanc*," to please their noble relations, and they read the liberal papers to please themselves. It is not unusual to see them poring over the "Globe" or the "Constitutionnel," in the Tuileries' gardens, while they hold before it one of the accredited *ultra* papers, to make a shew, and advertise their loyalty.

"But," I asked, "is there none of the old leaven left in these successors of the *Richelieus*, nothing of the old school of gallantry, (for instance,) as it flourished with the *Laurigais* and the *Bouillons?*"

"Nothing," was the reply: "nothing certainly of the old school of libertinism, professedly cold, heartless, and profligate. The heroes of that school sought not the love, but the ruin and exposure either of their victims or themselves; for to be deceived and ruined by a nymph of the opera, was once a patent of *bon ton*.* The

* The Duc de Bouillon is said to have expended four millions of francs on the sultanas of the opera and the

young *ultras* of the present day make love indeed as they read the 'Gazette,' to pay their tribute to the *bienséance* of their *grade*, and to keep up the old forms. The young man in Paris, who is now the most *aux bonnes fortunes*, is assuredly not of the old stock. The old gallantry, like the old politics, is quite out of fashion: even love is at a discount; and grace and beauty are sometimes too much neglected for *la charte*."

"Well," I said, laughing, "I saw something of this the other night. Some of you were present, where politics and philosophy held supreme sway, while youth and beauty went for nothing. I could not help saying to our young host, *vous n'aimez plus les femmes?* and he answered, *nous aimons nos femmes*."

"Oh, yes, the Globists are devotedly in love with their own wives; and not with the wives of others, as in the old school, when every literary lady had her authorical *amant titré*, like the

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Français. Mademoiselle Raucourt was wont to say, in her old age, "that the cause of the ruin of the nobility was the opera."

Du Chatelêts, the D'Epinays, and the D'Hudetots. *We* make love, in the present day, morally, and in a constitutional manner. This is the time for agreeable women, who only aim at captivating our opinions; and the most agreeable woman is the one, who best adapts herself to the man she converses with, and the subject that most occupies him. So, *vive le budget!*"

"But, have you none of *les grandes passions*, such as sent the Duchesse de Polignac and the Duchesse de Nesle to fight a duel in the Bois de Boulogne for the Duc de Richelieu; or that set two rivals '*à s'arracher les cheveux pour une infidélite*,' in a room full of company, as described by Madame de Prie, in a letter to the same duke?"

"Oh! nothing," replied all the French present.

"*Que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes*," whispered a young Englishman, who had just dropped in, and sat beside me; "remind me to tell you of a *démêlé* between two pretty duchesses in an opera box, the other night, about a young English Richelieu."

(I must observe, in a parenthesis, that all the scandal in Paris is fresh, if not authentic, among the English, particularly those who do not go into French society.) Some one who overheard Mr. ——, replied, "You must not judge, sir, of the morals of the nation, by those of a little coterie, who affect to imitate the manners and morals of the higher class of British fashionables; some of whom have brought the worst examples here, after having afforded them in their own country."

"What a turning of the tables! but," I added, "some one has said that French wit has gone out of fashion with French gallantry."

"That is not precisely the case; but still there is something in the remark: not that there is less wit in France, than formerly—perhaps there is more; and, therefore, it is less conspicuous, less a distinction. There is too much bustle of intellect, to permit the world to pause on a *bon-mot*, or to re-echo a *jeu d'esprit*."

"By the bye," said M. ——, "Lafayette, who grows brighter, like a diamond, the more it is rubbed, said a very witty thing the other day,

which would have made a reputation, half a century ago. General Sebastiani talking to him of the old and new nobility, asked, 'Do you not think, General, as I do, that a fusion between them would be very desirable?' '*Oui, mon cher Sebastiani,*' replied Lafayette, '*je le desire;—mais complette, jusqu'à l'évaporation.*'"

"Who do you think," I asked, "is the most gallant man in France, after the old fashion?"

"Oh! Charles X." was the universal cry.

"And who (the present company excepted) is the wittiest?"

"Rossini, beyond a doubt," said Beyle, "do you not think so, Lady M.?"

"I meet him frequently in society; yet I have rarely heard him speak, except in languid and extorted replies, until the other day at dinner, at Gerard's; where he was very agreeable."

"That is not unlikely. He is now overwhelmed with his professional labours, putting the finish to his 'William Tell;' and he comes into society late and weary; as you saw him at Madame Merlin's."

"Yes, I saw and heard him there last night.

He presided at the piano; and the manner in which he accompanied one of his own songs from the *Barbière*, was more like inspiration, than mere human genius. I have not yet recovered it."

"Inspiration!—If you were to talk to him of inspiration, he would laugh at you. He laughs at the very idea; but then he laughs at every thing, himself included. He is a thorough Mephistophiles! To see Rossini, in all the glory of his genius, and his natural and unobtrusive wit, you must see him at midnight, composing at his little desk, in his black cap, surrounded by his *habitués*, yet undisturbed by their fun and frolic; in which, from time to time, he bears his part, particularly if his clever friend Caraffa be present: then, indeed, he is in his own sphere; there is nothing like him."

I hazarded an opinion on music and Rossini, which I have printed in the "Book of the Boudoir;" and so we got upon the revolution he has effected in his art, and upon that genius, which gets the start of its age.

"No," said Mignet, "genius goes with its

age; and it is by so doing, that it wins its success."

I still persisted in my Mrs. Malaprop style of arguing, "clever men go with their age, and prosper; genius goes one step beyond it, and is persecuted;" Mérimée and David were of my opinion.

"Your Milton," said Mignet, "went with his times, when he took religion and liberty for his inspiration."

"That is," I added, "Milton gave an impulse to his own times; but he surely went beyond them, when he wrote his defence of the English people, and his 'Paradise Lost.' The first was not the political philosophy either of the Protector or the parliament; nor was the latter the cant of the age and sect to which he belonged."

On the subject of the greatest literary geniuses that France has produced, I ventured to cite Molière and Voltaire, both of whom, by the bye, went with their age, and beyond their ages. Mignet added Bossuet, and quoted some of his eloquent passages.

I ventured to observe that "oratory could

never flourish under a pure despotism, nor at the dictation of such a patron as Louis the Fourteenth. I was however a prejudiced judge, for Mignet had the best of the argument, as on all subjects he would have with me. I hold the character of that insolent sycophant, Bossuet, in such horror, that I see only in him the Bishop of Meaux, the tyrant over the weakness, and pander to the passions of the great; one who turned the tribune of religion into the stage of a mountebank; and at the altar of God, called on the people to do homage to the vices of a despot. In discussing the merits of Bossuet, I got in a word in favour of the mild and evangelical Massillon; whose code of humanity, as given in his *petit carème*, is in my opinion well worth all Bossuet ever wrote. It was observed that the *petit carème* was written by command, to favour that peace and tranquillity, which it was the Regent's pleasure and policy to uphold; and to give an hint to the young king: Massillon's success therefore arose from his going with his age.

As visitors dropped in and dropped out, our

subjects of conversation changed, in the true spirit of careless, desultory chit-chat, till, towards the close of the morning, we suddenly found ourselves in the dangerous field of French poetry. Oh! what a trouncing we English got, with our pretensions to an exclusive privilege in Parnassus!

By way of a novelty, I took up Collins, who is but little known in France; but his "Oriental Eclogues" were flung at my head, and "*Les Orientales*" of Victor Hugo were cited, as superior. They have, both of them, the same fault: the first were written in London, the second in Paris, by men who wrote from books, and not from impressions,—the true source of all good poetry,—the source and charm of Byron's, who describes what he saw, and as he saw, through the medium of his own exalted imagination. But Collins's "Ode to Evening," a poem without rhyme, but with every fact and image drawn from nature, from the northern nature, of which he was himself a poetical illustration, is every word poetry, of the highest order; it is truth and fact, and yet more poetical than all that Racine ever wrote. I cited

his northern sunset and twilight, his bat and bells, and folding star, and heathy scenery. I had begun life by admiring this beautiful specimen of descriptive poetry, and I was delighted to find that I still retained the same sensibility to it, as I felt (it is unnecessary to say how many,) years back; the very measure of it is music, and every word a melody; I chose the following passage:

" Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek flits on a leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small, but sullen horn:

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim, borne, in heedless hum.
Now, teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain;

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return.

For, when the folding star arising, shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves,
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph, who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew,—and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare their shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires
And hears their simple bell and marks o'er all,
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

I know not, in any language, a single poem at once so poetical, and so descriptive of natural phenomena, as this ode of Collins.

"Ah," said a French classicist, "you forget the description of the death of Hypolitus. *Ecoutez:*" and he quoted the speech of Theramène, in the Phédre, at full length, beginning—

"A peine nous sortions des portes de Trézene."

"Well," I said, "if this is poetry, according to the French standard, it is not nature. Would any man announce, to an unfortunate parent, the death of his child, with all the details of the break down of a mail-coach, in a tirade of forty preliminary lines? Would any man cry to that parent,

"Excuser ma douleur, cette image cruelle
Sera pour moi de pleurs une source éternelle?"

Or take the charitable pains to inform him, that,

"De son généreux sang la trace nous conduit;
Les rochers en sont teints; les ronces dégoutantes
Portent de ses cheveux les dépouilles sanglantes?"

Mérimée, with his usual *espiéglerie*, helped out the argument against me, with Clarence's dream; and so, as usual, we all left off as we began. But we all agreed, that the prose of P. Courier, and the poetry of Beranger, were each in perfection in their several ways: while some observed, that the French and English are making an exchange of words and of things, and quoted a translated idiom of my Anglo-French, which, though it now shocks the ears of the

purists, might be naturalized some of these days.

" Shock us !" said Beyle, " yes, but not in your English sense of the word. It does give us an agreeable shock. Are you English aware that there is an almost primitive simplicity in the errors you commit in our language of phrases, that carries with it an infinite charm. We modern French, for instance, prefer the French letters of Horace Walpole to those of his correspondent, Madame du Deffand: there is a force, a *naïveté*, in his translated idioms, a thousand times more expressive than the purisms of the French lady, the muse of the literati of her time.* His style is as little the French of *les Quarante*, as his wit; but it is something better. His words have the force of ideas, and his phrases are so free from the monotony of our rhythm, that they keep us *tout éveillé*."

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* I have frequently remarked pure and genuine Anglicisms in the early French writers; or rather pure Gallicisms, borrowed by us from the cotemporary language of France, at the period when our own was forming.

M—— observed, that the French bore a great resemblance to the Athenians in their sensibility to purity of style; and this brought us to the Greeks and their cause. We naturally made a reference to Colonel Tolstoy's pamphlet, written in excellent French, which lay upon the table. He, of course, went with the Russian policy; the French were all for the plains of Marathon and Greek liberty, and the English were more or less in the doctrines which produced the massacres of Parga, and Mr. Sheridan's pamphlet against the Greeks; and so we were all drawn up in battle array.

David led the charge, as Praxiteles himself might have done; and if there is any fire in the medal that represents my stupid Irish face, it is due to that which kindled his spirit, as he worked and defended the land of the arts, and the compatriots of Apelles.

Meantime several visitors, bored, perhaps, with a subject, in which they took little interest, bowed themselves out. Among these were one or two gentlemen who had taken no further part in the conversation, than to ask the names

of my other guests, who, after their departure, asked theirs. I said, I did not know, or at least must refer to my visiting book, to ascertain them.

"Not know the names of your guests?" said Madame D——, "*qu'elle est drôle.*"

"*Que voulez vous, madame?* We are presented at some crowded assembly, or public place, to a number of all nations. We don't catch half their foreign names. These *présentés* present others; they call and are let in. Their names are announced by my servant, who gives them all a certain Irish *tournure*, that makes confusion worse confounded; and so there they are. Some turn out delightful, high bred and agreeable, like that young Wallachian Boiardo, who has just left us; and others prove prosers, like.... but I won't exemplify, where all are courteous and kind, and well informed and well disposed."

"And one of them" said Monsieur de ——, "whom I saw here the other day, is an ex-jesuit."

"*Madonna mia!* you make me start! I am denounced then to the holy office, or to the police at least."

"Oh! don't be alarmed," said Beyle, "you have nothing to fear from the police now."

"You don't mean to say that there is no longer a police in France?"

"*A peu près.* Upon great occasions, a few civil gentlemen come forth, enter your room, *chapeau bas*, politely inquire into the disorder, or relate the event that occasions their intrusion, and have the air of paying a visit of ceremony, instead of a domiciliary visit. As for your jesuit, whoever he may be—and these things are easier said than proved—the worst you have to expect, is an attack in some of the ultra papers, or in those intelligent organs of public opinion, which treat upon hats, caps, "*des grands ourlets et du petit manteau.*"

"Or *de la pluie et du beau temps—que voilà!*" I exclaimed. "So let us enjoy it in the gardens."

"*Levero l'incommodo,*" said David, putting up his little model; and then came the bustle of bonnets, shawls, and parasols; and as many as said "aye," accompanied us to the gardens of the Tuileries, where fresh air and fresh company

gave a new fillip to the spirits and the fancy ; and fresh topics were furnished by a site, where subjects of discussion were furnished by every passing groupe ; and the addition to our circle of Monsieur de P—r—y, gave us the benefit of one of the pleasant chroniclers of the times, political and fashionable, that *even Paris* supplies.

LE FÈVRE.

I HAVE been sitting for my picture to Robert Le Fèvre, a most agreeable and well-informed person. His agreeability is that of a *laisser aller* temperament, and his information that of a man who has lived in the midst of great events, and with notable and extraordinary persons. Le Fèvre has these advantages in common with Gerard, with whom half an hour's conversation is worth—almost one of his own splendid pictures. If any one could keep me quiet, under the slow torture of sitting for a picture, it would be Robert Le Fèvre; for, besides his own merits, he has the additional one, in my eyes, of

resembling Denon so closely in face, figure, dress, manner, and even in pronunciation and accent, that the illusion has been, for a moment, complete, and has almost given me back my dear old friend, just as when I first sat to him for a lithographic sketch, that resembles me much less than Monsieur Le Fèvre resembles him, (for portrait drawing, if Denon's rapid sketches can be so called, was not the *fort* of him whose burin, however, seems to have been a bequest from Rembrandt).

One of the most favourable likenesses taken of Napoleon, was by Robert Le Fèvre, who superintended fifty-five miniatures copied from it, at the desire of various persons. In those days, the procuring copies of the imperial likeness, was a favourite mode of homage, among the thousand flatteries then practised; yet, when I visited France, in 1816, there was not one to be seen, nor to be procured, for love or money, except with the greatest secrecy and mystery. I, at least, who went poking about every where, saw but two; and of these, one was in a sort of lumber-room, at the Hôtel Crawford, and the

other a miniature, for which Napoleon walked—not sat; all busy people, I believe, hating to sit for pictures, however strong the propensity of their *amour propre* to multiply their likeness. This miniature is now in my possession, it was given me by an accomplished female friend, to whom all the arts are dear, and who excels in that, by which the features of the First Consul are there so closely represented.*

Le Fèvre, to keep me quiet, placed an immense folio volume before me. On drawing off its rich silken cover, I perceived, by the inscription, that this superb work was a royal donation; it was bound, gilt, and lettered, with a splendour worthy of the Pope's missal; but its exterior (fine as it was,) bore no proportion to the treasures of the interior, which consisted of a collection of engravings from the Flemish masters. The originals are in the gallery of the Duchess de Berri, and the work is got up with great

* Mademoiselle Hervey. One of the largest miniatures ever painted on ivory, is her beautiful copy of the Madonna della Seggia.

taste and magnificence by her Royal Highness—herself a genuine lover, and a liberal patroness of the arts. It is curious to see the Italian organization coming forth in this charming passion, which adds such grace to life, and so extends its enjoyments. I leave it to philosophy to determine whether the power which widens the circle of agreeable sensations, confers real advantages over the dull and torpid vitality of an oyster, or whether an exemption from the pains and penalties of fine perceptions does not more than overbalance the pleasures they occasion: but I am certain that society benefits by the existence of a refined taste in persons, raised by the accident of their birth to high and influential positions. How many idle and gallant queens, whose extravagance of expenditure, and intrigues in society, have brought ruin on the nation, might France have been spared, had the Austrian and Spanish sovereigns educated their daughters, and led them to cultivate their minds, and to develope their talents, so as to place them beyond the necessity of depending on the resources of gossip

and the dissipation of a court. How many bigotted queens, the slaves of their confessors, and the victims of their own dark ignorance and gloomy fears, might have been trained into rational and intelligent beings, to the happiness of the many, whom they lived only to torment and persecute. Had Catherine de Medicis, and Madame de Maintenon,* been either accomplished or well educated women, France might have been spared the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the revocation of the edict of Nantz. The greatest princess in Europe, *La Grande Mademoiselle*, as she was called, seems to have had the mind and manners of a coarse, vulgar housekeeper, in the family of a country gentleman; and for want of common knowledge and cultiva-

* Madame de Maintenon had learned to read, write, and work tapestry, the whole range of education in that day. Nothing places the natural genius of this clever woman, and of many of her cotemporaries, in a clearer point of view, than the narrowness of their education. All the arts were unknown to them; and few, if any of them, applied to the acquirement of foreign languages. Madame de Sévigné alone appears to have been a good Italian scholar.

tion, though mistress of a dozen dukedoms and principalities, she lived a prisoner at large, without the command of her actions or her wealth; and after having suffered every tyranny, privation, and injustice, wounded in her dearest affections, and disappointed in her best hopes, she was forced to give her property as the king pleased. She has left in her most amusing, *naïves*, and illustrative memoirs, a monument of the ignorance, vulgarity, and neglect, in which a royal princess in the eighteenth century might be reared, even in the most refined court of Europe.

In tossing over the portfolios of Le Fèvre, (while Madame Grassini was humming to the piano that air with which, some years back, she turned half the heads in England,—"*Paga fui,*") I lighted on the portrait of the lovely Pauline Bonaparte, for which she had sat to Le Fèvre in her robes, immediately after the imperial coronation. What exquisite, what seducing beauty! what simplicity, yet what gorgeous splendour of dress! I remember her shewing me, when in Rome, the tiara in which she is here represented. It is of large emeralds set with diamonds.

The next fair face that presented itself was that of the martyr, Charlotte Corday, with whom Le Fèvre had been intimately acquainted. She was a young and lovely creature, with an almost infantine simplicity of look; and a slight shade of melancholy taming down the lustre of her youth. A fixed, but mild intensity of expression indicates firmness of purpose, beyond the reach of external influence; giving to the countenance that expression, so remarkable in the physiognomy of Lafayette, from which painters might borrow an idea of divine immutability, the unchangeableness of good. The Saint Catherines, the Saint Cecilias, and the Saint Lucias, afford nothing comparable with the self-immolation of Charlotte Corday. They did not seek, they submitted to their lot, with a crown of immortal glory before their eyes, to be adored like deities through endless generations, and to be associated in worship with the God whom they served. Their sacrifice was the purchase of immortal fame in one world, and eternal felicity in the other. But what was the reward of the Judith of modern times, and what was her

sacrifice?—the sacrifice of her fair and womanly fame—of her feelings and sensibility. Hers was not the heart nor the face of a murderer. She, who felt so deeply for her country, must have felt a bitter pang in taking the life of the worst even of her countrymen: and what was the expected consequence?—to be torn to pieces by the mob, or at least to be executed on a scaffold, where it was no longer a distinction to suffer; to be handed down, even by the fair-judging, as one who wanted a woman's heart, and possessed an assassin's nerve; as one, to be remembered at best with a doubtful feeling, between horror and admiration, and finally to sink into an obscurity that almost amounts to oblivion; for of her no memorial exists, except this little picture. This is the poetical view of the conduct of Charlotte Corday: its philosophy lies in the power of that political exaltation which is not to be judged by abstract rules, but by the circumstances in which the individual is placed.

The study of Le Fèvre is a gallery of historic portraits. Among them are two, which, par-

taking of the *beau ideal* of imaginary resemblance, especially arrested my attention,—the portraits of Abelard and of Eloise. The hypercritics are of opinion that there is something too terrestrial in the beauty and the grief of Eloise; and the ultras, who see no merit, but in the Magdalens of Le Brun, observe that "*elle pleure, cette belle Héloise, mais ce ne sont pas les larmes de la Vallière.** My own opinion is that Le Fevre's Eloise is of the school of nature. The attraction of the Abelard, in my eyes, is that it is as like Talma as if he had set for it. Its fault, in the eyes of the critics, is that it is a little too theatrical: but single figures, thrown into the expression and attitude of strong passion, must ever be so.

The principal picture on which the artist was then occupied, was a large altar-piece, the ascent of St. Louis to heaven, in all the glories of saintly and of royal majesty†. It was not in a

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* "She weeps; but they are not the tears of La Vallière."

† Bespoken, I believe, by the king.

sufficient state of forwardness to judge of it as a work of art; but I may be permitted to observe, that there is something in this class of subjects particularly ungrateful, which renders the position of a painter, subjected to execute them at the orders and the taste of the powerful, any thing but agreeable. In the first place, all "ascents," (that of our Saviour by Raphael inclusive,) are too corporeal, too closely resembling the ghost of Hamlet before the stage lights, to please an imaginative beholder. They remind one too forcibly of the law of gravity, to comport with the ideas, either of upward motion or of spirituality. The spectator is rather impressed with the apprehension of broken bones, than with the conception of a divine and awful mystery. Then, again, allegory, whether sculptured or painted, is the grave of the sublime; it is the sensible image which is presented—not the idea typified; and the mind, instead of being elevated to the height of the conception, is dragged down to the level of the material illustration. Such pictures are fit only for their especial purpose, to afford to the vulgar, notions level to their

capacity, material, sensual, and trivial as themselves: and it is with feelings of humiliation and annoyance, that I beheld a painter, so full of poetic genius as Le Fèvre, employed on them. The greatest talents will hardly escape with success, from the embarrassments of such a subject.

THE PROTESTANT POPE.

How strange it is that people should desire every body to think with them, upon subjects that must remain in doubt till the end of time; and stranger still that the unextinguishable thirst for sympathy, out of which this desire springs, should be the fruitful parent of such dire and bloody antipathies. Men desire companions in their creeds, as children do in the dark, from a sense of feebleness and danger; but they have no want to lean upon others in the broad sunlight of science. Of the twenty thousand floating opinions on religious subjects, one only, it is thought, can be right: yet the other nineteen

thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-nine sects, are not the less zealous in cramming their opinions down the throats of the public, persecuting, or at least decrying all those, who are led by temperament, intellect, position, and above all by education, to think in another way. In alighting from our carriage, at the entrance of the place of meeting of the "*société de la morale chrétienne*," a most methodistical-looking man, with a long face, lank hair, and a Praise-god Bare-bones expression of countenance, thrust a little tract into my hand, and another into that of my husband. On looking it over, we found it to be a genuine methodistical production, on the most approved models of the tract society, in French and English; thereby proving, that the Protestant jesuits were just as busy as the Catholic. When we were at Geneva, the English methodists were sowing discord and division among the Genevese community, which, before the arrival of these doves of peace, had for years set the most exemplary example of religious toleration, "peace and good will towards man."

France is not the country of methodism; for the temperament of the nation does not lead to permanent enthusiasm: but among some of the protestants of rank, it has crept in, under the favour of *doctrinaire* politics and German mysticism; and it is the religious faith of the *canapé*. I have not read Benjamin de Constant's book on religion; but I am told that it leans towards a mystic methodism, and will entitle him to be enrolled among the lesser prophets at least of the sect.

Apropos to religious sects, I must write down, while I think of it, an high priest of another persuasion, the head of the liberal and enlightened protestants of France, "the Protestant Pope," Monsieur Marron. He was one of those who, on my recent arrival in Paris, I had not the courage to enquire after. So many years had elapsed, since I last parted with him in the literary circle of Miss Helen Maria Williams; and he then appeared to me so far advanced in life, that I thought the chances much against our meeting him again. So I waited till the accidents of conversation should introduce

his name, and declare whether he were still in existence: but "*où, la vertu va-t-elle se nicher*," and at eighty years of age too! At a ball in the Rue de Bourbon, at my excellent friend, Madame L——'s, I took shelter from the heat and crowd in a pretty *boudoir*, and threw myself upon the first Ottoman that presented itself, very nearly tumbling over an old gentleman, who occupied a place on its corner, near the door. It was my Protestant Pope, just as I had left him, unchanged, as if he had been preserved in ice. Our recognition was mutual and instantaneous, cordial and gay.

"I came here," he said, "expressly to meet you, and waited for a break in the circle to present myself."

"I would have gone a thousand miles," I replied, "to meet you; but who could have expected to see your Infallibility at a ball?"

"Why not?" he said, with vivacity; "you see, however, that I observe *les bienséances;* I don't dance."

"If you should, you must give me the preference."

This he promised; and so, "the world forgetting," and for a time by "the world forgot," we "fell to discourse." Among other things, I said, "I have just mentioned your name in a little scrap-book of mine, which is now printing in London; I have said, that it was Bonaparte, who gave you the name of the Protestant Pope, which I did on the authority of poor Miss Williams. I hope I am right."

"No," he said, "you are wrong, or rather your authority was. It was Pius VII. who gave me that title. Here is the anecdote. I had always a mania for tagging Latin verse; and on the marriage of the emperor, I hit off an ode that pleased me much. So, as I was upon the best terms possible with his Holiness, and he was a bit of a poet himself,* I inclosed it to him, in a letter, not of the most pontifical character. When he had read it, he presented it, with a

* The following couplet was sent to Monsieur Marron by the Pope, and may serve as a specimen of his playful wit.

"Vertueux protestant, que je souffre à vous voir;
Tirer Marron du feu, n'est pas en mon pouvoir."

The point is untranslateable.

solemn air, to the Abbé Testa. 'Here, *padre*,' he said, 'is an important document, the letter of one Pope to another.' *Pardie! Testa fit des grands yeux.* 'Yes' said his Holiness, gravely, 'it is an epistle from a Protestant Pope to a Catholic one.'"

"That Pius the Seventh," I observed, "was a charming creature, to say nothing of his being a handsome one. '*Celui là vaut bien l'autre*:'—meaning Pius the Sixth, of whom I had heard anecdotes at Rome, that would have made a volume."

"I knew him too," said Monsieur Marron, "He was anything but a bigot, and had many amiable qualities. When he was a prisoner at Valence, orders were given to the military commander, Colonel M., of the most rigorous character. The Colonel softened them down to the utmost of his power, short of positive neglect of duty and disobedience. Of this generous conduct the Pope was duly sensible; but almost afraid of noticing it, lest he should commit his benefactor. The night before he died, however, he sent for this officer, and presenting him with

a superb silver gilt cup, (rescued from the papal treasury, (he begged of him to accept it, as a memorial of the donor's gratitude and esteem. Col. M., from whom I had the anecdote, felt a conscientious hesitation at accepting so valuable a present from his illustrious prisoner; and after expressing his thanks, declined it, on the plea of religion. 'Perhaps your Holiness,' he said, 'is not aware that you are making this valuable and almost consecrated present to an heretic. I am of the church of Geneva.' 'What has that to do with it?' said the Pope, with a flash of animation. Then after closing his heavy eyes, he added, in a tone of exhaustion, but with solemnity, 'are we not all children of the same Father?'"

Oh, ye catholic and protestant bigots, ye mystic methodists and intriguing jesuits, why did you not hear my Pope tell this anecdote of the Roman Pope, and see his fine venerable countenance light up in the utterance of a sentiment in such strict accordance with his own faith and feelings! But there is no making Christians of sectarians. You may make proselytes, and convert to and from every sect on earth, but you will not bring your convertites one step nearer to the religion

whose doctrine is love; for exclusion is in their mouths and supremacy in their hearts; and these are the essence of sectarianism, call it by what denomination you will.

But, to go back to my Turkish ottoman and Protestant Pope: we talked much and long of our celebrated friend, Miss Williams; and it was painful to learn, that she had fallen into absolute indigence some time before her death, a circumstance which, in her independent spirit she endeavoured to conceal till all further concealment was impossible. Her excellent nephew, Mr. C——, a respected member of the Dutch church, and one of the most celebrated preachers of Amsterdam, having at last learned the state of her affairs, came for her to Paris, and took her home to Amsterdam; but the translation from her own delightful circle in the French capital, and the different order of society in Holland, were too much for her spirits, and she fell into such melancholy and ill-health, that her constitution sunk under the change. Her devoted relation, solicitous even for her pleasures, placed an annuity on her head, out of his own limited means, and brought her back to Paris.

He brought her back, however, only to convey her to her modest tomb, amidst the cypresses of the *cimetière de la Chaise*. Thus terminated the life of Johnson's "elegant muse, in sadness and poverty." Her faults were attributable to the singular times in which her ardent feelings and brilliant talents developed themselves. Born and bred in another era, she would have directed her original talents to other purposes, and, in all probability, with a happier result. Monsieur Marron agreed with me in this opinion.

"It is," I said, "the greatest want of philosophy to judge of people otherwise than by the times and circumstances in which they are called to act."

"And the greatest want of Christian charity too," he added. The charming old man! oh! how I wished we had a dozen such Protestant Popes in Ireland!

As a circle was now gathering round us, we broke off our intimate conversation, and taking His Infallibility's arm, I went with him to join the dancers.

MADAME JACOTOT.

On my return to Paris from Italy, in 1820, as I was seated, one fine morning, making up a dress, while the well-known Dr. Gall sat laughing and chatting beside me, in that pleasant tone of conversation, which none but those who have the requisite organ, possess; he suddenly proposed that I should exchange my needle for my parasol, and pay a visit to Madame Jacotot, the celebrated artist and enameller. As I have always preferred walking to needle-work, and would walk to Mecca, if accompanied by such an agreeable companion, I did not hesitate, and the next moment I was under weigh, tottering

over the rough pavement of the *faubourg*, with my arm in Dr. Gall's, though, strange to say, my head had never been in his hands. Dr. Gall was one of those persons who excite an interest for themselves, independently of their especial claims to notoriety and distinction; and while the man conversed, his doctrines were forgotten. This is the highest social triumph which can be accorded to genius; with mediocrity and pretension, the author and the work are ever uppermost in the mind.

Laughing and chatting, we arrived at Madame Jacotot's; and laughing and chatting of the arts, and looking over the splendid works of our hostess, we passed two such delightful hours, that my impressions of this eminent lady were fresh in my memory, on my return to France in 1829; but, alas! there was now no longer a Gall to re-knit the chain so pleasantly formed, and so abruptly broken. Other links of association were, however, not wanting, and we set forth with Monsieur Bouchon,* a very talented acquaintance, of old date, and a

* Now engaged in editing the old chronicles of France.

friend of Madame Jacotot, to re-visit the first female artist of Europe, and to feast our eyes and intellects with her works.

She was no longer resident in the *locale*, where I had last seen her, but on the *Quai Voltaire*, and in the apartments of—Denon! It was some minutes before I could recover the shock and the gloom, which association, thus suddenly awakened, cast over me. Every thing, too, was changed; the walls, once embellished by monuments of the arts of all ages and nations, were now nearly bare. Where were my old acquaintances, where was La Bruyère's magnificent portrait! and the well-remembered Ruydesdale, and the beautiful Bonaparte dynasty, which the late gifted master of these apartments had the moral courage to exhibit, when the followers and flatterers of that family hid these once well-worshipped *lares* and *penates* of their domestic altars, in fear and servility? Where, too, were the superb Egyptian monuments, the precious stones and gems, made doubly precious by the touch of genius! The Greek antiquities, the Roman relics, fragments of the middle ages, and the splendid specimens of modern embellishments; the consoles, the

commodes, and guéridons of the time of Louis the Fourteenth; and the Jupiter Tonans; the hand of one Venus, and the foot of another? And where was he whose pleasant eloquence had described all these precious objects; where were his gracious courtesies, his witty repartee, his lively anecdote, and sparkling *bon-mot*, with all the learning of the profound antiquarian, the illumination of modern philosophy, and the gallantry of the old manners?

We found Madame Jacotot as we had left her, like one of her own enamels, apparently beyond the reach of time; and it is always pleasant to find genius giving a promise of its own durability. The perfection to which she has brought her art, and the advantages she has thereby conferred upon the porcelain manufacturè, fairly entitle her to the eminent reputation she enjoys among the artists of her country. Enamelling, since the days of Petitot, had fallen in France, with one or two eminent exceptions; and it had degenerated into mere cup and saucer painting; but it is now superior to what it ever had been, in any age or nation. Adopt-

ing, as the material which forms the base of her pictures, thick slabs of porcelain, whose hardness is some guarantee against casual destruction, Madame Jacotot has been able to give them dimensions far exceeding the productions of her predecessors. Her "Holy Family" and "*Belle Jardinière*," from Raphael; her "*Hope*" and "*Corinne*," from the well-known and beautiful pictures of Gerard, may preserve these trophies and triumphs of art, when the canvas and colours of the sixteenth and of the nineteenth centuries shall alike have yielded to that fiat, from which the escape, even for a century, is nothing less than a miracle: time carries with it so many modes of destruction! But to me, the most interesting of her works is that unique collection of enamels, from the portraits of all that was eminent and historical in France —the Sévignés and the Condés, the Ninons and the Turennes—which was begun for the cabinet of Louis the Eighteenth, and is now finishing, by the command of Charles Dix: an order that reflects equal credit on the patron and the *protégée*.

Madame Jacotot shewed us some fine pictures

by Bourdon and other eminent artists. There were portraits of Christine, Queen of Sweden, and of her victim, Monaldeschi; and of Anne of Austria, in the decline of her beauty and power, both, however, still visible in her face and air;—of Madame de Maintenon, *jeune et belle*, and of the terrible Richelieu, with that tigerish mildness of countenance so remarkable in the cold and cruel,—the impassibility of the insensible. There was a portrait also of the Regent, upon whose handsome and good-humoured face there is nothing of the "light, revelling, and protesting" look, a *roué* should possess.

Madame Jacotot, besides being one of the first artists of her day, is a most agreeable and intelligent woman of the world; such as France, of all countries, is most capable of producing. Her manner, like her pencil, is full of that life and vivacity which is so much more durable than the forms it animates. I could not help telling her, she would take a long time to grow old; and she returned the compliment with much more grace than it was made.—I trust we were both true prophets.

FURNITURE.

On paying our first visit to the Count de Ségur, I was greatly struck by finding the stairs of his hotel carpetted!—The stairs of a Parisian hotel carpetted!!—Our carriage was shortly afterwards stopped by a crowd of vehicles at the corner of the Rue St. Marc; so I amused my *ennui*, by reading the shop-boards about me (an amusement, to which I am much given). The first that met my eye was "*Grand dépôt de Tapis.*" I asked the shopman (who came to the carriage window to know if I wanted any thing,) if he had any English carpets. He answered rather evasively, after the Irish fashion;

"We have the most beautiful varieties of woollen goods recently introduced for furniture; and as for carpeting, we have *les plus superbs tapis d'Aubisson, et les moquettes les plus nouvelles; les tapis jaspers, les tapis à la Venetienne, et les tapis de drap imprime de Ternaux.*"

In short, I found that the looms of Wilton and Kidderminster were at work in France; and that the new wants of civilization, felt by all the other grades of society, as well as by the highest, were originating new branches of industry and ingenuity, and multiplying that best of all classes, *la classe industrielle*. What would Madame de Sévigné, or Madame Lafayette, say to these carpets of many names and textures? or la Grande Mademoiselle, who carried about her scrap of footcloth, as a royal privilege, destined only to be placed before the *fauteuil*,—that bone of contention to all the potentates of Europe? What would Cardinal de Richelieu say to a shopkeeper of the Rue St. Denis, with his feet on a rug, and his body reposing on piles of cushions; while his Eminence, the real king of France, and the dictator of Europe, was obliged, amidst all

his power, to strew his room with rushes, and was compelled to forego the use of foot-cloth and carpet, in the presence of the royal puppet whom he governed and despised? These were not the proposed ends of the miserable, laborious, intrigues, and atrocious crimes, which he mistook for government. They have however been attained, in spite of all the efforts of him, and of his class to maintain the people in ignorance and in slavery; and could he look forth from the tomb, (that truth-telling leveller,) the memory of his tortuous and bloodthirsty policy would be still further embittered by the spectacle of all the good, he had in vain laboured to prevent, and by the light it casts on the mean and paltry ambition which governed his political existence.

On every side, and in every street, I found new marts opened for the comfort and accommodation of the people, whose diffused wealth and wide-spread ease are the fruits of the revolution, which, with all its obstacles and all its errors, has advanced, and will still further advance, the civilization and the happiness of Europe. Of these new adaptations to the improved condition

of man, the bazaars are the most remarkable. There, in a purer air, and under good shelter, the purchaser may suit his taste and his purse, from one franc to a million; and there, the prince or the pauper may furnish his palace or his cabin, with all that luxury demands, or the most restricted want may require.

But though improvement may be traced through all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, there is more of English comfort, and of Italian taste, more of the real accommodations of life, and of the arts which embellish and adorn it, in the residences of that class, now distinguished by the epithet "*industrielle*," than among the remaining fragments of the ancient noblesse, or the professional and agricultural population. France certainly was the most conventional country in the world; and even now, from the *salle de Grace*, (the reception-room of the Dauphiness,) down to the *taudis* of the Swiss, or up to the *cinquième etage* of the sempstress, the same model of furniture still prevails, differing only in the value of the material, or the art with which it is constructed. The furniture,

de rigueur, is every where the same. The *pendule* on the chimney-piece, with its attendant supporters, two flambeaux, flanked by as many vases. A *canapé* at the head of the room, a set of chairs regimented against the walls, a table in the centre, a *guéridon* in the corner, while the eternal alcove contains every where the same formed bed, decked as tastefully with calico at a franc a yard, as with embroidered muslin at a louis. Such is the salon of a princess, and the lodge of the porter *de la vieille roche*,—the last classes where innovation or improvement ever make their approach.

AU GRAND VOLTAIRE.

I REALLY believe that nothing remains in France precisely as we left it. To us, at least, it appears that every thing is changed. Returning from the *faubourg*, by the *Rue de Bac*, I looked up, as I passed the *Quai Voltaire*, to recognize the old and gloomy *façade* and the closed shutters of the apartment, in which Voltaire died, and about which there was such a mystery, and so many stories in circulation. But the portrait of the literary monarch over the door of the bookseller's shop on the *Rez de Chaussee*, excepted, (and even that was fresh painted,) nothing now existed *in statu quo*.

The mysterious shutters were removed, the windows were widely open, the front of the house spick and span refreshed, and every thing about it as smart and as clean as the prettiest hôtel in the *Chaussée d'Antin.*

The trick played upon the *Frères Théatins*, by the Marquis de Villette, respecting this now celebrated edifice, is pleasantly told by Grimm. The building had originally formed a part of the vast Convent of the *Théatins*, and stood next to the hôtel of Vilette, who, either through necessity or caprice, was induced to rent it from the monks, at an enormous price, and he united it to his own house by opening a door of communication. The lower part, which looked on the *Quai Voltaire*, he re-let to a print and bookseller, and he made it a condition of the agreement, that a sign should be placed over the door, with an inscription, in large gold letters,

"AU GRAND VOLTAIRE."

The *Theatins* were in despair; that this rigid order should live at the sign of "The Great Voltaire," the arch-enemy of the church, and, there-

fore, in their eyes, the patriarch of infidelity, was perfectly monstrous! Yet remonstrance was vain, they could not "rail the seal from off the bond;" and, what was worse, a process would have converted a ridicule into a scandal. So the sign remained undisturbed, and it held its place when the *Théatins* had lost theirs, and had passed away, and were swept from the recollections of a people, who still sing, "*et Voltaire est immortel.*"*

At this hôtel Voltaire arrived in 1778, accompanied by his niece, Madame Denis, where he was received by his beloved "*Belle* and *Bonne*," the then lovely Marquise de Villette. "He occupies," says Grimm, (writing at the moment,) "a cabinet, which rather resembles the *boudoir* of voluptuousness, than the sanctuary of the Muses; and it is there, they say, that Monsieur de Voltaire intends to pass his Easter, (*faire ses Paques*)." In this house, at eighty-four years of age, he received, not only the homage of all France, but nearly of all Europe, to which he

* Finale of the "*Mariage de Figaro.*"

replied, "with all that wit, agreeability, and politeness, of which he alone had preserved the tone." Here, the night after his arrival, he recited, rather than he read, the whole of his tragedy of "*Irene*," to a select society, and sat up till the following morning, correcting the last two acts! Here, too, he died, exhausted by the bustle and fatigue of a Parisian life, to which he had so long been unaccustomed, and by the anxiety of all classes to behold and admire him, rather than from an absolute decay of his forces, even at that advanced age.

What was the fate of this historical edifice during the revolution, I know not; but, in 1820, when we passed through Paris, the shutters and doors of Voltaire's "voluptuous cabinet," and bed-room, remained constantly closed; there was even a tradition that they were not to be opened till fifty years after his death, according to his own express and specific injunction. Many hopes and surmises were indulged by literary credulity on this subject, which were all dissipated in 1829, (a few months ago,) by the opening of the apartments, on the death of the proprietor, a very old and singular lady, of the

family of Montmorency. The mysterious apartment was then found in just such a state as might have been expected, after the lapse of so long a time, all dust and decay. The secret of its *clôture* lay simply in the oddity and indolence of the old lady, to whom it belonged. The house, with some others in her possession, had fallen out of repair many years back, and as she would neither take the trouble, nor go to the expense of refitting them, she had kept them closed, and left to her heirs the pleasure and the trouble of solving a mystery, which turned out, like so many others of the world's making, to be no mystery at all. No manuscript satires, too horrible for cotemporary eyesight; no secret *mémoires*, too dangerous for contemporary publication; nothing to fight over, nothing to burn: not a scrap, even of a letter, rewarded the patient expectation of the *badauds* of Paris; and all the sectaries of all the academies cried out, with him, in Voltaire's own "Micromegas," "*Ah, je m'en étais bien douté.*"*

* "I thought as much."

READERS AND AUTHORS.

TALKING the other day of the strange state of society, when such men as De Grammont and Pomenars, (both convicted cheats,) were considered the grace and ornament of *la cour et la ville*, it was mentioned that the present representative of the ancient house of De Grammont, the Duc de Guiche, was occupied in writing a work upon the amelioration of the breed of horses, in France, When the witty Laurigais, in reply to Louis the Sixteenth's question of "what he had learned in England," had told the king that "he had learned *à penser, sire !*" Louis sneeringly rejoined, "*à panser les chevaux !*" But notwithstanding this

royal *bon-mot*, I will venture to say that if the *Duc de Guiche* learned thus much in England, and no more, he still had a decided advantage over his celebrated ancestor; and I hope he may succeed as well in riding down to posterity on his chivalresque production, as the other has done by his inspiration of that brilliant work, which so amusingly records the fatuity, insensibility, cowardice, fraud, and accumulated vice of the court of Charles the Second. The subject chosen may not be quite as entertaining; but as it involves facts requiring research, observation, reflection, and some practice, it shews that the noble author must have done something more than daudle out his days as his forefathers did, in the *œil de bœuf*, or disgrace them at the gaming table: and in writing on the improved breed of horses, he will in all likelihood contribute in his own person to the improvement of the "order" to which he belongs.

"What is the use of so much reading?"* said Louis the Fourteenth, to his too faithful journa-

* "A quoi bon tant lire?" was his question to the most obsequious of courtiers, and most indefatigable of journalists.

list, Dangeau. It is an historical fact, that this much-lauded monarch never read Pascal; and that though he called the Telemachus of Fenelon, "a foolish book," he never perused it. To the Duc de Marsillac,* he once replied, "I hate persons who reason," and the Abbé Longuerue declared of him, that he never read a book in the world, save his prayer book, (*ses Heures*) but that he was very learned in ceremonies: "that," (says the Abbé) "is his sphere." All that had gone before him, was lost to him; for he never opened a work of history; and of his own times, he was himself, in his own eyes, the beginning and the end. It was this profundity of ignorance, (studiously maintained by Anne of Austria, and by Mazarin, for the express purpose of their policy and power) that placed him so abjectly under the control of his priestly directors. When his jesuit confessor, *Le Tellier*, (to quiet those periodical scruples, which came with in-

* Son of the celebrated Duc de la Rochefoucauld, whom the king thus cut short in the middle of a very clever and ingenious definition.

digestion after his full-fed *media noche*,) assured him, "that all the goods of his subjects were his own private property; and that, in taking them to his personal use, he only took what belonged to him,"—he believed the dictum, and acted upon it. Alternately the dupe of his confessors and his mistresses, he hoped to expiate by a timid submission to the former, the irregularities which he committed with the latter; and supposing that he had secured salvation by the *dragonades*, he reproached heaven with neglect of his worldly affairs, during the reverses of his latter life; and was heard to exclaim, "how then, has God forgotten all that I have done for him!"*

There is now scarcely a porter, a water carrier, or a commissioner, running the streets of Paris, who is not more learned and more enlightened, than this royal patron of letters of the Augustan age of France. In every hand there is now to to be found a book! Enter into the rudest porter's lodge of the simplest hotel, in the remotest

* "Dieu donc a oublié tout ce que j'ai fait pour lui!"

quarter, and you will discover cheap editions of the best authors, which are beyond the means only of the very lowest indigence; there, too, are to be seen lithographic copies of the historical pictures of Gerard, Gros, and other eminent artists, whose works are instruction under the most obvious form; while the humblest mechanic finds a leisure hour for the acquirement of knowledge, if it be only in following the amusing experiments of the itinerant professors of physics, in the *Champs Elysées*. Talking on this subject to the obliging editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, he said, "you must come with me to see an illustration of your remark, in the person of a self-educated boot-maker, who has constructed an astronomical toy of great ingenuity.

"I desire no better," I replied; and accordingly the next morning we paid a visit to this Newton of the awl and last.

The humble dwelling of the self-taught astronomer lay in the old quarter of the Louvre, in the *Rue des Prêtres*, behind one of the most ancient and historical churches of Paris (that of

St. Germain L'Auxerrois). In passing through this royal parish church, to make our egress through a lateral door, we lingered for a moment in the choir and aisles—what a scene! and what recollections! The tapestry hangings, used for the *fête-dieu*, were not yet taken down. The dingy obscurity of its dim religious light, its rude architectural forms, and tinsel ornaments, recalled the barbarism of those times, when its bell tolled for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, while the work of murder was going on.

What a contrast between the people of Paris at that epoch, and during the *barricades* which followed, and the present population, when one of their lowest class is drawing the attention of foreigners by his scientific labours and ingenious inventions!

Our astronomer was lodged on the second floor in one of those dreary edifices so common in the old quarters of Paris, in which a narrow entry and steep flight of stairs lead to many separate apartments, like the flats of Edinburgh. I was struck by the neatness of his little room and by the ornaments on his chimney: the never-failing *pendule*, the candlesticks and vases

of flowers. His "*système du monde, mis en action*" occupied the centre. As I do not profess to be blessed with a very mechanical head, I shall not attempt to describe this instrument,*

* The following is the account given of this plebeian orrery in a programme on flashy yellow paper, presented to us on entrance:—

"*Système du Monde, mis en Action.*

"Démonstration du mouvement de rotation de la Terre au centre du Globe céleste, système de Ptolémée avec modification. La terre, par son mouvement d'ascension et déclinaison, tournant toujours à gauche, devant la lumière qui représente le Soleil, les Villes qui passent devant cet astre, prennent tour-à-tour l'heure de midi. Ce Système démontre le croissant et décroissant des jours, les éclipses de Lune et de Soleil; donne l'heure qu'il est dans les principales villes du monde et des quatre Saisons; il démontre la longitude et les degrés du Méridien, sans avoir recours à une Eclipse de Lune ni autres signes vus dans le Ciel.

"Il fait connaître aussi le nombre de lieues que la terre fait par heure et par minute.

"Le globe céleste, dans lequel est le globe terrestre, a dix pieds de diamètre, monté sur son mécanisme qui fait tout mouvoir, sans y toucher. L'on peut par ce moyen, qui n'a pas encore paru, apprendre la Géographie en eu de leçons.

"*Rue des Prêtres Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, No.* 13, *au deuxième près du Louvre.*"

or to criticise its utility. But even to me it gave evidence of intelligence, industry, patience, and an inquiring mind, which, under happier circumstances, might have placed its owner on the arm-chairs of the *Institut*. Where such are the amusements of the laborious classes, how vain and futile must be the hope of duping and misgoverning them!

FRENCH DANDIES.

We attended a very splendid public charity ball, given for the benefit of the families, whose property had recently been destroyed by a fire on the Boulevards. Where charity and dancing go together, the French may always be counted on; for they include the happiest of the national virtues, and the most prevalent of the national tastes. The *bal de l'incendie* was magnificent in all its arrangements. The suite of rooms of a fine hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, was draped from the *garde meuble* by the permission of the king, who, by an inconsistency not uncommon in the most despotically inclined sovereigns, is the first

to come forward where charity is to be encouraged by royal example, however slack when justice is to be done to all, by royal abnegation. The hangings were of scarlet cloth, bordered with gold and intermingled with garlands of flowers and variegated lamps. The stairs and corridors resembled the *bocages* of old French vignettes. The dresses of the women were as fresh as the flowers; and their fashions as uniform as the laws of vegetation itself. The men were evidently thinking much more of the women, than of themselves; every woman was a *petite souzeraine;* and every man their *lige* for the night. The handsomest man perhaps of Europe was present, dark and dazzling, and moving through the intricacies of the quadrille with a Spanish gravity, that recalled to me a picture of the ball, given at the Escurial to Charles the First, when Prince of Wales.* It was the Count de Lulli;—his *vis-à-vis*, in the

* This admirable picture, by a cotemporary painter, is at the castle of Malahide, the seat of my old and valued friend, Colonel Talbot, the Member for Dublin.

dance, was his royal wife; and if the sister of Don Miguel might be supposed to share the temperament which has led her brother to the commission of crimes that have marked him for universal execration, her gentle melancholy and sweet countenance at once refute the supposition, and bear testimony to the amiability and goodness, which are assigned as her characteristics by all who know her.

It was upon this, and on other similar occasions that I had the opportunity to remark how much less the dandy species is prevalent in France than in England. Coxcombry belongs so little to the tastes and habits of the intellectual and studious youth of that country, or to the popular notions of equality, that the "*merveilleux*," (as the Parisian dandy is called) is regarded almost universally as a ridicule, rather than as a model. "His honours cleave not to him," even "by the aid of use;" and however daily and punctual he may be in his attentions to the toilet, he has always the air of being *endimanché*:* for he is sure of being exaggerated in every

* In Etonian English, "a Sunday buck."

item of the mode, from the fashion of his cravat, to the tie of his shoestring. The English, however, among the other *superiorites* which they have generously endeavoured to impart to their French neighbours (such as the theory and practice of the law of libel, aristocratic influence, and the art of managing elections) have very much Anglified the notions of the youth of that class, with which they come into frequent contact, on the subject of dress. There are Frenchmen even of sense and spirit, who have not studied Horace on the dangers of imitation; and who in adopting the neatness, have also appropriated the absurdities of English fashion.

A *merveilleux* of no inferior grade in the muster roll of Parisian mode, did me the honour to give me his arm the other day, to the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, for the purpose of deciding a dispute on the dress of Louis the Fourteenth in his young days, by consulting the treasury of costumes, in its cabinet of engravings. As we passed along the *Rue Richelieu*, I saw a very pretty *saut de lit à la giraffe*,* suspended at a

* "*Saut de lit*," a bedside carpet.

shop door, and labelled at a very reasonable price. I stopped, and said that I should like to buy that article, if I could but smuggle it over to Ireland.

"*Quelle horreur!*" exclaimed my dandy, dragging me on. "Such a thing in your *maison-bijou*, (as M—t—llo tells me it is) would give it a *mauvais ton*, from which it would never recover."

"As how?" I asked.

"In the first place, because the giraffe has gone completely out of mode, particularly since the arrival of the *baleine royale;* and, secondly, because it is definitively fixed, that *sauts de lit* of carpet are to be replaced by tigers' skins."

"Is it possible," I asked, laughing, "that your idol, fashion, has such an universal worship, that even furniture must submit to its ephemeral caprices and tyranny?"

"Caprices!—call them laws, madam, for in general they have all the wisdom and expediency of the best laws; and every thing that is personal should benefit by their operation. A friend of mine lately lost the chance of getting into the *coterie du petit château*, merely by having a

jardinière in her salon filled with all sorts and kinds of flowers, when visited by the Duchesse de F——; for, after all, the *Chaussée d'Antin is* always some days behind hand in fashion with the faubourg."

"You really do not mean that?" I said, with a mental reference to that banished article of furniture, still standing in my own house, the useful and elegant *jardinière!*

"Indeed I do: the *jardinière* is out of date, these three weeks; and it is now only fit to figure at the door of an *ebeniste* as a piece of shop furniture, or at a second-hand bazaar on the Boulevards. This spring, the *corbeille* only is seen, in every elegant salon:—*sans la corbeille, point de salut.*"

"But the *corbeille* holds so much less."

"To be sure. That is the reason of its superiority. A single plant of the Bengal rose, or Camellia, is as much as civilized organs can bear, or the *mode du jour* will authorise. All beyond that, *sente le marché des fleurs*, or a *féte de noce* at the Grande Chaumière."

"Well," I said, "I have a great deference

for the mode, because I know its omnipotence; but on the chapter of flowers I withdraw my allegiance. It is impossible to have too many either of their hues or odours."

"That is so English! You British have organs for which no odour is too strong, no colour too glaring. Lavender is the basis of all your perfumes, and you have no idea of a colour that is not prismatic."

"But what others are there than those of the rainbow? There may be shades, if you will, but not colours, surely."

"*Oh, qu'elle est charmante avec son arc-en-ciel!*" said my *merveilleux*, stopping to laugh. "Why what colour is this?" pointing to his waistcoat.

"That?" I said, sorely puzzled at the equivocal hue: but willing to shew my little science, I added, "that is no colour, 'tis a *nuance*,—what you call *couleur d'un soupir étouffe*."*

"*Pas mal*," he said, conceitedly, "though it

* "The colour of a suppressed sigh."

is not precisely that. The *soupir étouffé*, which is as old as the time of the good Louis XVIII., of beatific memory, was a *vaporeux oriental*, formed by the blending of orange, white, and blue. This, however, is the last invented colour of the season."

"Why that is the old *boue de Nile*, that was the rage when I left Paris in 1820."

"*Oh! ma chère dame*," replied the *merveilleux*, piqued and mortified by the remark; "there is no contending with people who go back to the year —20. I agree with you and Solomon that there is nothing positively new under the sun. I don't, however, study the chronicles; and I assure you that the most original colour which the mode has invented or adopted is this, which I have the honour of signalizing to you. The waistcoat itself, which was first seen yesterday in the Tuileries, and which to-morrow will be seen every where, will, next week, be seen no where, except in the quarter of the *Marais*, the grand repository of all forgotten things, and the antipodes of the mode."

"And what is the stuff?" I asked. "It is very odd." "*Je le crois bien*," he replied, triumphantly. "The stuff is a *Zinxoline*, the cut is *à la Marino Faliero*, and the whole is *confectionné* by De Lisle of the Rue St. Anne."

I thought I should never get home to write all this down;—but there it is.

TORTONI'S.

HAVING refused all invitations, we gave ourselves up one Sunday evening to the chances of the Boulevards, without rudder or compass.—"*Aux Boulevards*" was the *mot d'ordre*. "*Des Invalides?*" asked our coachman, with an ironical smile.

"*Comme vous voulez*," we replied, and his volition took us to the *Boulevards Italiens*, which he crept through as if by stealth, as far as the site of the once-fantastic gardens of the author of Figaro,* in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and

* Among other changes, the curious hotel and beautiful gardens of Beaumarchais, to which I devoted a page in

then back again. It was in retracing our steps that we paused to make various stations, as the splendid moving spectacle before us induced. We observed that many of the cheap *spectacles* that amused us so much when we were last in France, had disappeared. Even Bobeche and his friend Paillase, the moving theatre of Polichinelle, the religious mysteries dramatized, and the shews and temples of vulgar amusement, more fitted for the *trétaux* of the times of the house of Valois, than for the present age, were no longer to be seen. The whole *bourgeoisie* of Paris, in their Sunday toilet, were recreating on the Boulevards. Friends, lovers, and families of many generations, were gathered round bands of ambulatory musicians, and listened to the compositions of Rossini, Caraffa, Pacini, and Auber. Hundreds and thousands were seated on chairs and benches, in front of the countless and always brilliantly lighted coffee-houses, whose splendid mirrors reflect back the light, almost as refulgent as the setting sun, which was throwing

my "France" in 1816, have now wholly disappeared. Not a vestige remains.

its last tints on the tops of the lofty trees above us. Many were reading the journals, either to themselves or to their wives and friends; others were conversing with great earnestness. There was over all an air of sobriety, (I had almost said of gravity,) but still of great social enjoyment: nor was there one instance of the scandalous and brawling inebriety that must always attend a pharisaical observance of the sabbath, such as in England* closes against the lower classes all the means of innocent and wholesome amusement. The narrow and odious view of the

* Throughout Catholic Europe, Sunday evening is especially devoted to the recreation of the lower and laborious orders; whose weekly and arduous avocations render occasional enjoyment of air and exercise indispensable to the maintenance of health and spirits. In Rome, the theatres, which are always closed on *Friday*, are open on Sundays; and the palaces of the Pope, with all their precious and splendid monuments of the arts, are thrown open to the inspection of the lower classes. How often in the *Belvidere* at the Vatican has a group of peasants from the Campagnia shared my attention with that unrivalled statue, before which I have seen them stand in mute wonder and instinctive admiration.

divine attributes, which leads to our false and illiberal policy of interfering with men's private judgments in matters of religion, and which clothes our conceptions of duty with a cloud of gloom and moroseness, are not alone to blame on this point. Much as the upper classes are given to this semi-civilized seriousness, they are still more aristocratical; and the legislative gauging of the pleasures of the people, and the hypocritical cry of scandal at their noisy cheerfulness and amusements, are more to be attributed to a prevalent disdain of the mob, and a total want of sympathy with humanity, (when placed without the limited circle of *bon-ton*, and of what is called respectability,) than to zeal for religion.

At the moment while I am copying this page for the press, a new work has appeared, attributed to the Bishop of London, which endeavours to silence the popular outcry against the riches of the clergy, by a demonstration of earnestness for the "holy observance of the Lord's day, and by indirectly inciting the influential classes to new crusades against the Sunday re-

creation and fresh-air indulgences of the London mechanics. Whoever may be the author of this pamphlet, he is woefully mistaken in his calculation. If the dignified and highly-endowed beneficiaries of the state religion wish to remain in undisturbed enjoyment of that wealth and rank which the gospel of Christ, no less than political wisdom and common moral sense, repudiates, they must leave the lower and middling classes, in their turn, in the undisturbed enjoyment of their humbler pleasures. The age of deceptions is fast passing away; the church, as by law established, is no longer confounded with the church established by the divine founder of Christianity; and a selfish disregard of the feelings of the people, and avidity for domination, will no longer pass current either for piety or morals.

At the close of our drive, we drew up before Tortoni's, and with difficulty procured a seat at one of the windows of its front salon, where the usual collation of ices, &c., was served to us, in a style that is only to be found in the "*Capitale de Paris*," whose frontiers are the *Palais*

Royale and the *Chaussée d'Antin*. Tortoni's was occupied, not as on the week days, exclusively by the English, but by groups of young men, conversing in small parties, with great energy of gesticulation, and a sort of earnest muttering, as if what they said was not intended for the public ear. Some took ice or iced-water, but many took nothing. I remarked this instance of sobriety to a young friend, who had quitted one of these knots to join us. He replied:

"We are all *habitués* here; this is our night of *rendezvous*."

"And who are your *we?*" I asked laughingly.

"*Nous autres jeunes gens*," he replied, (to use the language of French stage directions,) *avec intention*.

"And what do you come here for?"

"To converse! Separated as we are, through the week, by our respective studies or pursuits, we come together, here, to learn each other's opinions and sentiments on all sorts of subjects, but especially on politics. Here, over our ices, we planned our resistance to the attempted restoration of the rights of primogeniture."

"But," I observed, "you are an elder brother?"

"That is nothing to the purpose; there is but one opinion among brothers, elder or younger, on this subject, except among *les petits grandeurs du faubourg*, which represent the old times *corvéables* and *taillables*, and who have little left to inherit, except prejudices and opinions, of which, even they are becoming ashamed."

"When such subjects are discussed over ice, adieu to the counter-revolution. But what is become of my friends *Bobeche* and *Paillasse*, and the *Café des Muses*, where one got refreshment and a play for half a franc?"

"They have disappeared with the police, which was their especial manager, as it was the supreme director of all such amusements. The *Bobeches* and *Paillasses* were but the lingering fragments of the policy *de circonstance* of Napoleon, adopted by the Bourbons in the first instance, as smacking of their own order of things, but since abolished by the influence of the *charte*. The people now amuse themselves; they are grown more sociable, and less dissi-

pated, and they prefer the positive gratification of the senses and the mind to any mere delusions got up to distract them. They are fonder of music than ever, and listen to none but the best. But it is the cheapness of books and newspapers that chiefly supplies the place of the Bobeches."

We remarked that there were fewer women, too, at Tortoni's, than we had been formerly accustomed to see.

"No women of fashion," he said, "now go to the *cafes* but the English, who frequent them more than ever."

"But when I was last in Paris, I assure you——"

"Oh, that is a century back," he said, laughing; "but, even then, if French women went to such places, it was only a remnant of our revolutionary manners. Now, no woman, *comme il faut*, would compromise herself, by entering an *arena* open to all classes and sorts of persons. They draw up their equipages at the door of Tortoni's, on their return from the opera or *les Bouffes*, or in the intervals of their assemblies, at this late season; they do not come in, you see:"

and he pointed to the equipage of the accomplished Madame M——, (the *Pasta* of amateurs,) which had just arrived, and was attended by the *garçons*, with silver plates piled with ices and sweetmeats.

"With us young men of fashion, or no fashion," he continued, "it is different; whatever belongs to the life of our class, to the world, its interests, and its pleasures, all comes within the competence of this our tribunal. But where are you going this evening?"

"To Monsieur de Tracy's. Can I take you there?"

"The ladies of the family will not be returned from their promenade yet, it is too early. Have you no visits to pay?"

"Oh, I have always visits to pay; I want to leave cards on Madame Montgolfier, of air-balloon celebrity,* and to call in the Rue de Seine."

"You want to visit *les bords ultrapontains*, then?"

"Exactly; will you go with us?" "*De tout*

* The amiable widow of the far famed aeronaut.

mon cœur," was the reply, and so we stepped into the carriage, and drove accordingly *au-delà la Seine*. What a different region presented itself, *sombre*, sober, and tranquil! It was another city, inhabited by another people; the old *concierges* seated in front of their *portes cochères*, carrying on their chat from house to house; all else silent and solemn. Every body was abroad; so we dropped our cards and returned in time for the Count de Tracy's.

PUBLIC OPINION IN 1829.

SINCE the year 1816, when we first visited France, a new generation has come into action; and a new train of feelings and interests has been brought to bear upon public affairs. In the year 1816, a sweeping revolution had just been effected, which had dislocated all the influential classes of society, and thwarted their most confirmed prejudices. A series of calamities, not less mortifying than destructive, had fallen on the nation. Its soil had been occupied by foreign armies; a murderous and ravaging campaign had been fought within its territory. The sovereigns of Europe had assembled in its

capital, to dictate a government, and to reimpose a twice rejected dynasty. The imperial *régime*, which a few years' duration had surrounded with congenial interests and affections, had been overthrown. The emigrant noblesse had returned in triumph, importing with them exploded doctrines and forgotten watchwords. Public opinion was broken up, and questions in morals and government, long set at rest, were again brought into angry discussion. The nation, maddened by the past, discontented with the present, and despairing of the future, lived only in the prospect of some impending catastrophe, that might dissipate the night-mare dream, in which they were plunged, and relieve them from a condition alike unintelligible and intolerable. Fragments of the many factions, which the revolution had produced—liberals, republicans, jacobins, royalists, and Napoleonites, floated on the surface of society, and strove to give their own direction to the future government; but the living mass, instinctively conscious that their best interests were endangered, yet ignorant of the means of escape, struggled in a state of undi-

rected agitation; and waited with impatience for an impulse, from the coming-on of events. That impulse events soon afforded. The Bourbons, though deriving their throne "from the prince regent of England," and backed by nearly a million of foreign bayonets, found themselves too weak to re-establish the despotism of Louis the Fourteenth, in all its purity and wholeness; and perceived that large concessions were necessary to reconcile France to its novel situation. The dominion, which Napoleon had obtained, was no example for them to rely upon. Force and a strong hand may answer for an usurper; but management and fraud are the proper instruments of legitimate despotism. The love of liberty, though controlled by an urgent necessity for reconstituting a nation sunk into anarchy, and afterwards superseded for a while by the pursuit of military glory, was not extinct. The people had gained too much by the revolution, and had paid too dearly for the purchase, to abandon lightly the results it had achieved. The traditions of its brightest days still lived in the public memory; and the moment that power

began to slip from the grasp of Napoleon, they were invoked as guides by the legislature and the nation. Thirteen years, it is true, of a brilliant and popular despotism had withdrawn the people from the study of the philosophy of social rights. The theory of constitutional freedom had been stigmatized as ideology;* but though men had ceased to reason, they still felt; and with all the ardour and recklessness of their military education, they were ready to embark into any enterprize that might restore their independence, and by dismissing the Bourbons, revenge the insult inflicted on the national flag.

Under these circumstances, the grant of a charter was adopted as a necessary expedient by the king, and sanctioned by his allies. The forms of a popular government, however odious to the banded congress, and distasteful to the restored family, were found necessary to console France for its defeats, to reconcile it to the fo-

* This term of vituperation reminds one of Falstaff's calling Mrs. Quickly, reproachfully, "a thing to thank God of."

reign imposition of the reigning dynasty, and above all, to afford a debatable subject, which would occupy the stirring spirit of the times, without bringing the king and the people into too close collision.

As a measure of wisdom and justice, this policy would have been excellent; but, as the expedient of a Machiavelian cunning, it was delusive. To have established a free constitution, guaranteeing all the just rights of the people, and to have administered it with fairness and good faith, would have brought the revolution to its close, would have reconciled the nation to its sovereigns, would have satisfied France, and tranquillized Europe.

But to grant a national compact, for the purpose of its immediate violation, to "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the sense," was at once to rekindle all the angry passions, and to put them into possession of the only arms which experience has proved to be irresistible. The forms of a popular government cannot be observed, without the tolerance of such open channels for the emission of indi-

vidual sentiment, as must hasten political education. A force of public opinion is thus developed, which sets all other power at defiance. In these forms, too, the people find a strong entrenchment; while to the despot they are embarrassing obstacles; and he cannot stir a step to extend his power, or to punish the sturdy opponent of his will, without crushing them to the earth. The granting a charter was therefore a virtual surrender of arbitrary power; and any mental reservation of the sovereign could only tend to place the throne between the dangers of revolution, or the mortification of defeat.*

From the moment, accordingly, in which the charter was granted, a new spirit was infused into

* From the starting post, the freedom of the press was attacked, as incompatible with the interests of despotism. It was crippled by the complaisant legislature, slandered by the law officers of the crown, anathematized by the clergy, and denounced by the missionaries; but public opinion, supported by the minority in the chambers, was too much for this combination of enemies; the censorship was abolished; and the very judges appointed by the king interfered, to protect the accused from the malice of the government.

the public. The freedom of the press, however clogged and limited, was sufficient to admit the development of sound political doctrines; and the discussions of the chambers gave a practical value to them, that interested all classes in their study, and brought all the genius of the land to bear upon the problem of constitutional forces. The doctrines of 1789 were boldly advanced, and opposition took the place of conspiracy. The re-appearance on the scene of some of the best members of the national and constituent assembles, the Lafayettes, the Lanjuinais, &c. &c. &c. whom time and the revolutionary hatchet had spared, rekindled the spirit and the intelligence of the people, and brought them back to the path, from which they had been so fatally forced, by the insane conspirators of Pilnitz.

Respectable alike for their years, their undeviating probity, and their intrepidity, these veteran patriots rallied round their person the rising generation, which, released from the yoke of military discipline, plunged into study, with all the eagerness of novelty, and all the ardour of ambition. Under their guidance, the young

men gradually formed themselves to the habits of reflection and action, necessary to a constitutional citizen. The rough manners and impulsive energies of the children of the empire were exchanged for a compassed gravity, and a calculated conduct. The habit of military obedience was superseded by a spirit of philosophic inquiry. Literature, in all its branches, entered into the domain of politics, and was made subservient to the dissemination of sound ideas, and free principles of government. The machinery of the new constitution was analysed, its forces were estimated, and clubs and coteries were eventually formed for the purpose of wielding them with efficacy. The spirit of liberty, formerly concentrated on the capital, now began to spread through all France: and as men conceived with intelligence, so they learned to act with promptitude and uniformity.

A more weak and impossible combination than that of ruling despotically by means of a charter, could not be conceived; and every day that elapses serves only to prove the absurdity of the attempt. That Louis XVIII. was, to a certain extent, sincere in his grant of public liberties, is

more than probable. He had too much ability not to have seen the dangers and difficulties of an illiberal course of policy; and his years and his voluptuous epicurism, must alike have urged him to avoid them. He had personally experienced too severely the miseries of exile, not to feel how desperate was the gambling that would stake the throne against prerogatives that are useless for all honest purposes.

Not so the emigrants. The events which had restored to the king his sceptre, had done little for them. The restoration had not put them in possession of their forfeited estates, nor given them a privileged share in the management of affairs. In returning to France, they were not placed at their ease, nor reconciled to the changes effected during their absence. Their poverty contrasted painfully with the wealth of the revolutionary upstarts; and their family consequence was mortified by the concurrence of the new nobility. With this mass of discontent, they brought a no less portentous ignorance of the temper of the times, and of the people with whom they had to deal. Feeble in numbers, but confident in their rank and their

influence, they mistook the suggestions of vanity for the dictates of reason. Proud of the imaginary superiority of their conventional refinement, they conceived that their good taste gave them a right to political supremacy; and while it separated them from all intercourse with the body of the nation, it prevented them from becoming acquainted with its wants, its desires, its intelligence, or its means of resistance to oppression. To this class in society the concession of the charter appeared a derogation from royal dignity, an odious abandonment of principle; and, above every thing, a stumbling-block in their own way to the recovery of their antiquated privileges. Before the ink was dry, with which the instrument was signed, it became the object of their open ridicule and their secret hostility; and all the energy of their intrigue was at once put forth to lead or drive the king to annul or to elude its most important enactments.*

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* "Dès le premier jour de la mise en execution du nouveau pact, il y eut des germes trop visibles de défiance, et de division."—*B. de Constant. Les Cent Jours.*

The revolution, which has usually been seen as an attack upon monarchy, was in reality as much an insurrection against the feudal aristocracy. The privileged classes, though their political consequence was extinguished by Louis XIV., remained in possession of all that portion of their power, which was felt only by the people; and to preserve this power, they, from the very beginning, had placed themselves between the king and the nation, to avert those peaceable reforms which would have rendered a revolution unnecessary and uncalled for. It was for the sake of their privileges, and not for any real benefit to monarchy, that the court was precipitated into measures which eventually brought the royal family to the scaffold. It was this faction that struggled against Louis XVI.; that overturned Turgot, Malesherbes, Necker, and all the ministers, who had either the benevolence to desire ameliorations, or the wisdom to foresee their necessity. In such statesmen monarchical power had no losses to fear: or at worst it was but the loss of a mere abstract right, whose exercise was hourly becoming less and less politic or desirable.

But the nobility and the church had much to part with. Feudal privileges, exemptions from taxation, *lettres de cachet*, and a thousand arbitrary abuses, were all at stake; and of these, if the nobility were sometimes themselves the victims, they were habitually the solicitors and gainers. The feudal aristocracy and the people of France, from the beginning of the monarchy, were, in truth, two nations;—and they were, in 1789, as different in their sympathies and affections, as at the first moment of the invasion of the Franks. This division was manifested at the breaking out of the revolution, in the almost universal emigration of the nobility, and their alliance with foreigners against the children of the soil;—events which prove to demonstration that the feudal families were rather encamped, than domiciliated in the land.

Among the people, aristocracy was never popular. It has been a favourite misrepresentation in novels and romances, to paint the *seigneur de village* of old times, as living on most patriarchal terms with his serfs, a model of goodness, and a type of paternity; but where the power to do

evil exists, experience too amply proves that human nature is not slow to take advantage of it. Instances, undoubtedly, there must have been, in which personal benevolence counteracted the evils of institutions, and where gratitude was proportioned to the magnitude and rarity of the benefits conferred. But such exceptions are of no value in a general estimate of national opinion. Allowing, to the utmost, for the kindliness of the French temperament, and for that friendly, and even familiar intercourse with dependants, which a well-defined and undisputed superiority can afford to exhibit, such condescension would win but little affection, when unaccompanied by substantial justice, and the interest of esteem. The greater proprietors were usually, indeed, absentees from their estates, and were known to their tenants chiefly by pressing demands for money; while the *petit* provincial *noblesse* were more infatuated with the honours and privileges of feudality, than the *grand seigneurs* of the capital. At best, the protection they might now and then bestow on their immediate and personal dependants, was that of confident supe-

riority to utter helplessness, and their very courtesy was founded in disdain. The portrait of national feelings, exhibited in the "Figaro" of Beaumarchais, accords with the known antecedents, and may be relied upon as faithful and correct. It is not, however, amongst the class of mere peasants that public opinion is formed; it was in the towns, and amongst the professional classes, and the men of chattel property, that the hatred of feudality was propagated, by the insolence and oppression of the *noblesse*. In that quarter there was a manifest collision of vanities and interests, that could not fail to nourish sentiments of hatred and distrust between the parties so opposed. On the breaking out of the revolution, dislike to aristocracy became the ruling principle of Frenchmen, and has predominated through all the subsequent changes of government. A love of equality is, as it were, burnt into the national character; and all the efforts of Napoleon to revive a taste for personal distinctions, could not reconcile the people to a privileged nobility.

On these sentiments, the sale of the forfeited

estates, and the law which regulates the descent of property, have superinduced a pecuniary interest. The revival of tithes, and the restoration of forfeitures, are the true and real sources of contention—the body of Patroclus, around which the several parties are actually contending.* They are the ends of all the intrigues of the *faubourg*, and the motives of all the sturdiness manifested by the people, and their jealousy of *ultra* administrations. English travellers, who are but superficial observers of the political scene which France lays open to them, and who are apt to take up the second-hand opinions of the emigrant *salons*, to which they chiefly have access, are constantly asking, "what the French would have?" They comment on the plenty and tranquillity by which the people are surrounded; they note that the courts of justice are tolerably well administered; that the property of individuals is respected in Paris; that coffee-houses are open, theatres crowded, and

* The indemnifications granted by the chambers are accepted as part payment, but with a tacit reserve of the right to scramble for what more can be got hereafter.

the public walks resounding with music and dancing; and if they happen to be high-born, and inclined to Tory politics, they are vehement against the press, and against the liberal agitators, for their hostility to so mild and amiable(!) a government.

The people of France desire, and justly and reasonably desire, a sufficient guarantee for their rights against the invasion of ultra pretensions. Fourteen millions of purchasers of national domains require to have their destinies assured, and twenty-eight millions of Frenchmen demand to be relieved for ever from the claims of the church to tithe, and from the petty tyranny of priests and missionaries, who, thirsting after the old ecclesiastical abuses, seek to restore them through the prostration of the public mind.

It is the uneasiness thus excited, which alone prevents France from accepting with joy a constitution which, however theoretically imperfect, has, during fourteen years, conferred on the people a comparative tranquillity, and admitted a greater development of industrial power, than was before known within the memory of the ex-

isting generation. Could the Bourbons have consented to join frankly with the nation, in passing such laws as would have for ever disarmed the emigration, their own sway might perhaps have been as arbitrary as they could desire. For, jealous and touchy as the great mass of Frenchmen are at the approach of political inequality, they had been long accustomed to the prefectorial government of Napoleon, and they might have been slow to stickle for the details of civil liberty, if their importance had not been impressed on all by the false direction which the government has taken.

Unfortunately for the cause of royalty in France, it has overlooked this item of public opinion; and, misled by the long-prevalent sophism, that a powerful aristocracy is a necessary support to the crown, it has, from the moment of the restoration, more or less, made common cause with the *noblesse*.

In the existing state of feeling and property and with the rapid development of commercial industry, the revival of feudality is impossible. All the substantial force is with the people, and the court, in leaning upon the emigrants, allies

itself to a power which may overturn the throne, but cannot be made an effectual instrument of arbitrary sway.* There is a small party among the richer classes, and among the speculative politicians, who, deceived by the example of England, imagine that an aristocracy may be gradually built up, which would satisfy the old *noblesse*, strengthen the king, and form a barrier against the excesses of popular violence. Were there no other reason for doubting the applicability of this proposal, it would be a sufficient objection that circumstance, and not human will, can alone create the several orders in so-

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* "Avec nôtre disposition nationale, nôtre amour pour l'égalité presque absolue, la division de nos propriétés, leur mobilité perpetuelle, l'influence toujours croissante du commerce, de l'industrie, et des capitaux en portefeuille, dévenus des élémens au moins aussi nécessaires à l'ordre social actuel, et sûrement des appuis plus indispensables aux gouvernemens, que la propriété foncière elle-même; une puissance héréditaire, qui ne répresente que le sol, qui repose sur la concentration du territoire dans les mains d'un petit nombre à quelque chose qui est contre nature."—*De Constant.*

ciety, and determine their relative value. In the political world, as in the natural, the creative forces are not to be superseded by an absolute volition, nor can any law prevail against the influence of opinion and of things. Between France and England, in this particular, no political analogy can hold. France is essentially democratic in its feelings and in the existing division of its soil, as England is essentially aristocratic. In England the law of primogeniture, which from its long duration is taken almost for a law of nature, has invested the landed aristocracy with an immense force, concentrated in a few hands; and this force has been employed with ability, to obtain for its possessors a political influence still more formidable. For a long series of years, all laws have been made with reference to this interest; and all the customs and habits of society have moulded themselves to its supremacy. To argue from what is effected in England, through such an agency, to what may be hoped from it in France, where the properties are small, and the law of primogeniture is abhorred, is a gross and palpable error. In the premises, there is

not merely no similarity, but an absolute contrast and contradiction. Even the charter itself, impregnated as it is with the ideas and pretensions of the old *régime*, is less exclusive and aristocratic in its dispositions, than the British constitution, as it exists in practice. The French nation, allied with the United States, and the witness and participator of their triumphs, naturally adopted American ideas, and borrowed American institutions, in their own attempts to constitute a free government. Whatever of good and popular remains in the *charte*, is derived from these sources, and is therefore, like its primitive type, republican. The *juges de paix*, for example, were originally appointed by popular election, and though they have subsequently become the nominees of the government, they still are taken from the bosom of the people; and as they are exempt from the prejudices, leanings, and sympathies, which influence the haughty confederacy of the English "unpaid," so they are better distributors of justice, and are less decided and uncompromising props of arbitrary government.

Again, the elective body, notwithstanding its frequent epurations, is infinitely less aristocratic than the same class in England. By restricting the franchise to such citizens as pay, at least, three hundred francs of direct taxes, the total number of electors, for all France, has been reduced below an hundred thousand. But to add to the weight of property, one quarter of these, who pay the highest taxes, have the right to vote a second time, in what are called the departmental colleges; and thus the richer classes exert a preponderant influence over the general returns. Yet, such is the salutary effect of the division of property on politics, that even this fourth of the richest citizens is not separated from the body of the nation, nor corrupted by aristocratic pretensions; and France, with a number of electors less than those of an Irish province, has witnessed a chamber which influence could not persuade, nor bribery purchase.

In the communal and departmental municipalities, (notwithstanding all that Napoleon and the *charte* have done to root out of them the democratic principle,) the popular influence is

better felt than in our grand juries, select vestries, and parochial commissions, which, in practice, are almost uniformly exclusive, aristocratic, and jobbing; and the actual state of the law courts of France affords a still more decisive proof of the prevalence of constitutional feelings, and of a consequently higher tone of political honesty, than is to be found amongst the people of England. The comparison between the maxims which govern the tribunals of France and England in matter of libel, is infinitely in favour of the former; and the sentences are milder in the proportion nearly of months to years, and of francs to pounds sterling. The absurd plea of bringing the government into contempt, is acted upon in both countries; but, in France, the noble independence of the judges, and the stern severity with which they motive their sentences, keep the public prosecutor in check; for often, even in convicting the libeller, they read an useful lesson to the powers that be, and teach them to respect the freedom of opinions.

Not only in France, but throughout all Europe, the feudal principle has fallen into general dis-

grace. The spread of education has elevated man to a due sense of his personal value, and has given currency to the idea that land is for his use, and not he for the use of the land: the spread of commerce has also brought into existence an aristocracy, at once more beneficial to the state, and more popular in its feelings, to compete with the landed interest, and to limit its supremacy. In England itself, aristocracy has, perhaps, past its zenith, and is already hastening towards its decline, through the gross and selfish abuse that has been made of its usurped powers, and the too open collision between privilege and popular interests. The restored dynasty of France, therefore, in allying itself so closely with the emigrants, has acted in ignorance of the spirit of the age and nation, and has prepared for itself a long series of disquietudes, if not an early fall. Habit and opinion are too powerful for law to wrestle with; and no system of *majorats* or of privileges could invest a French House of Peers with the credit which that order has obtained in England. At present, the Upper Chamber has little about it of aristocracy but

the title; its proceedings, indeed, pass with closed doors; and large drafts of the partisans of successive ministries have increased its members with men not overburthened with patriotism; yet the body is anything but subservient to authority; nor could the crown, with safety, rely upon its docility to sanction a *coup d'état*, or to recommend it to the people; much less would the Frenchmen of the present day, tolerate a privileged body, whose pretensions should be amalgamated with the overthrow of all chartered rights, and whose influence on public affairs would be a permanent conspiracy against every liberal idea, and every honest system of administration.

But, as if the unpopularity of the emigrant party was not in itself sufficient, the court has added to the obloquy, by making common cause with the church. The ecclesiastical establishment in France is completely worn out, as an instrument for binding the conscience, and directing the will. How far the clergy, by an abandonment of their claims to ancient abuse, by the adoption of liberal politics, and by a judicious forbearance

upon offensive or exploded points of discipline, could have succeeded in winning back the nation to any trinitarian form of worship, is sufficiently problematical;* but it is abundantly clear, that the course they have taken in attacking at once the purses, the consciences, and the comforts of their flocks, has heaped on their head the contempt of incredulity and the hatred of insulted self-love. They are laughed at as priests, and detested as ultras.

Any utility which the old *noblesse* could have obtained by alliance with the clergy must have depended on public opinion; but public opinion was decidedly against the ecclesiastical establishment, such as they sought to make it. In the

* It has been much questioned whether Napoleon should not have established a reformed church in France, instead of making his concordat with the Pope. Of these schemes, one might have been better than the other; but neither of them was sufficiently in accordance with the age to reconcile the people to the Athanasian faith. A complete separation of church and state, on the American plan, would alone have disarmed the national resentment against priestcraft and mysticism in religious matters.

blindness, however, of their zeal, they imagined that their own will to deceive and to govern, would be met by a corresponding disposition in the people to be duped and mastered. The ultras thought that nothing more was necessary than to send forth an army of able-bodied missionaries, with crucifixes as large as a main mast, stentorian preachers, and insinuating intriguants; and to direct the *préfets* and *maires* to set an example of obedience, in order that straightway all France would bow its knee to these apostles, and take back every abuse of the old *régime*, for the love of heaven. This might do for the Belgian provinces, where a child's doll will excite as much devotional awe as the Jupiter of Phidias; but in France, and in the nineteenth century! to hope any thing from such coarse and palpable priestcraft, was the most mistaking of calculations. In matters of religion, the sublime is in the closest juxtaposition with the ridiculous; and the French are essentially a mocking people. In the remoter provinces, the male population, more directly menaced in their fortunes, thwarted in their pursuits, and subjected

to an endless detail of petty vexations by the priests, may now and then be driven into an external varnish of hypocrisy; but even there, the prevalence of females in the parochial congregations plainly proves the rarity of the fact, and the general insufficiency of the state religion to satisfy either the abusive or the useful purposes of such institutions. But in the capital, and in the large cities, where opinion is more free, and where the authorities come less closely in contact with the citizens, the spirit of mockery is more openly indulged. The appearance of the public functionaries in religious processions, and the affected devotion of the faubourg, are so well understood, that they are the occasion of a torrent of squibs, sarcasms, and epigrams. While the personal interference of the clergy in favour of a political cause, is the shortest and promptest means of bringing it into distrust and dislike.

Whether it arose from the narrow education, contracted intellects, or from long absence from France of the emigrant clergy, they totally miscalculated the mental condition of the nation,

and from the outset they played their cards too openly. Obtaining some influence over the excitable imagination of the female part of the public, they did not employ this influence to lead back the men to the sentiment of religion; but erected it at once into a battery for attacking their purses. The women were taught to believe that the retaining possession of church lands was an irremissible sin; their feelings and their fears were worked upon, that they might cajole or harass their male relations into a surrender of their property. The inevitable consequences were coldness, alienation, and discord in families, and the relaxation or dissolution of the nearest and dearest ties. Forced, likewise, into the observance of minute and ridiculous ritual observances, and compelled to forego the pleasures of society,* the women were virtually separated from the men; domestic business was neglected, domestic comfort destroyed; "*et tout pour la*

* The art of dancing has been preached against in the pulpit, and punished in the confessional, by the curates of the provinces.

tripe," and all for the most obvious and clumsy pursuit of the selfish and anti-national interests of the *parti-prêtre*. The impertinent interference of the jesuits with public education, was still more offensive; and the perpetual contrast of their doctrines, with all the knowledge and cultivation of the age, confirmed politicians in the conviction that their object was nothing less than the total overthrow of liberty, civil and religious.* In this overwhelming mass of odium, the emigrant party, and, through them, the throne are deeply involved; and they are made answerable not only for their own sins against society, but

* The prevailing irreligion of the French laity was the work of the clergy. The excessive riches and scandalous lives of the prelates, the intrigues of the monks, and their obstinacy in maintaining absurd practices and childish nursery tales, which the age had outgrown—but, above all, the cruel persecution of the La Barres and the Calas—set society to think, and prepared the public to receive Voltaire and the philosophical writers, not only with favour, but affection. It was a sense of suffering that provoked inquiry; and it was personal annoyance that gave such intense interest to dissent.

for those of a corps, by which they gain nothing, and for whose interests they are really less than indifferent.

These general considerations render the politics of France sufficiently intelligible, and prove, beyond all reasonable controversy, that Frenchmen, in looking for further guarantees for their civil and religious rights, are doing nothing more than their duty to their country and to their children. The French liberals have been studiously misrepresented, as looking only to revolution, and to the revival of republican violence. But in politics there is no going back to the past; the republic of Robespierre is as morally impossible, as the despotism of Louis the Fourteenth. The brutal ignorance and ferocity of the *sans culottes* was the pure result of an education received under the previous misrule. The jacobins acquired their immorality from the corruption which they demolished; and if all the authorities of France were annihilated, it would be impossible for the country to relapse into that moral and political anarchy, which desolated Europe, on the downfall of royalty in

the last epoch of the last century. The *nisus* of the population, under its existing state of culture, is to constitute, not to destroy; to confirm, and to strengthen, not to overthrow. The liberal party, be it observed, is composed of the most active and industrious portion of the population, who (having tasted of the sweets of domestic peace, and experienced the connexion between a regular government and successful commerce,) regard revolution and civil war with a well founded abhorrence, surpassed only by their hatred of absolute despotism, and the utter extinction of civil rights. However deep-seated in the national mind the theoretical preference of a republic may be; yet, would such men refrain from raising a finger to overthrow any existing government, that left them in the peaceful exercise of their freedom, and gave them no disquietudes for its future security. The age of political fanaticism is passed away; and men are no longer prepared to fight for a form, or to deify an abstraction. In France, as in England, positive utility is becoming the general measure of conduct, and the end of speculation.

In granting the charter, the king, though acting probably with no direct consciousness of ill faith, was prevented by his own prejudices, and the influence of advisers, from making it all that was necessary for the security of the throne, and the prosperity of the country. In insisting upon the grant being received as a special act of his own will, a deed *octroyé* to the people, an impulse of benevolence, and not a concession of right, he probably contemplated only a matter of form, a saving of his own royal pride, which made no essential difference in the intrinsic value of the gift. But this idle stickling for a phrase, not only deprived a dignified and politic measure of all its grace, and insulted the nation, which it was intended to pacify, but it opened a real and substantial source of evil and disquietude, of which the ultras were not slow to take advantage. The fundamental merit of such a compact is its definitive character. Its office, like that of a standard measure and weight in commerce, is to afford a ready and immutable appeal in the adjustment of all incidental differences; and to discharge this office with effect, the

compact must possess within itself the sources of universal confidence and agreement, and be placed beyond the reach and influence of caprice. But that which is granted of the absolute authority and plenary will of one despot, may be modified, deteriorated, or revoked by another; and as Benj. de Constant well observed, the revocation of the edict of Nantes was a serious precedent. This verity was early and eagerly put forward, and forced upon public attention, by the ultra-journalists, and the *côté droit* in the chamber; who, whenever they felt themselves impeded by the dispositions of the *charte*, proceeded openly to solicit its violation. The whole drift of the absolutists is to push the king upon dissolving the chambers, and then establishing by ordonnance (that is, of his own mere will) a new election law, which would place the nomination of members in his own hands, and render the chamber a mere court of registration.

From the moment when the charter came into operation, the whole emigrant influence has been exerted to convert it into an instrument of tyranny, and to beat down all the barriers it

contains, against the inroads of their ambition. The history of France, since that day, has consisted on the one hand in a series of plots and conspiracies to crush the liberties which the charter guarantees—to force or to elude its dispositions; and on the other, in persevering and undaunted efforts of the press and the patriotic deputies to defeat these intrigues, and to educate and enlighten the people. In the organization of the imperial government, ample materials were found for the purposes of despotism; and as this organization was adopted provisionally, till other institutions more analogous to the spirit of the charter should be enacted, it has been industriously exploited, to influence the elections, and to stifle and silence the expression of opinion. But when this influence was found insufficient for court purposes, the law of elections itself was changed, by a subservient chamber, with the hope of depriving it of its popular character; but the act of the last sessions, which facilitates the punishment of corrupt functionaries, and establishes a short process for preventing either the admission of non-electors,

or the exclusion of electors from the ballot, still preserves the legislative body, (though an inadequate representation of the people,) an efficient barrier against ministerial usurpations.

In the eyes of an intolerant hierarchy, and of an arbitrary and haughty nobility, all freedom of opinion whatever is an abomination. Here, again, the jealous despotism of Napoleon was most serviceable to his successors. In the practices of his government, a precedent was afforded, and the means and instruments were prepared for the establishing a rigid censorship of the press; and during the re-action of the restoration, there was no difficulty in procuring a legislative sanction to the revival of that abominable and criminal measure. On this point, however, the French nation is invulnerable. As long as newspapers are not absolutely prohibited, and printing forbidden, the awakened intelligence and eager conception of the people, will seek and find information in the most remote allusions; and in proportion to the increasing danger and difficulty of directly expressing opinion, will be the increasing piquancy and effect of those fine insinuations

and spiritual cuts, which the French know so well how to point, and so keenly to relish. Upon the subsidence of royalist re-action, however, the chambers resumed their natural office of protectors of the freedom of opinion; the censure was abolished; and gradually and slowly they have divested the law of some other of its most tyrannical enactments. The two greatest restraints now (1829) in operation on the press are the non-intervention of the jury, and the power which the authorities possess of depriving a newspaper-editor of his license, on the most trifling and insignificant conviction; so that any sentence, short of acquittal, puts the capital of the proprietor in fearful jeopardy. But such is the force of opinion in France, that the judges, though under the control of the government, by giving the fairest and most liberal construction to the law, have imposed great restraints on the crown prosecutors; and under their protection, a considerable degree of practical liberty is enjoyed by journalists and political writers.

Another subject of contention between the ultras and the liberals is that of national education.

With a diabolical malice, (fortunately for mankind as weak as it is wicked,) the emigrant party have moved heaven and earth to debase and enslave the French mind, by committing the education of youth to the hands of the priests,* whose lessons are those of passive slavery and abject superstition. The government, in most christian communities, has arrogated to itself the privilege of establishing schools, where, under the pretence of instruction, they warp and bend the infant mind to the adoption of some narrow sectarian doctrine. That this practice is

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* "An order of men," says Gibbon, "whose manners are remote from the present world; and whose eyes are dazzled by the light of philosophy." The intense wickedness of abusing the first of all public trusts, (that of educating the people,) and of incapacitating the child from ever daily exercising the faculties of the man, is carried, in France, to a pitch which can scarcely be imagined. The coarsest and most vulgar superstitions are inculcated both from the chair and the pulpit, as verities equally demonstrative and important as the existence of a Deity. Fortunately for the country, this is done with more zeal than discretion;—and the public, instead of being edified, are shocked and indignant at the scandalous *charlatanerie*.

not either the interest or the duty of a good government, might easily be shewn. That it is most disadvantageous to religion, to truth, to freedom, and to happiness, is of no difficult demonstration. But the discussion between the contending parties in France, is brought within still narrower bounds. The government, not contented with throwing the whole weight of their influence and purse into the scale of priestly perversion, endeavoured, and for a short time succeeded, to obtain for the church an absolute monopoly of education. The ostentatious revival of jesuitism, which had been abolished by the parliaments of the old *régime*, was connected with this systematic attempt to pervert and degrade humanity.

Great variety of opinion has been expressed on the importance of this transaction, and concerning the wisdom of those fears and dislikes, which all France has expressed on the reappearance of the jesuits in the political scene. But in such matters the instincts of nations may be safely trusted.

Man in his corporate capacity, like animals in their individual persons, often recognizes his

enemy, even before experience has made him acquainted with its fang, or reason developed its felonious intentions. The age of jesuitism, it is true, has passed. It is no longer the same well-adapted engine of deception, nor does the same spirit and ability throw its machinery into action. If left to themselves, and unsupported by the government, the jesuits might safely have been trusted to play their mountebank part before the public, and practise the cunning of their equivocal morality. The world has become too enlightened for such agency; and the knowledge of the day is more than a match for all the Loyolists, past, present, and to come. The enemy of mankind is not now to be scared from his hold of the possessed, by the invocation of "Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem;" Virgil will no longer pass for the Bible; or, at least, the manœuvre must be conducted in the presence only of the most ignorant and debased of the species.

The French jesuits, taken by themselves, are no otherwise formidable, in their political agency, than any other incorporated body of fanatics and impostors; but the civil conspiracy, conducted

in their name, associating, in a secret bond, functionaries of all sorts, and citizens of all stations, and covering the whole land with a connected mesh-work of *espionnage*, is a political evil of the first magnitude, and requires all the wisdom and firmness of honest men to eradicate and destroy. Jesuitism, as it exists in France, is far less a religious, than a political machine. That the members of the order are seeking for power, to wield it in favour of the church, is true; but their short-robed allies consider them and their religion together, but as the tools for effecting their own purposes; and it is this alliance that has brought jesuitism into such prominent notice. By means of this agency, a political free-masonry was established, which extended itself to the remotest ramifications of the public service. To be addicted to jesuitism, became the direct road to advancement, in every department; and the initiated, being thus placed at the head of affairs, administered all things, with a view to counter-revolution. Jesuit prefects, more especially, exercised a decided influence in the elections, and controlled the free action of

the citizens; while an universal and minute correspondence, made the principles and leanings of every man of the slightest mark, known to the heads of the conspiracy.

Under a system thus powerful and protected, the order opened a career of ambition to the youth of France, scarcely less inciting than that which had been afforded by Napoleon's army; and many young men of ardent imaginations and burning passions, had enlisted into the service of St. Acheul, and would, in time, have become troublesome and dangerous to society.

Confident in the influence they had thus obtained, the counter-revolutionists were marching with rapid strides, under the administration of Villèle, to the accomplishment of their wildest desires; but acting, as they have ever done, without a due knowledge of the people with whom they had to deal, at the very moment of their presumed triumph, they were defeated and disgraced, by the determined and irresistible will of the nation. The court, the emigration, the ministers, and the jesuits, all gave way, at the aspect of approaching opposition. The gulf of

a new revolution opened at the foot of the throne, and Villèle was precipitated into it, an unwilling Curtius, to close its yawning cavity.

By the firmness of the deputies, and the energy of the people, France was once more saved from the violence of the ultras. At the period of our arrival in Paris, the nation was in the plenitude of its satisfaction at this defeat of their enemies. The Villèle administration, stained with the blood of the people, and loaded with their execrations, had been driven with disgrace and ridicule from the scene. A cabinet of more liberal views, and popular pretensions, had come into office; the jesuits were foiled, and deprived of the greater part of their direct influence on education. The press was unmolested by power; new laws were passed to insure the purity of election; the productive energies of the people were, with a few local exceptions, in a course of successful exertion. Justice was cheap and unshackled; the march of the government was unembarrassed, and the liberal deputies, so far from being inclined to push intemperately their advantages against monarchy, were perhaps too

moderate in their demands for reform. The exterior of public affairs announced a sound and healthy condition of the country, a prompt recovery from the losses occasioned by the foreign occupation, and a speedy restoration to that just weight and influence, which France ought to possess in the European commonwealth. At this moment, the constitutional monarchy seemed to have taken a firm hold of the habits and affections of the people; and so much had the rage for politics subsided, that the salons of Paris were exclusively occupied with literary discussions, and the disputes of rival metaphysical professors. The proceedings of the chambers, agitated only on the one question of the new departmental organization, were occupied chiefly with the details of finance. The press, unattacked and enjoying a practical freedom, was busied with the discussion of matters, merely ministerial; and the agitating questions of elementary principle reposed in silence. No less than five shadings of opinion were counted in the chamber of deputies. The *centre*, with its subdivisions of *centre, droit, et gauche*, interposed

between the ultra liberals and ultra royalists, became a guarantee for the moderation of the legislature, and by its librations prevented any violent or revolutionary movement, in either of the extremes. In such a state of things, with the illumination of the age to guide or to force public men, the constitutional system might have slowly and surely advanced to the highest degree of perfection to which human institutes are susceptible; and the throne, founded in the affections of the people, might have become firmer, than if it had never been shaken.

But, the spirit of discord, if rebuked, was not checked—though abashed, it was not baffled. The emigrant conspiracy still continued *en permanence;* and the partisans of abuse still surrounded the king, and poured "the leperous distilment" of their hopes and apprehensions into his too willing ears. The Martignac ministry, though neither frankly liberal, nor energetic in its reforms, was too popular for the notions of the Tuileries; and hints of an approaching change in the ministry, and of a recurrence to *coups d'état* and despotic violence

already began to disturb the newly-found tranquillity of the chambers and capital.

The position of the ministers themselves was by no means without its difficulties. Distrusted and disliked by the king because they had been imposed on him, they were thwarted in their liberal intentions by the court, and were goaded to measures of severity by the power "behind the throne and greater than the throne." In such a position men of independence and firmness, backed by the public opinion, which placed them in office, and by the force of character, would have kept the faubourgs in check, or tendered their resignation. High-minded men would have disdained to truckle, or to temporize with their enemies. Knowing men would have avoided a cowardly condescension, as a political suicide. By firm and manly conduct, the ministry might indeed have been for a while unseated, through a court intrigue; but they would have retired strong in their popularity; and they would have returned to office more powerful than before, on the first access of a cold fit of royal apprehension.

Overlooking these considerations, or not having the force of character to act upon their suggestion, the Martignac ministry strove to disarm the emigrant faction, by submission; and to reconcile it to a liberal cabinet by being as little liberal as they could. As the sessions advanced and exposed more and more their nullity or their tergiversation, they lost influence with the chambers, and character with the public; till their popularity having turned to indifference, and indifference to dislike, they were thrust out of office, to make way for the Polignac administration without a struggle; and they are already forgotten, as if they had never been.

Could the court party, on the other hand, have abandoned its fears and its jealousies, and honestly have admitted the existence of a real representative government, the Martignac ministry had nothing in it to excite especial distaste. Its principles were sufficiently monarchic and aristocratic to strengthen the lawful and honest privileges of the crown; and coming after the atrocious violence of Villèle, it might have been sufficiently liberal to preserve the public

confidence. Its dismissal, therefore, shewed that the quarrel between privileges and civil rights is not to be compromised: that the revolution is not to be forgiven; and a new experiment is now making upon the patience of the people, which threatens France with a new revolution, and the Bourbons with another journey to Hartwell.

The game which is at present playing, is, in fact, no other than that which has been attempted over and over again, and always to the ultimate discomfiture of the ultra faction. The ministry of 1814, under precisely similar circumstances, brought back Napoleon from the isle of Elba. In 1819, the ultra faction, seeking the same objects and moved by the same passions, repeated their attack on public liberty, and were defeated. The Villèle administration underwent a similar destiny. With a knowledge of these events in their minds, it is not very difficult for the nation to solve the riddle of the Prince Polignac's intentions in assuming office.

The French are accused, even in our liberal journals, of petulance and precipitancy, for judging the new cabinet by their antecedents, and

not awaiting the coming of events, before they commence a resistance to the admission of such men into office; but never was accusation less founded, or reasonable. The individuals composing the new ministry are not "unknown to fame;" the party which pushed them forward on the scene, are already judged by the country; their views and their projects are even boastfully announced by the journals in their pay. The very appointment of one individual whose conduct in the army should have made him the last man in France so to be selected, was an insult to the nation, and a declaration of war against patriotism and public feeling.

The events which have subsequently occurred, come not within the scope of the present volume, and the temptation is not great to deviate from the prescribed course, for their display. The noble and generous conduct of the French chamber of deputies, (where the purchase of twenty members would have determined a ministerial triumph, and where all the gold in the French treasury could not bribe that number,) offers too miserable a contrast with another

chamber, (split into paltry guerilla factions, agreeing in nothing but the common pursuit of selfish and pecuniary ends,) to afford matter for pleasant expatiation to a British pen. The comparison is mortifying, humiliating, depressing. It is far indeed from the indecent juggle of an East Retford borough assignment, or the struggle to defraud the public by an issue of unconvertible paper,—it is far from the petty triumph of stopping 900*l.* out of the mass of corrupt and abusive expenditure, to that energetic address, which has earned for the French chambers the honours of prorogation, and the love and veneration of their constituents. It is further still from the perjured electors of English boroughs, who return the nominees of nobility, to the honest freemen of France, whom money cannot purchase nor power intimidate.

Of the probable results of this new contest, in which the French court has so wantonly embarked, there is the less necessity for hazarding a conjecture, as it may happen that the question may be already settled, before these pages reach the press. But be the immediate

issue what it may, the ultimate destinies of France are secure; secure in the soundness and patriotism of the people, and in the progressive diffusion of political intelligence, firmness, and of moderation. Every day that passes adds to the strength of the people, and takes something from the coterie of exclusive privileges and of despotic misrule. That France will eventually be a free country, is a consoling truth for England and for Europe, founded on the certain augury of the relation of causes to effects. Whether that freedom shall be peaceably and happily effected, or purchased only by blood and a second revolution, depends on the wisdom, and fortunately also on the political courage of the reigning dynasty.

THE GIRAFFE.

In looking, this morning, over a list of visits, after we had got into the carriage, we were struck by the odd associations it presented, for it began with Cuvier, and ended with the giraffe, including the most celebrated physician and physiologist, the most eminent naturalist, and the first mathematician, in France: in a word—Messieurs Broussais, Geffroi-St.-Hilaire, and La Croix!

As the giraffe is (to use the words of *Beranger*,) "*l'animal le moins remuante*," and might never leave Paris; and as her companion in England was either dying or dead, we were particularly desirous to make the acquaintance of one

so much *à-la-mode*, and were curious to ascertain the grounds of her popularity and fashion. Her *bon-mot*, on her arrival, in passing through the staring multitude of Parisian *badaux*,—" *Mes amis, il n'-y-a qu'une bête de plus;*" the elegant novelties in dress, to which her name gave vogue, and the high moral qualities attributed to her by all the French naturalists, had raised the giraffe, in our expectation, to the dignity of " a lion," whom " not to know, would argue ourselves unknown."

On reaching her residence, in the " *jardin des plantes*," we found *sa célébrité* taking the air, in a little park, in front of her pavillion. Beside her stood her *premier gentilhomme de la chambre*, a faithful friend, and countryman, who had accompanied her emigration. His tall, fine figure, jet-black complexion, and graceful attitude and costume, combined with the appearance of the gigantic animal, with whom he seemed to hold " high communion," presented a graphic combination, and afforded curious specimens of the respective species in that

great and distant region, whence the enterprize of science had conducted both. Nothing is more striking in the giraffe than the disproportions of its form, with the beautiful graces of its movements. Its intelligence is strongly illustrated by its docility and mildness, which amount almost to courtesy. A *levée* had collected round this "illustrious stranger," which seemed as anxious to attract her notice, as that which fills the royal bed-room of Charles the Tenth, to catch the good omen of his morning smile, while the *premier valet de chambre* of the old peerage presents his shirt, or offers his handkerchief: and the giraffe, as if aware of the wishes of *her* court, repeatedly stepped forward, bowed her long neck, and put forth her head between the bars of *her ruelle*, to receive the homage of her courtiers. The whole scene was amusing and characteristic, and it recalled the much vaunted royal courtesy, on similar occasions, at the Tuileries—the "*bête de plus*," did not lose by the comparison.

The neighbours of the gentle and intelligent giraffe, are a surly, restless bear, and a heavy,

stupid buffalo: not all that Owen or Pestalozzi could devise, would give to this bear and buffalo, the intelligent gentleness, so obvious in their gigantic associate.

Delightful as it is to behold new and fine forms, and fresh proofs of the great creative power, (come as they may, from "*Indus or the Pole*," to the mart of civilization,) there was a still higher gratification obtained by this visit to the giraffe, it was the happy view of the humbler classes of the people of Paris, who, on this day, thronged the *jardins des plantes*, for which there is much facility in procuring tickets of admission, as for all such establishments in France. It was a *jour de fête*, and tradespeople and artisans had come here to pass it worthily, by studying the Creator in his works, thus collected from far remote climes and regions, for their instruction and benefit. Curiosity, indulged with order; surprise, expressed with *naïvete;* information, sought with zeal,—such were the traits of manners obvious in the exterior deportment of the miscellaneous crowds, (among which were many military

subalterns,*) who wandered in harmless admiration through *parterres* of the most precious plants and flowers, or paced the galleries of its unrivalled museum, with noiseless steps, and whispered observations.

We proceeded, with increased interest, to accomplish our intended visits to Messieurs Cuvier, Broussais, Geffroi-St.-Hilaire, and La Croix; for it is to such men that modern France owes such establishments as *les jardins des plantes*, and that wondrous spread of knowledge among the intelligent population we had left there.†

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* Having visited the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, several days consecutively, to make extracts from particular books, I always observed a common soldier seated opposite to me, and similarly occupied; he had one of the finest heads I ever beheld; he was occasionally joined by one of his comrades, occupied in another room, like himself. If such be a "specimen of the French army, let those who count upon the blind obedience of a brute military force, look to it."

† We were accompanied, during the "courses" of this agreeable day, by an old friend, the ex-American consul, Mr. Warden, who, though out of office as a diplomate, acts as

the *Cicerone* to the United States, at Paris, and cuts short for the strangers recommended to his courtesy, the difficulties and inconveniences of a first arrival. Thirty years' residence in Paris renders him a most intelligent and useful guide; and I was happy to find that his experience and opinion confirmed our own observations concerning the middle and lower ranks of the people. "So devoted are they," said Mr. Warden, "to knowledge, and so highly do they esteem it, that in recommending a stranger to their notice, either in the way of friendly intercourse or business, one of their first questions is, *Est-il bien élevé? A-t-il reçu de l'education?*"

GERARD.—LE SACRE DU ROI CHARLES X.

How one envies the contemporaries and townsmen of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Titian, and the other distinguished masters of Italy! What pleasure to have visited their great works in the morning, and in the evening to have met and conversed with themselves; to have asked Raffaele how he felt, while working at his divine picture of St. Cecilia, or to have inquired from Salvator Rosa, what he thought of the exhibition of his Catiline conspiracy.

All yesterday we were occupied with the *Musée*, and principally with the pictures in the salon of the exhibition. A crowd was gathered round

the picture of the "*Sacre*"* of Charles the Tenth, by Gérard, which rendered it for some time inaccessible. The success of a painter must depend upon the nature of his subject, no less than on its execution; for the judgment of the spectator must be influenced by his sensations and affections. In this point of view, there is a vast contrast between the "Sacre," and the "Entry of Henry the Fourth into Paris," or the "Battle of Austerlitz," by the same great master. All that could be done by art for such a scene as the "*Sacre*," with such means and originals as the painter had to work on, has been done. But what where his models? It is in vain that his admirable powers of drawing have been lavished to give force and symmetry to figures that had none: that he has made foolish faces look grave, which even his art could not make to look wise; and attempted to give to the Poloniuses of the court, an expression of intelligence which nature had denied them. The stamp of times and principles, beyond the art of one of the greatest

* "The Coronation."

painters of his age, to efface or dignify, comes forth and proves the inefficiency of the highest genius, to ennoble that, which is in itself ignoble.* Of all the personages, princes, dukes, cardinals, and bishops, who fill this spacious and most brilliant picture, there is one only who struck me as particularly well placed; it was the Cardinal Duc de Clermont Tonnerre; for his back is turned to the spectator, and nothing is visible but his robe and tonsure—the most veracious part of the person of this ultra priest and prelate.

Such as the picture of the "*Sacre*" is, it proves the genius of the master, by its decided superiority as a composition to the other paintings on the same subject, commanded by the minister Corbières, whose mal-administration with respect

* Monsieur Gérard had this subject forced upon him by royal command. He had avoided the presence of Charles the Tenth, when that monarch was distributing marks of his approbation to the painters in the Louvre. The king noticed his absence; and observed, "I regret that M. Gérard is not here to learn from me that I charge him with the painting of my Coronation."

to the arts, has been frequently mentioned to us.

In the evening, we went to the *soirée*, at Gérard's; my mind was too much pre-occupied with his picture, not to make it an immediate subject of conversation. I asked him why he had chosen that particular moment, when the ceremony is over, as the *accolade* was certainly a less picturesque representation than the "*Sacre*" itself.

"The moment," he said, "you allude to, was suggested to me by high authority, but I could not bring myself to represent a king of France at the feet of the priests."*

Shortly afterwards, I visited Gérard in his study, where nearly all the potentates of Europe had come to seek the only immortality reserved for them. I found him giving the last touches to a work, of a far different interest from the *sacre* of Charles the Tenth. It was the tomb of

* On my return home, I turned to the Histoire du Sacre, by Monsieur Alex. Le Noble, where I found the full value of the painter's decision, in rejecting a ceremony the most degrading that royalty ever submitted to. The king remains kneeling before the seated priests, for more than an hour.—*See page* 593, *of the Histoire.*

Napoleon, in the island of St. Helena. With the glare, movement, broad lights, and shewy colours of the former still in my eyes, what repose was presented in this melancholy little picture! As a mere work of art, it shewed that, had Gérard devoted himself to landscape painting, he would have been at the head of his school. As a work of sentiment, it did him more honour, than all the commanded subjects, which imperial liberality, or royal munificence ever required at his master's hand. The scene is curiously supported by four fine figures, representing fame, science, history, and war. They are celebrated for the beauty of the drawing; and were originally painted for a ceiling in the Tuileries, of which the centre was occupied by a portrait of Napoleon. On the restoration, this head was defaced, and Gérard has transferred the figures, to uphold the tomb of the superseded hero.

Near this melancholy little picture still hung Gérard's great work of the Battle of Austerlitz; one of the noblest productions of the modern school. It is full of admirable and characteristic details. The moment selected is that in which

General Rapp rode up to the emperor (himself on horseback, and surrounded by his brilliant staff) to announce to him that the battle was decided, and the glory his. The joy and triumph of the news flash from the eye, and agitate every muscle in the soldierly face and figure of the *brusque* Rapp. The expressive faces of Berthier, Junot, and Bessières, who are close to the emperor, contrast by their strong vitality, with the livid hues of a dead soldier, and of the dying officer, whose countenance in the last agonies of death, is full of intellectual elevation. All are now reduced to the same level; men of the times and of necessity! while of their brave bands but few survive, (the disgrace of their cast, or its glory). Among the latter, it is gracious to all the milder feelings of humanity, to single out the brave, the loyal, the high-minded Bertrand.

There are, perhaps, but three modern French pictures comparable in any way to this,—the battles of Jaffa and of Aboukir, by Gros; and that of Jemappe, by Vernet.

We found the Wednesday evenings of Monsieur and Madame Gérard, in 1829, as we had found them in 1816-18, among the most de-

lightful assemblies in Paris, and attended by all the eminent talent in that capital of European arts and intellect. Asking Gérard, on one very sultry evening, how he could leave the delightful gardens of his villa, at Auteuil, for the close atmosphere of his hotel in the faubourg, he answered, "in such a season it is a sacrifice, but a sacrifice well repaid. For thirty years my friends and brother artists, of all countries, have found me, on Wednesday evenings, ready to receive them in this salon; and, should I live thirty years more, as long as health and means are spared, here they shall still find me."

It is a charming trait among a hundred others, in the character of Gérard, that his house is always open to young and rising talent. There, he waits not for the world's stamp to acknowledge the claims of unpatronized genius. His salon is an academy, not only for the study of the arts, but for the acquirement of that good tone of manner, that quiet, elegant, unobtrusive air, which abashes the impudence of confident mediocrity, when the example is offered in the address of the first artist of his country.

SOCIETE PHILOTECHNIQUE.

FRENCH women, though eloquent talkers, are also the best listeners in the world. This came particularly home to my observation at the numerous literary and scientific associations at which I saw them assembled. To me, such public sittings are mere subjects of curiosity; to them they are sources of a deeper interest. I went to see what sort of things such assemblies are; they attend to seek information, through a medium of all others to me the most tiresome.

Having received an invitation to attend a meeting of the *Societé Philotechnique*, held in one of the great rooms of the Hôtel de Ville, I

was a good deal surprised at the number of *chapeau fleuris* which I saw there mingled with bald heads, grey hairs, and other forms symbolic of time and wisdom. The assembly was remarkable for its numbers, and for the diversity of ages of which it was composed. At the upper part of a vast and beautiful hall, was erected a stage, with the president's chair and table, desks for the readers, and seats on either side for foreigners and the more distinguished guests. The body of the hall was thronged promiscuously. The program of the day's business is curious, as shewing the possibility of passing a Sunday afternoon innocently and instructively, yet cheerfully and elegantly; and in a manner alike exempt from *ennui* or from dissipation.*

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* *Société Philotechnique.*

Séance publique du dimanche 31 *Mai* 1829.

Présidence de M. Bertin.

ORDRE DES LECTURES:

1. M. Léon Thiessé, *Sec. Adjoint.* Rapport sur les Travaux de la Société.
2. M. Bignan . . . . . Fragment d'un Poëme sur les Femmes Françaises.

Much fatigue on the preceding day, a late and crowded assembly on the preceding evening, had incapacitated me for that vivacious attention

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3. M. Anatole de Montesquiou . Fables.
4. M. Alexandre Lenoir . . . Mélanges sur David, extraits d'un morçeau sur la dernière epoque de la Restauration des Arts en France.
5. M. Gohier . . . . . Introduction au 1er chant du Poëme des Quatre Ages de l'Homme, adressée à la Société Philotechnique.
6. M. Michaux (Clovis) . . . Le Poëte, Stances.
7. M. De Montrol . . . . . Essai sur Clément Marot.

MUSIQUE.

1. Airs suédois arrangés et variés pour violoncelle, avec accompagnement de piano, éxécutés par Madame Decaen et M. Baudiot.
2. Nocturnes composées et chantées par M. Romagnési.
3. Polonaise pour le piano, composée exécutée par M. Sowinski.
4. Romances composées et chantées par M. Romagnési.
5. Trio sur des motifs de Rossini, composé pour hautbois, violoncelle, et piano, par MM. Vogt et Baudiot, et exécuté par Madame Decaen et les Auteurs.

which the subjects merited. The "*Rapport sur les travaux de la Société*" had no *rapport* with my previous associations;—"*les femmes Françaises*" never appeared to me less *piquantes*;—the "extracts on the restoration of the arts" found me trying to keep my eyes open on a great picture, with the figure of a *Paillasse* in the fore-ground, which turned out to be King Charles the Tenth, (for this was another picture of the *Sacre*, by a *protégé* of the minister Monsieur Corbières);*—and "*Les quatre ages*

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* The ministerial pampering of the fine arts, so often called for by English writers, is the source of infinite mischief in France. Each functionary, intent only on availing himself of present opportunity to serve his own friends, calls upon them to produce and to exhibit, without reference to their talents and acquirements. Paris teems with the abortive attempts of young men of unquestioned ability, thus pushed forward to engage in undertakings above their strength. The picture of the *Sacre*, here alluded to, is a case in point. It is not without merit; but the composition of a great historical picture requires a mature judgment, as its execution demands a deeper insight into effects than youthful inexperience can afford. Yet, what degree of self-denial would be sufficient to prevail on a struggling, and

de l'homme" put me, or found me, fast asleep. I know not what was the mystic word, or name, or sound, that caught some still wakeful organ, but I found myself suddenly roused to interest and attention by a prose recitation. It was a fragment of the life of Clement Marot. There was a freshness in the theme, and a vigour in the style of treating it, which came home at once to the feelings; and I attended to the whole article without once closing an eyelid, perpetrating a yawn, or casting an abstracted glance on the inappreciable representation of *Paillasse* in the royal character of Charles the Tenth.

When the sitting was over, and while the musical instruments were tuning, we adjourned with the principal gentlemen of the society to another room, where open windows and a free space to move in, roused our spirits and rewarded our patience. Here we found our old acquaintance Pigault Le Brun. I expressed a wish

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perhaps needy student, to refuse an order, as serviceable to his present necessities, as flattering to his *amour propre*.

that he would soon make the dull world laugh once more. He replied with a sigh, "At seventy-five years of age, we neither laugh ourselves, nor make others laugh. And yet," he continued, "I remember laughing very heartily during the whole rapid composition of my novel of *l'enfant du Carnival;* because it was a vivid sketch of many of my town's-fellows of Calais, who, I was aware, would recognize themselves. The fault I find with Walter Scott is, that he neither makes me laugh nor cry enough.* His heroes, too, are poor creatures. The whole is fine scene painting: but Fielding!—I dare not trust myself to speak of *him.* It is not admiration; it is idolatry that I feel for Fielding."

Upon this, as upon other occasions, I observed

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* This is perhaps generally true: but Walter Scott has pathos at least, and of the truest and deepest kind. Who has not wept over the last volume of Waverley, and the trial of Effie Deane? With a muse of less facundity, this great and prolific writer might certainly have infused a deeper moral interest into his romances, than for the most part he has thought necessary to bestow on them;—that is, if it had suited his purpose to do so.

that a flash of spirit was followed in Le Brun by a sort of melancholy abstraction: and I afterwards learned that the persecutions he had suffered from the government had made a considerable alteration in his naturally gay disposition.

Monsieur Gohier, who had been secretary to the Directory, Monsieur Jullien de Paris, and other members of the society, joined us, and asked my opinion of the literary productions of the sitting,—a delicate point, which I got over as well as I could, by saying that the opinion of the critic was not always a proof of the merit of the work; but that if I had the choice of the subjects I had heard, to take home and read *à tête reposée*, it should be the charming fragment of Clement Marot. A young man, who was outside the circle, came modestly forward, and in the customary phrase of French gallantry, begged permission to "lay the manuscript at my feet." I accepted the offer with gratitude; and it has proved the foundation of a most agreeable acquaintance. Among the most serviceable and friendly of *la jeunesse de France* with whom I was

brought into contact in 1829, I have the pleasure of numbering the clever author of "Clement Marot."*

The first sounds in the orchestra brought us back to our places. As we listened to the delightful voices and elegant compositions of Monsieur and Madame Romagnese, I remembered my own musical *soirées* in the Rue de Helder in 1818, which so frequently owed much of their charm to the musical talent of the former. The hautbois playing of Monsieur Vogt, which I now heard for the first time, is perhaps the finest in the world, though many performers have acquired a deserved celebrity upon this simple but most effective instrument, in a well constituted band.

Such public meetings as those of the Société Philotechnique are frequent in Paris.† Their de-

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* The biographical sketch of Clement Marot, is an episode in the life of Rabelais, upon which Monsieur de Montrol is at present employed.

† "L'esprit d'association et un désir vivement senti de contribuer à l'avancement des sciences et à la prospérité générale, ont multiplié en France, depuis la révolution, et

fect is that they present too ready a market for the exhibition of mediocrity, and accord too easily that prompt and tangible little triumph, which draws off useful abilities from more serviceable labours. But this defect is more than overbalanced by the service they render to society at

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surtout depuis le retour de la paix, un grand nombre de réunions libres, dont plusieurs ont déjà rendu des services importans à la chose publique. Il suffit de nommer ici la *Société d'encouragement pour l'Industrie nationale*, la *Société royale et centrale d'Agriculture*, la *Société des Antiquaires de France*, la *Société pour l'amélioration de l'Enseignement élémentaire*, la *Société des Méthodes*, la *Société de la Morale Chrétienne*, la *Société pour l'amelioration des Prisons*, les *Sociétés Philotechnique, Philomatique, Philantropique, Asiatique, de Géographie, des Sciences Naturelles, de Médecine, d'Horticulture, Athénée des Arts*, &c.

" Chacune de ces Sociétés, dans la sphère de ses attributions, donne une impulsion salutaire et une direction mieux entendue aux travaux de ses membres, et entretient, dans nos départemens et dans les pays étrangers, des relations avec des hommes instruits et zélés, que leur insolement laisserait dans l'impuissance de faire le bien, et qui, par la combinaison de leurs efforts individuels dirigés vers un but commun, contribuent à produire de bons résultats."—*Revue Encyclopedique.*

large, in diffusing a taste for literature and the arts, and in bringing together persons of congenial tastes and talents. An universal communion is thus opened, through a medium the most civilizing; the women find the account even of their vanity, in giving their attention to subjects, which draw them off from personal gossip, and from the eternal petty details that weaken intellect, and embitter the intercourse of domestic life.

When the sitting was broken up, it was proposed to us to visit the whole of the Hôtel de Ville, the scene of many of the most tragic events of the great historic drama of France. As an edifice marked by *le cachet du tems*, there are few buildings in Paris better worth examination. It was begun in the reign of Francis the First, and the fine gothic hall, with its pendant roof, is most probably of that time; for it differs essentially from the rest of the edifice, which was raised on the designs of Cortona, brought from Italy by Henry the Second. The whole was not completed till the reign of Henry the Fourth; whose statue on horseback, in basso relievo, occupies the tympanum, over the great door of the

principal entrance. This statue, erected in the midst of his glory—torn down during the wars of the Fronde—restored and replaced under Louis the Fourteenth—again torn down during the revolution, was replaced in the year 1815. What is to be its future fate, *reste à savoir*.

A flight of interminable steps leads to the interior of the building, and terminates in a gloomy court decorated with arcades, once covered with inscriptions to the honour of Louis the Fourteenth, but now defaced by time or by contempt. Under one of these arcades stood a great pedestrian statue of that *beau idéal* of a despot. Removed, but not demolished, at the revolution, it found its way to the Magazin du Roule, where it underwent some very unceremonious mutilations; and where it remained some thirty years, forgotten or neglected. On the restoration of the Bourbons, however, it was brought to light, furbished up, and replaced in its old niche.

As it now stands, it is "*à mourir de rire*," a monument of the state of the arts in the Augustan age of France. Louis the Fourteenth, here,

figures not as a French Apollo, but as a French Mars—cuirassed and armed *à la Grèque*, with an head-dress like Justice Midas, a full, flowing wig of immense volume and enormous redundancy of tress and curl, such as he wore in 1689. Between his *coiffure* and the rest of his costume there is only the trifling anachronism of some two or three thousand years; and this in the days of the Le Bruns and the Poussins!

The apartments, dedicated to the service of the governors of the Hotel, are numerous and spacious, but dark, gloomy, and cumbrous to a most depressing degree. Still, every thing, there, is curious, interesting and connected with strange and terrible events. In the Salle de Trone, two fine old chimney pieces remain, just as they were erected in the time of Henry the Fourth, whose monuments, like his fame, triumph over all that preceded them. Two full-length portraits of Louis the Fifteenth and Eighteenth now occupy the walls, which once were covered with pictures of royal births and marriages, that have disappeared during the revolution. Of these works, by Porbus, Rigaud, Louis de Boulogne,

L'Argillière, Vien, and other forgotten artists of the worst ages of French art, not a trace remains. It was in this room, I think, that I remarked a picture of Henry the Fourth receiving the keys of Paris from its chief magistrate. There was also a small equestrian statue of the same king—a copy of that on the Pont Neuf. It was placed there in 1819, when nothing was neglected that could awaken a feeling for the royal family, through busts, statues, and pictures: a more effectual and direct road might have been discovered; but the popularity of Henry the Fourth still remains the sole claim of his great grandchildren to the favour of their subjects.

The Hôtel de Ville, the ancient seat of the *Prévôts des Marchands*, was afterwards given to the Prévôts de Paris; and is now devoted also to the administration of the Prefecture of the Seine. It has for ages been the site of important political events, and of civic and royal festivities. Here the city of Paris entertained her kings, her consuls, and her emperor. Here the republic held its most momentous consultations,

and here were enacted some of the most tragic scenes of the revolution. Every room has witnessed a fête or a tragedy; and the very threshhold has been stained with the blood of French citizens. On one side is the gorgeous salon, where the modern Charlemagne and his imperial bride were feasted and flattered: on the other is that gloomy turret, with its high and horrid casement, out of which Robespierre flung himself into the court beneath.

Standing on the melancholy Place de Grève, the Hôtel de Ville, with its gothic architecture, its imposing height, its gloomy courts, and splendid halls, is one of the most interesting and at the same time the most melancholy of the historical edifices of Paris. The monument of many changes, the memorial of many crimes, its annals would afford a fearful commentary on the evils of despotism in the government, and of ignorance among the people. In its connexion with the revolution, too, it has given some lessons to royalty, by which it will be wise in the kings of Europe to profit. It has taught them the power of the people, when goaded by

oppression; it has taught them that there lurks in the bosoms of the most crouching of slaves a germ of patriotism and of energy, which a moment may develope, to the destruction of the oppressor; and it proves to those, susceptible of any demonstration, that if the ways of tyranny be sometimes ways of pleasantness, all its paths are not paths of peace.

BERANGER.—VISIT TO LA FORCE.

"Il n'exista jamais, il ne peut jamais exister en France jusqu'à nos jours, un pöete aussi populaire que Beranger: c'est à dire un pöete en rapport entière, en harmonie parfaite, avec les sentimens, les besoins, et les vœux d'une grande nation."

THIS species of cotemporary eulogium, the proudest result of eminent genius, and its highest recompence, needs no confirmation from posterity. The contempt which withered the wreath of Dryden, and blasted the fame of Waller, can never shadow the glory of him, whose talents are directed to the honest purposes of patriotism, and to the furtherance of the cause of liberty.

Different generations may make various estimates of mere literary excellence; but the genius which benefits mankind is of all ages; and the line which has once awakened the enthusiasm of a generous people and found an echo in the bosom of free men, will survive all revolutions of taste, as immortal as the principle it illustrates. "The songs of Beranger," says a cotemporary critic, "are conversations with France;" and the expression is eminently just. Coteries may have their Trissotins, and boudoirs their Sapphos; but thought and originality, a great feeling to rouse, or a great truth to tell, will, now, alone answer the intellectual wants, and secure the permanent attention of the European public,—above all, of its quintessential representatives, the people of France. Academies and corporations, sages by act of parliament, and wits *de par le roi*, may still be satisfied with their La Harpes and Delilles; but the world of mind and passion must have its Byrons and its Berangers.

The two poets thus coupled in a sentence by their common popularity, are, in all their private and personal relations, at the opposite extremes

of the scale of life. Every one knows the ancient descent and noble blood of the British bard; and no where in the world could such accidental advantages have been more prized than in the country of his birth, the last strong hold of aristocratic prejudice. But Beranger, with no such claims on adscititious renown, benefits equally by the opinions of the people, among whom his lot is cast. In a firm reliance upon that national sentiment which now, in France, values a man for what he is, and not for what his forefathers may have been, he has become the frank genealogist of his own humble birth, and thus describes it:

" Dans ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre vingt,
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père,
Moi, nouveau né, sachez ce qui m'advint."*

* In Paris it costs nothing thus to own a grandfather who was *but* a tailor. In London, there would be at least as much simplicity (in the unfavourable sense of the word) as candour in the avowal. But that it would be invidious to mention names, instances might be freely cited, in which

In observing that Beranger is the poet of his age and country, it is unnecessary to add that he is a liberal; and a liberal of so frank and uncompromising, so indiscreet a character, that, since the restoration,

"Certains gens qui pardonnent trop peu,"*

have pertinaciously marked him out for a species of political persecution, which has tended to the literary advantage of the victim. It has quadrupled the sale of his works, and awakened a personal interest for the man, independent of the splendid reputation of the writer. In the early epoch of the "return of social order," Beranger was prosecuted by the government for the publication of a collection, in which there were more witty truths, than poetical fictions.

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an absence of claims to gentility has operated most unfavourably on the reputation and interests of men of unquestioned talent. To write in a garret is *primâ facie* evidence of writing ill, which requires strong ulterior evidence to refute.

† "Certain persons, not too apt to forgive."

He was tried, condemned, and incarcerated in St. Pelagie ;* and was deprived of a small literary place which he had held with credit for more than twelve years. An event so appalling served but as a stronger excitement to resist the tyranny to which he was subjected; and in the dens of St. Pelagie he produced some of his freest couplets, and boldest opinions. His captivity and persecution for " liberty's dear sake," drew the attention of all France to the poet, and to his works; and testimonies of respect and admiration, under a variety of gracious forms, came to cheer his prison, and to compensate for his sufferings. His second condemnation on a government prosecution, and his imprisonment in La Force, (in 1829,) proves that his country has lost nothing of her interest in his fate. " France," says one of the public prints of the day, " laments for Beranger, and freely would bestow on

* M. de la Borde, speaking of this prison, observes, that its apartments, lighted by air-holes in the roof, have no fireplaces,—that they are subject to every extreme of temperature.

him the consolations of the heart, the only consolations of which such a character stands in need."

We had made the acquaintance of this celebrated writer and honest man in 1818; when we left him, the centre of many brilliant circles, and the subject of much devoted friendship. We found him, on our return in 1829, a prisoner in La Force. This was an additional reason for wishing to renew our acquaintance; and a message, through mutual friends, from Monsieur de Beranger, expressive of his wish to receive our visit, increased our desire to make it. We were informed, however, that to effect our purpose, certain preliminaries were necessary; and that to obtain an interview with a prisoner in La Force, we must present ourselves at the prefecture of police, to undergo certain forms and examinations which were indispensable. We set off, therefore, to the prefecture, accompanied by two distinguished and intimate friends of the prisoner, —David, the sculptor, and Dumas, the author of "Henri III." A more appropriate society for such a visit could not have been chosen. Genius

and friendship were fit qualifications to approach the prison of the poet of liberty and of France.

There was, in the course we had to take, in order to see Beranger, an interest, distinct from that which he himself excited. All our acquaintance with Parisian sites, however historical, had hitherto been hallowed by intellectual associations, by the glow and lustre of the imagination. Even the *Palais de Justice*, with its many horrible recollections of the worst of times, was seen through the medium of the passed, and with reference to the improvements of the present. But of the prisons of modern France, those haunts of crime and misfortune, we knew nothing but the names. We knew that in feudal times, the superiors of a religious order had a right to maintain a prison in their monasteries:* we had read of "*oubliettes*," "*vade in pace*," and iron cages, (all implements of tyranny in full

* The *Abbaye*, so horribly celebrated in the annals of the reign of terror, was the prison of the Abbot of St. Germain. The dungeons of this monastic jail are horrible. A prisoner cannot stand up in them, or long survive in their unwholesome atmosphere. They are no longer in use.

employment, from the reign of Louis the Eleventh, to that of Louis the Sixteenth)—of the antiquated terrors of the Bastile, Vincennes, the Temple, the *Conciergerie, la tour de Montgomerie,* the Grand, and the *Petit Chatelet,* and many others; but of the actual condition of such abodes of suffering we knew nothing, except that some of them had been abolished at the revolution.

Napoleon, who in his last years hurried on the fate of France and his own, by every species of error, which a return to the old *régime* could originate, created, in 1810, eight illegal places of confinement, by the title of *prisons d'etat;* while in the legal prisons he made scarcely any amelioration. This was one of the dark points in his administration, arising from a want of that sympathy with his species, which, when present, is the source of much of the sagacity and wisdom of legislators and statesmen: for he who feels for man, provides for his infirmities and misfortunes. Napoleon was intent only on providing for the exigencies of the state.

Our first visit to a French state prison was not made unmoved; and curiosity and compas-

sion entered largely into the feelings with which we sought a site, which though rendered interesting by the sufferings of one man of eminent genius and virtues, had still stronger claims, perhaps, on mere reason, on the score of general humanity.

The prefecture of police is not only an office for the administration of all matters that come under the cognizance of that department, but also a municipal prison. It is a vast and gloomy edifice, lying in the old quarter of Paris, called *L'Isle de la cité*, and in the *Rue de Jerusalem*, an avenue, probably, as old as the crusades. It surrounds a large court, and its walls are curiously painted in fresco, with the portraits of eminent men of old France. Defaced and faded as they are, the lineaments of the famous Constable de Bourbon, De Guesclin, and others, are still cognizable.

We proceeded to the *Bureau de Police*, through a little wicket, where a porter, on learning we had business there, sent us forward, under the guardianship of one of the familiars of the office. On entering a dark, close room, smell-

ing of musty papers, a very glum-looking man, in a black cap, sat writing at a high desk. After a few moments silence and pre-occupation, he raised his eyes, and addressing our conductors, (for I went for nothing,) asked "*Que veulent ces Messieurs?*"—"They wish to see Monsieur Beranger, prisoner in La Force," was the reply. "Pass, if you please," he said; and we passed into another chamber, within the first, where another officer, of superior rank, was seated in the like manner, and proposed the same questions. We were then asked to shew our passports, and our friends to produce the "permit," which they had already obtained, for visiting Beranger, and which it was necessary to renew. We were here civilly asked to be seated, and chairs were brought forward for our accommodation, while the necessary forms were fulfilled. It was in this silent interval, that I ventured to throw my eyes around, and examine this outwork of the state prisons. The walls were built up on all sides with boxes, on ranges of shelves, each marked by a label, containing the name of the prison to which its contents re-

lated. I read, successively, "*Bicêtre,*" "*La Force,*" "*But de la Mairet,*" &c. &c. &c.; when my fearful study was interrupted by our inquisitor, who filled up our permit with my husband's personal traits, profession, age, country, &c., and then passed us into another apartment, where the document was counter-signed by another officer; we were then conducted back to the hatch, and proceeded on the way to our destination.

Every step to La Force seemed appropriate. We passed the *Palais de Justice*, the *Place de Grève*, and that fearfully celebrated lamp-post, where so many executions were perpetrated, on that short and summary sentence, "*à la lanterne.*" "*Verrez-vous plus clair?*"* replied one of the victims, as he tranquilly obeyed the horrible command. The entrance into the *Hôtel de la Force* is in a narrow, old street, called "*Du Roi de Sicile.*" It is divided into two distinct prisons, which stand contiguous, but without

* "And if I am hanged to the lantern, will you see the better for it?"

communication; the one, *la grande*, the other, *la petit Force*. They derive their very appropriate name from their standing on the site of the old *Hôtel de la Force*, which existed in the thirteenth century; and which having been the palace of Charles, king of Naples, brother to Saint Louis, became the property of the Duc de la Force, whose descendant, with his sons, perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. On part of the site of this vast edifice, was also raised the *Hôtel de Brienne*. The government, in 1754, bought both; but it was not till the ministry of Monsieur Necker, that this domestic fortress of kings and feudatories was converted into the most extensive prison of the kingdom.

We arrived before a gate, and passing the lodge of the porter or *guichetier*, (which was occupied by some desponding looking creatures, who waited for admission to the prisoners,) we were, on producing our order, at once conducted by a turnkey, armed with a tremendous bunch of keys, through a long narrow *ruelle* or passage, on either side guarded by high dark walls. This led to what is called the new building, where

prisoners are lodged, who in the "argot," or cant language of the place, are able to "*prendre la pistole*," or pay for their accommodation. It is situated between two courts, planted with trees; and is constructed of hewn stones, clasped with iron. It consists of four vaulted floors, with grated casements; and beneath them are those dark, damp dungeons, reserved for prisoners, whose attempted evasions are suspected.* Escaping from the close passages, which lead to the first of these courts, (where, at a second lodge, we left our permits,) I was struck by its comparatively attractive appearance. The trees

* "A la grande Force sont encombrés dans une salle basse, tenant lieu de chauffoir, 150 ou 200 malheureux, la plus part sans bas, sans souliers, couverts de haillons, ne recevant pour nourriture que de pain et de l'eau, et un cuillerée de soupe à la Rumfort, appelée communément *pitance d'oisifs*. Il en est à peu près de même du troisième corps de logis, du bâtiment neuf, où sont 200 détenus, qu'on entasse la nuit soixante ensemble, sur un lit de bois, sur des paillasses puantes, et dans des salles qui n'ont pas été blanchies depuis qu'elles existent, l'administration au lieu de réparer leur triste démeure, élève devant eux (1816-18) des chapelles somptueuses."—*Mem. sur les Prisons, par M. Alexandre de la Borde.*

in full verdure, and small beds of flowers, contrasted strangely with the surrounding fearful buildings, and the terrible visages which gleamed through the unsashed and grated windows. They were all crowded with prisoners; some of whom were playing cards, some mending their clothes, and almost all boisterous and laughing—the frightful mirth of hardened crime and ruthless despair. Here and there, a pale haggard face was silently pressed against the iron bars, marked with disease, and with that suffering which quells alike the brutal gaiety of the wicked, and the sweet cheerfulness of the innocent. This court was, I think, called "La Cour de Charlemagne:" the next was that of St. Louis. Another *parterre* here presented itself, all bloom and sunshine; and yet I thought the flowers and the sun rather heightened than relieved the sadness of the scene. After passing another hall, we were conducted up a narrow stone staircase, at the top of which was the prison-room of De Beranger.

Monsieur de Beranger had expected us; and received us with all the gay cordiality which had characterised him, when we first met in the

salon of the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin." We found him in society with the author of "Clara Gazul," and a lady. It required a moment to recover the impressions which had preceded our arrival at his chamber,—a small but neat room, furnished with some elegance by himself. The little bed in the alcove was draped with muslin. Vases of flowers stood on the chimney, over which hung a picture of his late eminent and excellent friend, the Deputé Manuel. His table was covered with books and writing materials.

His position, our former acquaintance, and present visit, formed the first topics of our conversation. In answer to some expression of sympathy, he said, "I am not so ill off here, I assure you. I am the least restless animal (*l'animal le moins remuant*) in the world; and moreover, I am so circumstanced, that I can see none but friends. Besides," he added, "I am the object of perpetual attentions to many, who, under other circumstances, would never think of me—you see I have the freshest flowers, and the finest fruits of the season."

I thought of all the charming poetry that such

offerings had called forth, in the still more horrible prison of St. Pelagie,* and I expressed a hope that La Force would not be less distinguished than St. Pelagie. He said:

"Yes, if I have time; but I am not a facile, not a rapid writer. I rarely compose more than sixteen songs in the year. Then, from ten till four, when the prison gates are closed, I am occupied with some kind friend or other, who comes to chat with me."

In the course of conversation, he mentioned that the room underneath was clearing out for a prisoner, who was to be brought in at night. "It was an honest country gentleman," he said, who chose to write a pamphlet on the justice and necessity of re-establishing the national guard, for which he was prosecuted. "What a sad tran-

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* "Ma Guérison," on receiving a present of wine, of which the following is the commencement:

"J'espère,
Que le vin opère,
Oui, tout est bien, même en prison—
Le vin m'a rendu la raison." &c. &c. &c.

sition," I observed, "from his woods and vineyards to La Force!" "Yes, poor fellow!" said Beranger, shrugging his shoulders, "he will feel it more than I have done." Somebody mentioned another melancholy event, connected with the terrible edifice. In the very place, where De Beranger was confined, was lodged the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe; and at the wicket, through which we had passed, she was put to death. Here, too, the Duc de Rovigo was confined during that most extraordinary and melodramatic of all political events, the *conspiration de Mallet:* but every anecdote of such a place is an historical tragedy.

The sound of some one singing in the court below, drew us to the window. It was a handcuffed prisoner, who was walking under the trees. There was something inconceivably heartrending in the circumstance. Beranger said, that he never went down into the court to take exercise, till the other prisoners were locked-up in those dens (pointing to the iron grated door which opened into it). "I used at first to go down, and walk among them; but it was too

painful. Their claims on my purse and my feelings were too exorbitant."

Before we left him, his cheerfulness, and philosophy, and the conversation of the circle by which he was surrounded, had banished every less gracious impression: and when we took our leave, it was in repeating his own line,

"Oui, tout est bien, même en prison."

The visit to such a man, in such a place, produces any other impression than that which is desired by those who estimate the sufferings of the free-minded and the devoted, as an additional security for their own unlimited and desolating power. Base and dastardly indeed must be that spirit, which departs not from such scenes, with a heart more determined to do and to suffer in the great cause of humanity; and that does not feel its sympathies kindle, and its indignation flame at the sight of such means, adopted for such ends. For what purpose is all this apparatus of tyranny, these padlocks upon mind, the jail, the gibbet, the mercenary army, the spy, the censor, the violator of private cor-

respondence, the tribunal of exception, and the executioner—to obtain the power of doing evil. To do good, the narrowest prerogatives of constitutional monarchy are amply abundant!

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

THIS has been a most amusing and interesting morning. We have passed the early part of it in that old, national cabinet, the *Faubourg de St. Germaine*. Our first visit was to the little museum of Monsieur de Villenave; for such his apartment literally is. His library, though very small, is very curious, full of the most precious things, a little Vatican in its way. We found Monsieur de Villenave seated in the arm-chair of Madame d'Houdetot, from which she so often issued her sentimental edicts to St. Lambert, and before which Rousseau so often knelt, to receive the inspirations of his "*Julie*." Her

pendule, and a beautiful little statue of Voltaire, stood on the chimney-piece. She had written under the statue, on a label,

"Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître."

Monsieur de Villenave, as I understand, purchased the entire furniture of her boudoir.

Among the curious books in his collection, was a horrible relic of horrible times—a printed copy of the constitution of 1793, bound in human skin. It had been the property of a terrorist, who paid the forfeit of his atrocity on the scaffold. The temperament that could lend itself to such a dereliction of all human feeling must, at all times, form a monstrosity, for which nature is accountable; but its untamed development in the bosom of society, is the consequence of institutions; and the terrorists were the children of the ancient monarchy. What a reprieve! to shake off the horror and disgust of such a memorial, by turning to the beautiful original picture of La Vallière—of one, whose defects were all on the side of weakness. This is the portrait by Mignard, from which the well-known engraving is taken. It is La Vallière, in all her beauty

and softness, and in the first era of her too fatal pre-eminence in the capricious passion of the king. She was the first *maîtresse titrée* since the time of Mad^elle^ Entragues, the successor of *la belle Gabrielle;* and the publicity and pomp with which she was installed in her degrading elevation, and the high titles bestowed upon her and her illegitimate children, gave the greatest blow to public morals that had ever been inflicted by the influence and example of the highest personage in the state. From that time till the retreat of Madame du Barry, a state mistress made part of the civil and religious establishment of France.

This picture of La Vallière, all soft and lovely as it is, has neither spirit nor expression. It is the face of a woman, who might have been first a concubine and then a bigot; and have qualified for the cell of the *religieuse,* in the harem of the sultan,—the face of a Duchess de la Vallière, and a *sœur Louise de la miséricorde.*

Not so the charming picture of her, who hangs opposite. This is the visage of an honest woman, all over the world. It has none of the

feebleness nor the sensuality of those faces of the courts of Louis XIV. and of our Charles II., whose originals were excused by being thought to have loved "not wisely, but too well;" but who were, nevertheless, in general, the most loveless and heartless of their sex. This is the countenance of an affectionate creature. All the tender sympathies of wife, mother, friend, are traced in its anxious lines and solicitous look. The eyes have a dimmed, subdued lustre in their intelligent glance, like the eyes of one who had read and wept much. There is, too, a shade of tender sadness over the whole countenance, which mingles with its intelligence, and expresses disappointed affection, (that most acute of all feelings,)—disappointed where the heart had treasured up all its hope. The hair is remarkable: it is luxuriant, and beautifully dressed, in a profusion of curls on either side, like the heads of Charles the Second's beauties; and yet, it is silver grey. The whole dress and air is expressive of toilet coquetry, the personal attention of one who could not forget the habit of pleasing. It is the picture of Madame de Sévigné, in her

latter days; and probably was painted just before she left Paris for Grignan, where she died in harness, and true to her original calling,—of fatigue and anxiety, in attending her grandchild through a long illness. It is the only original picture I have ever seen of Madame de Sevigné, in advanced life; it gave no idea of the spirit and energy of her character, nor of the brilliancy of her wit; but was the portrait of a good woman, and of a *ci-devant* pretty one.

Under this picture lay a very curious little map and drawing of the *Château de Grignan*, sketched by Madame de Sévigné herself, and a small collection of her manuscript letters; I kissed them with the devotion of a pilgrim. All the women of fashion, of her times, wrote the same hand. The long, thin, Italian character of Madame de Sévigné's autograph, is particularly like Madame La Vallière's, which I had seen the day before.* The letters of both, likewise, were writ-

* In the private library of the King, at the Louvre, where, among other strange things, I saw the work on Sicily, of our excellent, and old friend, General Cockburn.

ten on the first page, continued on the third, and then back again to the second, as if there was no blotting paper, nor writing sand.

The letters of Madame de Grignan are better written; there was in the hand something of that decided character and ungracious manner, that so often chilled the heart of her devoted mother, and drew from her complaints of disappointment, which tradition has given to posterity, though her charming letters have not. The letters of Madame de Grignan were written to Monsieur Lamoignon, on business, and they were found amongst the interesting papers of his illustrious descendant, the martyr Malesherbes.

Among other autographs, I noticed a letter of

A King's private library was the last place in which I expected to find any of his writings. We were aware that the volumes were

> " Neither new nor rare;
> But wondered how the devil they got there."

And all who know the gallant General, will share in the amazement.

Louis the Thirteenth, written in a good, legible hand; and one, very ill written, by Louis the Fourteenth; it is addressed to Madame Lamoignon, from the camp at Ghent, after one of his victories. It begins like the letter of a capuchin, and ends like that of a despot, ascribing his victories to her prayers, and those of other such saints; and threatening destruction to all who should, in future, oppose his will. There was, also, a letter from Marie Antoinette, in writing and spelling worthy of some *grisette* of the *Rue St. Denis*. Its subject was the placing or displacing a *garçon de la garderobe*—I forget which.

Among the pictures, which both from their execution and the originals they represented, were of no common interest, the most striking were Rabelais laughing, and showing the finest teeth in the world; a miniature of the same original author, in a curious old metal frame; a splendid head of Arnauld, the jansenist; and a most curious and amusing picture by Rigaud, of J. B. Rousseau, Chaulieu, and the Marquis de la Fore, at supper; in the distance, and in deep

shadow, stands Rigaud himself, sketching this singular, and once celebrated group. Some pictures of greater value, as being by old masters, but which were of less interest to me, in my present hunt after "modern antiquities," attracted my notice, but have escaped my memory.

Monsieur de Villenave, in doing the honours of his own collection, proved himself well worthy to be the possessor of such valuable relics. Much reading, and long intercourse with the world, the eloquence of familiar conversation, and that fascinating talent, so truly French, the talent *de bien conter*, combined to render him an admirable *cicerone;* and the anecdotes and observations with which he illustrated the various objects, added considerably to their value; while it made us insensible to the fatigues of sight-seeing; which, truth to tell, not unfrequently form a heavy discount on the pleasure and instruction it affords.

On leaving Monsieur Villenave's, we dropped in at Monsieur L'Avocat's, (the publisher,) who conducted us to a *boudoir*, that might kill with

envy the most confirmed *petite maîtresse* of the Chaussée d'Antin. He shewed us some of the most curious manuscripts and autographs, which even France can boast. There were two letters from Lucien Bonaparte to Monsieur Bourrienne, which were written at distant intervals. The first was in the most familiar intimacy of confidential friendship, and was written to borrow a little money: the second, was from the brother of the emperor; and, beginning with "Monsieur," ends with the old form of royal valedictions, "*que Dieu vous ait en sa sainte garde.*"

The letter of Bonaparte, first consul, to Louis the Eighteenth, beginning "Monsieur," is a most curious monument, illustrative of the most extraordinary times. Manuscripts of Delille, Chenier, Denon, Talma, Manuel, Lanjuinais, Camille Jourdan, General Foy, &c. &c. were also presented to us in succession, and had each their specific interests: and so completely had our morning's amusements inflamed our curiosity, on the subject of autographs, that we heard with much pleasure, from our young friend De Montrol, that there was at the Magazin de Madame

Pecher, on the *quai* Voltaire, lithographic autographs to be purchased, that would fill a portfolio. We took leave of Monsieur L'Avocat, with a due sense of his politeness, the value of his literary property, and the beauty of his *boudoir*, a model of which we recommend to all English publishers, who are anxious to set off their calling to advantage.

The collection of Monsieur Sommerard, Rue Mesnars, is a treasure of antiquarian curiosity. It consists of a suite of apartments, furnished with every possible article of domestic use, of the epoch, when Charles the Eighth returned from his Italian expedition, and brought with him Italian artists, who gave a new character to the furniture of France. During the fury of the revolution, Monsieur Sommerard, like Denon, purchased articles of curiosity, sold out of the great houses, and sold for almost nothing. The bed of Francis the First was bought in the open street. It is placed in an apartment, with an infinity of cotemporary articles of bed-room furniture.

In the dining room, a knight in full armour is placed at a table under a *dais*. The *dressoir*, or sideboard, is perfect, and the knives, spoons, and earthenware, are all appropriate, and of the same date. Every variety of armour, swords, spears, daggers, are accumulated in this chamber. The bed-room is hung with gilt leather. The chairs are low and easy, of white leather and gold flowers, varnished. On the table is a mirror of about six inches square, the frame inlaid with carved ivory and gems; on the top is a Venus with a garland, also carved in ivory. The back of this mirror presents an altar and a cross, curiously contrasting with the Venus in front; it is of the time of the Valois. In this Pompeii of the middle ages, are preserved a sort of spinette or virginal of the time of Marie de Medici, and an abundance of cabinets of great value and beauty; with many specimens of carving, inlaying, and casting, not improbably the works of Benvenuto Cellini, and Jean de Boulogne. The collection is unique in its kind, and wonderfully extensive and complete, as a re-

sult of individual industry and research. It will well repay the visit of the English antiquary; and as a mere object of sight-seeing, will afford amusement to those unembued with a decided taste for antiquarian pursuits.

We concluded this sight-seeing day with a visit to the curious collection of pictures, called "*la Collection Dioclesienne*," and a peep at the Cosmorama of our friend, the Commandeur de Gazzera.

SOCIETY—EXCLUSIVES.

DRIVING about Paris the other day, with a distinguished member of the *garde de corps*, who though *entiché* with military honour, is not the less a son of the revolution, bearing the stamp of his age, I asked him if there was no exclusive nucleus of fashion which gave the tone to society, and shut and opened the gates of its paradise of fools at will: in a word, such a set as he had himself lived with in London, the *élite* of rank, fortune, and tonish celebrity. He replied—"Nothing of the kind. Every attempt to form such an influential *coterie* of exclusives (for it has been frequently attempted since the

restoration) has utterly failed. Some of your English great ladies, who have settled here for reasons it would be want of gallantry to discuss, and a certain number of diplomatic ladies, and of the fair members of the emigration, who go upon their historic names, and the favouritism of their mothers in the court of Marie Antoinette, have endeavoured to get up an exclusive circle, with such pretences to superiority as France no longer acknowledges. But though a *coterie* may huddle together in the *entresols* of the Tuileries, or amidst the solemn gloom of the faubourg,—and, from their admission to the assemblies of the Duchesse de Berri, may call themselves "*la société du château;*" and though an inferior satellite of lesser light may revolve round this orbit, with the less-distinguished appellation of "*le petit château,*"—still their existence is almost unknown to the great, the enlightened, the stirring society of Paris. In private life, as in public, the highest distinctions are awarded to genius, worth, virtue, and patriotism,—to the fame of military glory when treachery has not blasted it; and to the repu-

tation of works tending to improve and delight mankind. Besides, the *haute noblesse* and their friends, the English fashionables and foreign diplomates, have no means of competing with the immense wealth of the *classe industrielle* and with the dynasties of the *Bourse*. There is no making head against the magnificent hospitality of the Perriers, Lafittes, Ternaux, Rothschilds, &c. whose entertainments are characterized by perfect equality; or if there is any *exclusion*, it arises solely from preference of amusing talent, ennobling genius, or well-merited celebrity. But of this you have been enabled to judge for yourself, and I leave you to draw the inference. I must, however, observe, that the same principle appeared to me to be gaining ground even in your exclusive circles of London, where the 'most agreeable' takes the *pas* of the 'most noble,' and where youth, beauty, and wit, have a decided advantage over dowager dulness, and aristocratic *morgue*."

HORTICULTURAL INSTITUTIONS—FROMONT.

"*Des fleurs, et des livres. Voila tout ce qu'il faut à ma vie!*" said the heroic Madame Roland, whose tastes were as simple as her mind was sublime. I believe there is no other place, where such tastes are so well supplied,—where flowers and books are so abundant, and so cheaply and so readily obtained as in Paris. A book and a bouquet, are the common necessaries of life there; and the purest of sensual and of intellectual pleasures, are enjoyed alike by the highest and lowest classes, and are within the reach of all. Every street has its stalls of fresh flowers and its stands of cheap editions; and

violets and Voltaire are to be had at a price, that would in London scarcely buy a primmer or a primrose.

I am almost persuaded that nature has invented new flowers since I was last in France, to meet the exigencies of the increasing taste for her productions; or if she has not originated, she has perhaps copied from the *guirlandes* of *Baton*, or the "*fleurs détachés*" of *Nattier*.* Be that as it may, I certainly see flowers now, which I never saw before; and whether indigenous or exotic, they are delicious discoveries. In old France, gardens were only cultivated, says the learned president of the *Société Horticulturale*: "*pour nous fournir les plantes nourricières dont nous avons besoin, en reparant par une prompte et abondante reproduction les consommations de chaque jour*:"† and the homely name of *potagère* plainly speaks its designation. Henry

* The two most fashionable florists of Paris, who have arrived at a perfection in their imitations of nature, that elevates their *trade* into an *art*.

† "To furnish the edible plants, by reproducing promptly and abundantly, the consumption of each day."

the Fourth (whose hardy rustic education threw more useful knowledge into his active mind, than Fenelon or Cæsar Moreau were permitted to suggest to the dukes of Burgundy or Bourdeaux) was fond of agriculture, aware of its utility, and delighted to talk to his old gardener *Claude Mollet* "*de la plantation des arbres, et de la culture des hortolages!*"—He did more than *talk*;—he gave a public and useful direction to his own individual taste; and instituted his "*Ecole du Jardinage*," founded a public garden at Montpelier, and planted the gardens of the Tuileries with mulberries; while he frequently discussed the agricultural interests of France, and the "*mesnage des champs*," with the most learned agronome of those times, *Oliver de Serres*.

Louis the Fourteenth multiplied the royal gardens, at an enormous expense; and committed his *bocages* and *quincunxes* of Versailles to the superintendence of *Le Notre*, and of his vast orangeries to La Quintinée; for Plumier, Tournefort and Fernel, who were dispatched to America, to the Levant, and to Peru, to procure exotics, brought not back with them the art of

gardening, nor a taste for horticultural pursuits. Many noble and public foundations, for the advancement of the *science*, had succeeded each other, in successive reigns, and epochs of French history; but it never has been so cultivated by private individuals, nor become an object of such intense interest, as in the present moment of universal devotion to all that is good and useful. The popular works of Morel, Thoûin, Bosc, and other eminent writers on the science, have greatly tended to promote its universality; and many magnificent private establishments are the results of their influence.

Among these, the splendid gardens of Messieurs Boursault, Vilmorin, Sémon, Fulchiron, Soulange Bodin, &c. exhibit the immense acquirements which horticulture has made during the last twenty years in France; and bear testimony to the benefit which that country has derived from the genius and the science of the Jussieus, Des Fontaines, and a host of learned botanists and horticulturists.* We had already visited the cele-

* Bonaparte did more for science than all the kings of *the three races* combined. Let the lovers of horticulture in

brated and magnificent gardens of M. Boursault in the neighbourhood of the Chaussée d'Antin, when we received an invitation from Monsieur and Madame Soulange Bodin, to visit "*les jardins de Fromont*," and to dine and enjoy a long summer's day, in those beautiful scenes which they have so highly embellished on a site so favourable to horticultural pursuits.

Monsieur Soulange Bodin, who is esteemed one of the most learned agronomes of France,* animated by a sentiment of public good, which now so generally combines in France with every private speculation, has recently opened his magnificent establishment at Fromont as a practical school of horticulture; where, assisted by many learned individuals, he has founded a chair of horticulture under the auspices of the Director General of agriculture. This society

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France never forget, too, how much they owe to the taste, the enterprise, and the liberality of that charming woman, by far the best and in every sense the *first* of his wives—the Empress Josephine.

* Le Chevalier Soulange Bodin was superintendent of the ground, gardens, and improvements of Malmaison.

was inaugurated on the 14th of May, 1829. The inauguration was a ceremony of considerable and novel interest. It began by a solemn mass in the church of Ris; and was attended by all the pupils, gardeners, husbandmen, and labourers employed on the grounds; and by most of the landed proprietors and residents of the neighbourhood. The first sitting was held on the following day: it was numerously and respectably attended; and, in addition to the auditory of the preceding day, by most of the eminent scientific men and professors of Paris. Discourses applicable to the useful foundation were delivered by M. de Thury, president of the Horticultural Society of Paris, by Professeur Poiteau, by the Abbé Puy, and M. Boisbertrand of the chamber of deputies, and Director General of agriculture.

The advantage which will be derived from such practical schools of gardeners by the highest and the lowest classes of society, are obvious and incalculable. Attached to the establishment is a library, open to all, a cabinet of instruments and implements, including models of gardening

utensils of modern and improved invention, with an herbal, to be completed by the researches of the young gardeners themselves. In a word, every thing in this institution, founded by a private individual, bears upon the words with which the Director General opened its first meeting:—"*Instruire les hommes c'est leur donner le moyen d'être heureux, et de concourir au bonheur de ce qui les entoure;—l'instruction fait aimer le travail;—et le travail crée des vertus, aussi bien que des richesses.*"*

Among the many agreeable and instructive days which we enjoyed on the occasion of our visit to Paris in 1829, we have to register that which we passed in the enchanting grounds and gardens of Fromont,† and with the agreeable

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* "Instruction is a means of happiness, to the individual, and to those by whom he is surrounded. It promotes a love of industry; and industry creates virtues, as well as riches."

† The gardens are of immense extent, and situated most beautifully on the banks of the Seine. "Leur ordonnance est telle," says a notice on the grounds, "aujourd'hui, qu'elles offrent en quelque sorte, par leur étendue, leur rapprochement, et leur liaison, l'aspect d'un hameau dont

and enlightened family of the Chevalier Soulange Bodin, and his lady.

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tous les toits seraient vitrés. Leur longueur est d'environ 2000 pieds; elles présentent toutes les expositions, ce qui les rend propres à toutes les cultures. L'eau y est amenée par des tuyaux de plomb, et distribuée par des robinets qui la versent dans des réservoirs en pierre, en plomb, et en zinc, placés dans chaque serre, de telle manière qu'on peut la voir couler dans une des divisions seulement ou dans toutes les divisions à la fois. Elle se met ainsi promptement au niveau de la température de chaque serre. Les bâches en pierre ou en bois, consacrées aux semis, aux boutures, aux sevrages, à l'éducation et à l'abritement des jeunes élèves n'ont guère moins de 4 à 5,000 pieds de long.

" Ces divers appareils sont employés à l'entretien et à la propagation d'une collection de végétaux dont beaucoup sont encore rares pour la France, qui s'élève déjà, y compris les objets de pleine terre, à plus de six mille espèces ou variétés. Le nombre des multiples élevés en pots est constamment entretenu à environ cent vingt mille. La partie du jardin consacrée aux plantes de terre de bruyère est jugée, par tous les connaisseurs, ce qu'il y a de plus complet en ce genre dans les environs de Paris. Pour donner une idée rapide des multiplications dans cette seule partie, il suffit de dire qu'il a été repiqué l'année dernière, sous des châssis vitrés, quarante mille *Kalmia latifolia* et

que quatre mille Azalées sont disposés en pots pour la greffe de plus de cent cinquante variétés, par le procédé du Baron de Tschoudy. Cette espèce de pépinière est protégée contre le soleil et contre les vents par de longues palissades de Thuyas qui entrecoupent les plates-bandes sans les encombrer, et arrosée par de nombreuses rigoles; et en même temps qu'elle se lie heureusement, par le contour prolongé de sa masse toujours verte, à la scène générale du Parc, elle renferme déjà dans son sein des ressources considérables, dont savent profiter les Pépiniéristes et Fleuristes de la province et de l'étranger, qui viennent actuellement s'y assortir."

END OF VOL. I.

GUNNELL AND SHEARMAN, SALISBURY-SQUARE.

JUN 2 5 1935